

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

January

25c

Janet Gaynor

WHAT
CLARK GABLE
MENACE!

The
Story of
JANET
GAYNOR'S
"Delicious"
in Pictures

Thrilling Fiction—
Joan Crawford
in "Possessed"



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*world famous
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TANGEE gives you that vital glow of freshness, that *natural* color which is so much in vogue today! For TANGEE is based on an amazing color principle . . . entirely different from any other lipstick! Magically it changes color after you apply it . . . and blends perfectly with your own *natural, individual* coloring. It is the *one* lipstick for *you*, whether blonde, brunette or red-head!

TANGEE, the world's most famous lipstick, leaves no greasy smear or glaring, flashy color. Unlike other lipsticks, TANGEE has a *solidified cream base*, so that it not only beautifies but actually soothes, softens and protects. *Permanent*, TANGEE stays on all day. No constant making up! *Economical*, it lasts twice as long as ordinary lipsticks! When you buy, ask for TANGEE *by name* and patronize the store that gives you what you ask for!

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delicious

It's well-named...this most entrancing of Gaynor-Farrell romances. Here Janet is a Scotch lass...very close to your heart. A handsome American (Charlie Farrell to you) falls madly in love with her, a romantic Russian adores her, a Swede befriends her and a burly Irish detective pursues her!

You've never seen such a comedy of errors, so gay a tangle of laughter and romance. A love story *deliciously* different!

Six sparkling musical hits by world-renowned George Gershwin, composer of "Rhapsody in Blue," are woven into the story. You'll enjoy Gershwin's new and brilliant "Second Rhapsody."



Ask the manager of your favorite theatre when they're playing DELICIOUS. And keep an eye out for other superb attractions soon to come: *Elissa Landi* and *Lionel Barrymore* in THE YELLOW TICKET, *Will Rogers* in AMBASSADOR BILL, *James Dunn*, *Sally Eilers* and *Mae Marsh* in OVER THE HILL.

FOX

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*

Alma Whitaker, *Western Editor*Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*

January, 1932

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Vol. XXIV, No. 3

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*You
don't have to shop for pictures*



"HUSBAND'S HOLIDAY"

with CLIVE BROOK

Charlie Ruggles, Vivienne Osborne, Juliette Compton, Harry Bannister

"WORKING GIRLS"



with PAUL LUKAS

Judith Wood, Charles "Buddy" Rogers, Dorothy Hall and Stuart Erwin.
Directed by Dorothy Arzner

"LADIES OF THE BIG HOUSE"



With Sylvia Sidney, Gene Raymond
Wynne Gibson, George Barbier.
Directed by Marion Gering.



"THE FALSE MADONNA"

With Kay Francis and William Boyd.
Directed by Stuart Walker

"SOOKY"

With Jackie Cooper and Robert Coogan.
Directed by Norman Taurog.
Same cast and director as "Skippy"



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PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., N. Y.

REVUETTES

Class A:

★ **BLONDE CRAZY.** *Warner Brothers.* We recommend a new scream team—Joan Blondell and James Cagney. The story is a fast-moving comedy-drama. A knockout.

★ **DEVOTION.** *RKO-Pathé.* The story is pretty obvious but the splendid acting by Ann Harding, Robert Williams and that very interesting Leslie Howard make every minute of it absorbing.*

★ **FIVE-STAR FINAL.** *First National.* The best newspaper yarn to date, with the incomparable Edward G. Robinson starring. Marian Marsh makes a lovely heroine.

★ **MERELY MARY ANN.** *Fox.* Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell are united again in a sentimental fairy-tale of a film—but you'll enjoy it.

★ **MONKEY BUSINESS.** *Paramount.* Hilarious clowning by the Four Marx Brothers. This time they are stowaways on a ship. See it by all means.*

★ **PALMY DAYS.** *United Artists.* Not much plot, but goofy gags—lots of laughs—music—pretty girls, and plenty of Eddie Cantor. You just must see it!

★ **STREET SCENE.** *United Artists.* The side-walks of New York—drama, comedy and pathos. Sylvia Sydney, William Collier, Jr., and Estelle Taylor are splendid.

★ **SUSAN LENOX.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Must we tell you to see this? Greta Garbo and Clark Gable in a grand story, well directed.*

★ **THE GUARDSMAN.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* As intoxicating a show as the films have ever afforded. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne prove delightful. If you like wit, subtlety, and polished acting, this is your picture.

★ **THE NEW ADVENTURES OF GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Gales of laughter supplied by William Haines, Jimmy Durante and Ernest Torrence as real estate swindlers who go "honest." Big-time comedy.*

★ **THE SIN OF MADELOON CLAUDET.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Helen Hayes puts over this self-sacrifice mother love drama with her marvelous acting.*

★ **THE SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME.** *Universal.* Dedicated to the late Knute Rockne, this film delivers thrills and action from the real Notre Dame team. With Lew Ayres, J. Farrell McDonald and William Bakewell.*

★ **THE UNHOLY GARDEN.** *United Artists.* Ronald Colman does the Modern Robin Hood thing—but in Colman's inimitable manner. Lots of speed and excitement. Estelle Taylor and Fay Wray for pulchritude.

Class B:

★ **EAST OF BORNEO.** *Universal.* This will make your hair reach for the ceiling. Jungle thrills, frankly melodramatic, but exciting. Charles Bickford and Rose Hobart are the leads.

★ **EX-BAD BOY.** *Universal.* A not conspicuously successful picturization of Emerson and Loos' play, "The Whole Town's Talking." Featuring Robert Armstrong, Jean Arthur and Lola Lane.

★ **HEARTBREAK.** *Fox.* War and its effects on a young aviator and a beautiful countess played very nicely by Charles Farrell and Madge Evans. Don't expect too much.*

★ **HOMICIDE SQUAD.** *Universal.* Good acting by Leo Carrillo and Noah Beery lends some interesting moments to this rum-and-revenge meller.*

★ **LEFTOVER LADIES.** *Tiffany.* A sophisticated yarn by the author of "The Divorcée," with Claudia Dell and Walter Byron.*



The hand-kissing Ivan Lebedeff and Genevieve Tobin in "The Gay Diplomat." This film is from an original story written by the versatile Ivan.

Read our reliable reviews of the current crop of films

Let SCREENLAND be your guide to better screen entertainment. Pay particular attention to our Seal of Approval films. See page 103 for casts of current films

★ **LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD.** *First National.* Joe E. Brown as a shy college student who makes the track team through the persistent efforts of cute Dorothy Lee. Good comedy.*

★ **PENROD AND SAM.** *First National.* Leon Janney and Junior Coghlan are funny in this well-made film based on the Booth Tarkington stories. Make the kids take you.*

★ **RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE.** *Fox.* One of the better Westerns, with George O'Brien. Bad men, pure women, a handsome hero, barking Colts, and beautiful scenery.

★ **ROAD TO SINGAPORE.** *Warner Brothers.* Love in the tropics. William Powell is good as the ladies' man. Doris Kenyon and Marian Marsh are the feminine influence.*

★ **SHANGHAIED LOVE.** *Columbia.* A melodrama of the sea with romance by Sally Blane and Richard Cromwell. Noah Beery is the menace.

★ **SMART WOMAN.** *RKO.* How a wife out-smarts a blonde gold-digger and preserves happiness in her household. With Mary Astor, Robert Ames, John Halliday and Noel Francis.*

★ **SOB SISTER.** *Fox.* Reporters—scoops—gangsters—melodrama—love—Linda Watkins and James Dunn. And what more do you want?*

★ **THE BELOVED BACHELOR.** *Paramount.* Paul Lukas and Dorothy Jordan are excellent in a somewhat sugary but often amusing story.*

★ **THE GAY DIPLOMAT.** *RKO.* Politics, spys, war and the hand-kissing Ivan Lebedeff surrounded by such beauties as Genevieve Tobin, Betty Compson and Ilka Chase. Nothing to get excited about.

★ **THE HARD HOMBRE.** *Allied Pictures.* Hoot Gibson turns cowboy-comedian, with surprisingly comic results. Good for many laughs.

★ **THE HURRICANE HORSEMAN.** *Willis Kent.* A western melodrama with a weak story but plenty of action supplied by Lane Chandler. Marie Quillan is the girl.

★ **THE LOVE STORY.** *British International.* A well-acted English drama with "dat ole davil sea" as the background.

★ **THE ROAD TO RENO.** *Paramount.* An unconvincing tale of the divorce mill—amusing in spots. Buddy Rogers, Lilyan Tashman, William Boyd and Peggy Shannon make up a fine cast.*

★ **24 HOURS.** *Paramount.* The combined talents of Clive Brook, Kay Francis and Miriam Hopkins, in a story by Louis Bromfield. "Different."

★ **WOMEN GO ON FOREVER.** *Tiffany.* A so-so picture, notable chiefly for a splendid come-back by Clara Kimball Young. Marian Nixon and Maurice Murphy also do good work.

Short Features:

★ **ACROSS THE WORLD.** *Talking Picture Epics.* Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson introduce us to a head-hunting tribe in a South Sea island. Thoroughly interesting, with a touch of the gruesome.

★ **APING HOLLYWOOD.** *Tiffany.* A chimp comedy, wherein those natural actors burlesque some well-known movie people with comic results.

* Reviewed in this issue.

★ These pictures have been selected by Delight Evans as worthy of SCREENLAND's seal of approval.

(Continued on page 119)

*Jim's
back!
with a
brand
new
LINE!*



"BLONDE DE CRAZY"

with
James CAGNEY
and **JOAN BLONDELL**
NOEL FRANCIS

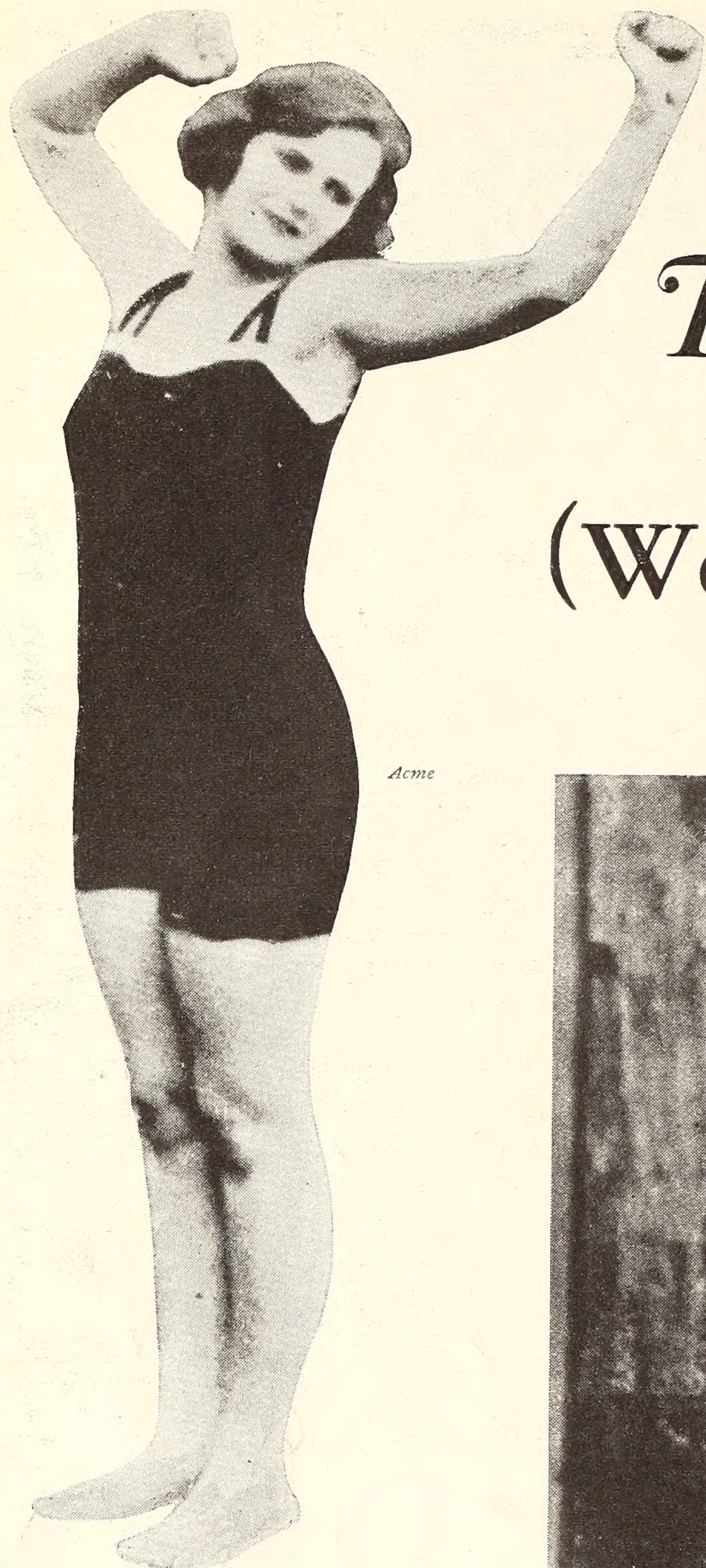
Here's Jimmy, in a red-hot laugh-riot!... He's just crazy about blondes... Tall ones!—short ones!—fat ones!—They go to his head... They go to his heart... The blonder they come the harder he falls... And what a team Jimmy and Joan make!... Sizzling!... A love team loaded with laughs! Don't miss seeing our red-headed rascal put over his new line in "Blonde Crazy."

RAY MILLAND

Story by Kubeck Glasmon and John Bright

Directed by ROY DEL RUTH

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE



BEFORE

Once upon a time there was a little Swedish home-girl named Greta Gustafsson. And here, they tell us, is her picture, taken in 1922, when she was seventeen. Yes—the bathing girl.

AFTER

And here, at the right, is Greta Garbo. The Hollywood influence has done its work. Mystery—lure—more mystery. And no more one-piece bathing suits, thank you!



Hollywood Transformation

(We Don't Believe It!)



IS THERE A
SUBSTITUTE
FOR LOVE?

Howard Hughes
P R E S E N T S

"The AGE FOR
LOVE"

● As interesting as "Hell's Angels"—as true to life as "The Front Page," this great picture answers the question — "Can the HOME survive modernism?"

● It is a modern picture based on the day's most common problem—should the young wife work? It will grip you—interest you—entertain you—let you see behind the scenes of life's greatest drama.

● "The Age For Love" is now ready for release. Take the whole family for a memorable evening's enjoyment.

"UNITED ARTISTS PICTURE"

FROM ERNEST PASCAL'S
SENSATIONAL NOVEL

WITH

BILLIE DOVE · CHARLES STARRETT
LOIS WILSON · MARY DUNCAN
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON

A
FRANK LLOYD PRODUCTION

WATCH FOR NEWSPAPER ANNOUNCEMENT

HOOTS!

HOORAYS!



Pretty and versatile Madge Evans continues to delight her partisans with her splendid performances. "Another Shearer," say many fans—but she doesn't have to be. She's grand just as Madge Evans. Watch for her in "The Greeks Had a Word for It."

BEAUTY AND THE BEASTLY PLOT

(First Prize Letter)

Most movies, of the talkie as well as the silent variety, have suffered from an over-development of plot and a paucity of aesthetic effects. The plots of even the more sophisticated films are something to weep over, but the photography is usually excellent, and there are occasional flashes of artistic beauty. To name a concrete example, there is "Trans-Atlantic." The glimpse of the skyline of Manhattan through the porthole was in itself worth the price of the show. The various impressions of smokestacks, of turbines, of sea-washed decks—these constitute the real thrill of this picture.

What I am arguing for is more such impressionism in pictures, and less "plot." Surely the American film producers are not going to let the Germans and the Russians capture all the honors for artistic pictures!

Lawrence B. Fishbeck,
155 Park Street,
Gouverneur, N. Y.

"IF I WERE MOVIE KING"

(Second Prize Letter)

I'd let Greta Garbo choose her own stories and directors, just to see what would happen.

I'd produce "The Merry Widow," music and all, with Jeanette MacDonald in the leading rôle.

I'd cast Myrna Loy as *Madame Storey*, the lady sleuth, in some of those extremely interesting stories by Hulbert Footner.

I'd produce some of Joseph C. Lincoln's Cape Cod stories.

I'd bestow upon Mr. John Gilbert a medal for being the only one to date who aroused a Baltimore movie audience to applause.

I'd produce "Ivanhoe" on a large scale

Let's talk about the talkies!

and choose Mr. King Vidor as the director.

I'd probably go broke or be guillotined for even thinking the above.

Joseph H. Bohamion,
441 Augusta Ave.,
Baltimore, Md.

HEAP GOOD MEDICINE

(Third Prize Letter)

When you buy a ticket to a talkie, you check your cares with the cashier. When you leave the theatre, it's your own fault if you reclaim them.

I have never failed to feel better after hearing and seeing a talking picture. If the film is a good one, the reason is obvious. Fine actors, a good story, excellent mounting and intelligent direction and photography create an illusion that makes for happiness and contentment even if it is only temporary. It opens up new lines of thought—it even eggs on dormant ambition.

On the other hand, a bad talkie accom-

plishes the same results as far as I am concerned—although by comparison rather than directly. To be able to recognize an inferior picture gives one a slight sense of superiority, which is a necessary stimulant when things are not breaking so well for one.

Depression is largely mental—let a talkie, good or bad, talk you out of it.

Joseph A. Moran,
44-15 43rd Avenue,
Long Island City, New York.

WELCOME THE YOUNG IDEA!

(Fourth Prize Letter)

There has been much comment regarding the influx and "rapid" rise of a number of worthy young players, among them Sylvia Sydney, Peggy Shannon, and Joel McCrea. There are those who heartlessly denounce the introduction of a new prospective star among the old favorites; and, although their protests are as futile as protest against the appearance of a new planet, they continue to condemn.

I am one of those who heartily commend the practice of giving opportunities to new and worthy people. Is it not better to give several people a short lease on almost perfect happiness, even if they do not become established stars, than to overwork old favorites and tarnish their brilliance with too much familiarity?

The old stars cannot endure forever; new ones must be prepared to take their places when the opportunity comes.

Ralph Friedrich,
3846 Millsbrae Ave.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

A RISING STAR

In my opinion, one of the coming stars is Madge Evans, of whose recent performances in "Sporting Blood" and "Guilty Hands" enough praise cannot be said. She is rapidly developing into a strong dra-

(Continued on page 102)

The fans are the jury—what's your verdict? Let's have your brief, constructive criticism on what interests you in the movies. The best letter each month wins a \$20 prize, and there are three others of \$15, \$10 and \$5. But don't be disappointed if your letter isn't printed—we can't possibly print all the good ones. Letters should be not more than 150 words and should reach us by the 10th of each month. Address Hoots and Hoorays, SCREENLAND, 45 W. 45th St., New York.

You whose children have food this Yuletide Give unto those who are *starving*

Scent of holly in the air . . . a gay tree brimming with holiday blessings . . . perfume from the kitchen where a generous Christmas dinner is being readied by you and yours . . . and a mother, her happy, healthy children in her arms, looking out upon the serene night, in which celestial candles gleam and glitter. Home . . . sanctuary . . . gifts . . . food . . . protection.

During good times or bad, the average American home manages to approach the Yuletide season with joyous anticipation. And the sympathetic urge to help those who are less fortunate, is, always, a national characteristic.

But today . . . the need for "having a heart" is more tragic, more urgent, more terrifyingly necessary, than ever in the world's history. American children and children of many nations, are STARVING. As the facts accumulate, this situation might well cause us to shudder with horror . . . "Starving Children" . . . not a pleasant thought!

What a beautiful thing it will be for YOU, this Yuletide, to give, if but modestly, to these tiny sufferers to whom even a crust of dry bread will come as a blessing. "GOLDEN RULE WEEK" is a constructive opportunity in this direction. The long arm of its vast charity reaches out and finds these hungry youngsters . . . feeds them. You will do YOUR share, we know.

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"GOLDEN RULE WEEK"

DECEMBER
13-20

The donor may designate his gift for any philanthropy in which he is especially interested and one hundred cents of every dollar will go as designated—none for expenses.

Undesignated gifts will be allocated by the Survey Committee after careful investigation to meet the most acute needs through the most efficient agencies.

THE GOLDEN RULE FOUNDATION
Lincoln Building, 60 E. 42 St.
New York, N. Y.

Without obligation on my part, kindly send me your booklet, "The Golden Rule, A. D. 1931," giving information and suggestions concerning Golden Rule Week.

NAME

ADDRESS

DECEMBER
13-20

THIS SPACE IS CONTRIBUTED BY
SCREENLAND MAGAZINE



Where the film-folk eat—a view of the Paramount Studio café in Hollywood. Look and you shall see — director Rouben Mamoulian, Rose Hobart, Fredric March, Nancy Carroll, and others.

Are Regis Toomey and Phillips Holmes plotting a gag? Wonder if Eugene Pallette is the victim? He can take it—but oh, how he can dish it out, boys!

LUNCH!

Eat, drink and be chatty with the film folk



LUNCH time at the Paramount studio is a friendly affair where the great and the near great hash things over while eating their hash. It's all one big happy family! Clive Brook talks over his newest film with the film editor; George Bancroft discusses his current picture with a studio publicity man. No snobbery here—script girls, cameramen, directors, actors and writers exchange ideas over their coffee cups.

Pick out George Bancroft, Joel McCrea, and Frances Dee, left.



The lunchers here are Karl Strauss, cameraman, and Charles D. Brown, actor. At the other table, Jane Loring, film editor, and of course you recognize Clive Brook.



ASK ME!

By

Miss Vee Dee

Robert Williams— Hail and Farewell!

Just as we go to press the sad news comes that Robert Williams, one of the most promising and popular stars on the screen, died in Los Angeles. We know that an appreciative public will want to read the paragraph about him which appears below, so we are not changing a word of it. He was an actor—and a gentleman!

James G. M. Your favorite, Robert Williams, is an example of what breaks will do for a man if he makes them. He was born on a farm in North Carolina, near Morganton and worked hard with very little time for fun. When he was eleven years old, he ran away with a tent show. He worked so willingly that they kept him on instead of sending him home. He has been a Mississippi river show-boat troupier, a member of many repertoire companies, playing everything from child parts to Shakespearean rôles, juvenile leading man and character parts, and what have you? After many hard years but never thinking of giving up the struggle, this North Carolina farm boy and Mississippi river show-boat barnstormer headed for Broadway and made it. He served with the 166th Infantry in the big fight, going overseas with his regiment. He played with Ann Harding in "The Trial of Mary Dugan" on the stage and with Ina Claire in "Rebound." When RKO decided to film "Rebound," he was asked to play his original rôle of Johnny, and did he play it? I'll leave that up to you. He is married to Nina Penn, and they have a daughter, Mary Ellen. Robert is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 148 pounds and has dark brown hair and blue eyes. You will see him in "Platinum Blonde" with Loretta Young and Jean Harlow. He recently appeared in "Common Law" with Constance Bennett, and "Devotion." And what a success story this is!

Bonnie Belle. Says she is a decided blonde—she saw Jean Harlow and then she decided. The 1931-Wampas Baby Stars are Sidney Fox, Anita Louise, Judith Wood, Joan Blondell, Karen Morley, Marian Marsh, Joan Marsh, Frances Dee, Frances Dade, Constance Cummings, Ro-

chelle Hudson, Marion Shilling and Barbara Weeks. Watch these babies grow. Marian and Joan Marsh are not related.

Barbara B. Clark Gable is your favorite of the month, week, day or year or will you take vanilla? Don't be exclusive; we all like Clark. Mere words would be wasted, but for the benefit of all readers who are in doubt about the Ohio heart-breaker, here are a few facts about the new pet rave of the ladies. He was born in Cadiz, Ohio, on Feb. 1, 1901. He is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 190 pounds and has brown hair and grey eyes. Clark spent about three years pounding the Hollywood studios gates, trying to make the producers see him, and now the last laugh is his and we hope it's a good long laugh. He's made a happy landing and are we for him?

Miss Vee Dee always knows the right answer. But please be patient and await your turn and she'll give you the information you desire. However, if you want to know about casts of films see Page 103. For addresses of the stars see Page 101.

Lucille C. Time has a habit of flitting along and Frankie Darrow has kept pace with Old Father Time, so we find Frankie growing up, as the best bed-time stories say. He was born Dec. 22, 1918—Frankie, not Father Time. Among his notable films were "Kiki" in which he appeared as the newsboy with Norma Talmadge; and the boy in "So Big" with Colleen Moore. His greatest success was with Tom Tyler in Westerns. I haven't a record of any recent films in which he appears.

Miss Mary J. My assortment of tall picture actresses is short, but how will Jetta Goudal do at 5 feet 7 inches, to start the ball rolling? (Would Jetta stoop to ball rolling, do you think?) Charlotte Greenwood has won fame and gets the laugh every time with her height and personality—plus. Alice Joyce and Gwen Lee are 5 feet 7 inches and are among the taller ladies of the screen. Elissa Landi is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds and has auburn hair and green eyes. Latest releases are "Body and Soul" with Charles Farrell, "Always Goodbye" with Lewis Stone, "Wicked" with Victor McLaglen, and "The Yellow Ticket."

Kitty W. You'd like a few birthdays thrown in along with the ages of your favorites—just as you say. I'm the sure-short-shot on celebrities. Janet Gaynor was born Oct. 6, 1907, weighs 100 pounds and is 5 feet tall. Robert Montgomery was born May 21, 1906, has brown hair and blue eyes. Maurice Chevalier was born July 18, 1899, weighs 160 pounds and is 5 feet 10 inches tall.

Nancy L. Grand Rapids, Mich., claims Phillips Holmes as her favorite son; Dothan, Alabama, became world-famous on the map through John Mack Brown; and Olathe, Kansas, was discovered through Charles (Buddy) Rogers. Phillips was born July 22, 1909. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 155 pounds and has blue eyes and blonde hair. Lew Ayres was born Dec. 28, 1909, in Minneapolis, Minn. He weighs 155 pounds, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and has dark brown hair and blue eyes. His first film was "The Kiss" with Greta Garbo.

Winnie G. Sooner or later we always get our man or woman, as the case may be. In this case it was Rosalie Stewart, formerly of the Paramount studio editorial staff, whom you asked about. She has recently returned from Europe and announces she will resume stage producing. Miss Stewart's stage successes include "The Show Off" and "Craig's Wife."

Dennis K. V. I do not know that John Boles worked his way through the University of Texas by singing in choirs, weddings, and so on, but I do know that he taught French and music to earn his way through a course of voice training in New

(Continued on page 124)



Hail, Helen Hayes!

She looks like just a sweet little girl in the picture above, doesn't she? But Helen is much more than that. She is a great big dramatic actress in a petite and pretty package! "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" is Miss Hayes' first motion picture, but you'd never think it. She displays the poise and power of a screen veteran. She is a great find for the films.

One of the most touching characterizations you have ever seen on the screen: Helen Hayes as the self-sacrificing mother, *Madelon Claudet*. She will wring your heart. A triumph of make-up? Yes. But make-up alone could never account for the pathos of this bent, worn figure. Helen Hayes is a superb troupier. All the futile misery of friendless old age is expressed in this portrait of the woman who endured a living death that her boy might be "a great man." It is a poignant portrayal.



SCREENLAND

Honor Page



The Greatest Performance of the Month is given by a Little Actress from Broadway, in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet"

If Helen Hayes were not herself a mother, could she have portrayed with such appeal the mother rôle in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet?" What do *you* think? How much is technique, how much feeling? There is an interesting question here. But whatever the answer, audiences are weeping, unashamed, at the scenes of *Madelon's* reunion with her baby—a big boy now! The youngster with Helen Hayes is a fine little trouper, and his naturalness lends reality to their tender scenes together.

In the middle years: *Madelon Claudet*, broken, bitter, but undaunted in her determination to educate her son, who believes his mother is dead. Helen Hayes rises to real heights in this, her very first work for the screen. Hollywood should sign up this splendid little actress—and Broadway had better bid one of its favorite daughters a fond farewell! Helen belongs to the movies now.



The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

The Editor's Page



An Open Letter to Phillips Holmes

Here's Phil Holmes, himself. Across the page, the tense, tragic boy his recent rôles have made him.

Read this Letter first!

Dear Editor:

Speaking of Phil Holmes, I hope you are right in calling him "Tomorrow's Big Star." He has slews of fans behind him; but after having seen "Confessions of a Co-Ed" I begin to think that something is holding him back. "An American Tragedy" may contain wonderful acting, but a character like *Clyde Griffiths* does not make for popularity. We want our Phil heroic!

Another "Her Man" rôle would snap him right into the electrics. Won't you see what you can do?

Sincerely,

Betty Clement,
P. O. Box 56,
San Francisco, Cal.

DEAR PHIL:

There's something I want to talk over with you. And since you are working in a Hollywood studio, and I am sitting at a desk in New York, this is the only way we can get together right now. And it seems pretty important to me to deliver this message to you without further delay.

Here it is:

Be a hero!

Whether you like it or not, I'm going to talk about you—right out in print, too. So stop blushing and pay attention. First, look for the letter printed elsewhere on these pages. Read it carefully. Because this letter started it all. And it was followed by other letters—until the file marked "Mail from Fans" in my office was full. When that happens, I know that something is stirring in that large body of watchers you call your Public. When that happens, we have to get busy. Where do you come in? Well, a lot of those letters were about you, and the burden of their song was—"Be heroic!"

I know what you are going to say. "Who wants to be a so-and-so hero? It isn't done any more. Look at Gable—look at Beery—look at Bancroft."

Yes, Phil; I'm looking. And then I look at you—and I say, "Betty C. is right. All the rest of them are right. *You* are cast for heroes—play 'em!"

Whether you like it or not, you are somewhat unique, my boy, among movie actors. You are more, if I may say so, the poet type. You're not a jolly old murderer—not the type, Phil, not the type. Your audience knew perfectly well while watching you attend to *Roberta's* drowning in "An American Tragedy" that the whole business was a little out of your line. The Holmeses just don't go in for that sort of thing. You can't be cussed. It isn't in you.

No—you can't go on being a *Clyde Griffiths* all your life, Phil. Ah, now you're mad. Wait a minute. I know I'm stepping on your actor's toes when I say "You're not the type." I'm not denying you're a good actor. I know you are—I saw "The Devil's Holiday." But you can't make a *Dr. Crippen* out of a *Sir Galahad* and it's a waste of time to try, to say nothing of a waste of great box-office material. You have much the same charm as the late beloved Wally Reid. But playing murderers won't help you at the box-office.

"Her Man"? That was different. In that you were a fighter, granted—but you fought for an ideal, in the person of pretty blonde Helen Twelvetrees. When I say you're the poet type I'm not being insulting. I merely mean that you are capable of achieving rather lofty heights and that your screen portrayals, unsympathetic as they have been, can't help revealing this quality—although never for a minute denying that you have feet of clay. Feet of clay are pretty important to a screen hero—and I don't care if Will Hays does hear me. Let's have that happy medium. It's rare, but you can reach it.

I haven't seen your latest, "The Man I Killed," which Lubitsch directed, and in which you and Nancy Carroll are featured with Lionel Barrymore. But I have seen the pictures of you taken in the rôle, and you don't look happy. You look downright miserable. I am reproducing one of those pictures on this page to give your friends an advance indication of how many hankies to bring along. I don't doubt that you will



give a grand performance. But do you *always* have to suffer like that?

Look here, Phil—can't you do something about it? You've had your taste of tragedy on the screen. You've proven your worth as a rather remarkable young actor. Only twenty-three—and already you have played a murderer, a weakling, and a cad—not a bad record. Won't you be satisfied now? You can safely play a long string of pretty good boys, please your public, pack the theatres, and still look ahead to a lifetime of mean parts—if you still want to play them, which I doubt.

As a matter of fact, you weren't very happy playing *Clyde Griffiths*, were you? Of course, "An American Tragedy" is rated a "big" picture, an important picture. But those letters—the spontaneous expression of opinion from the people who paid to see you—beg you not to play a part like that again. It seems practically unanimous, Phil.

Will you see what you can do? Why don't you come to the studio early some morning and take a few lessons in mimicry from Mitzi Green, and then surprise the directors by out-grinning Jack Oakie? Or ask Buddy for instructions on the sax, practice in your dressing room, and when they beg you to stop, hold out for the next pleasant part that comes along? Even George Arliss unbends now and then and plays a comedy scene with James Cagney. Gloria Swanson has played farce—and Garbo in "Susan Lenox" does a comedy bit with a fish.

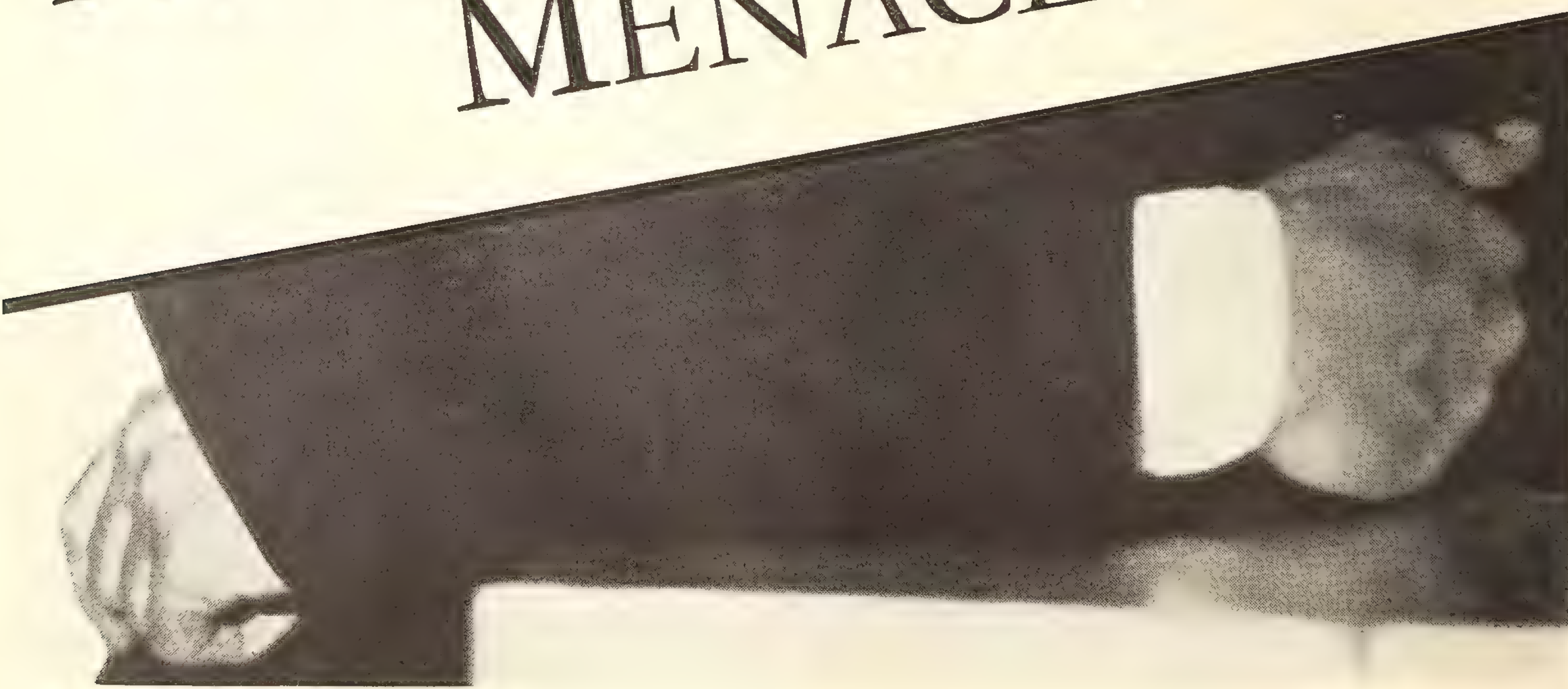
Don't be proud. Come right out and ask Professor Paramount to put you in the hero class—and no time like the present, when the Gable Menace is raging, and a hero of the good, old, courtly school would be a novelty. Anyway, try it, won't you, Phil? And you will please not only Betty C., but

D. E.

He's not afraid of Garbo! Or anybody—or anything. Clark Gable is in a class by himself. A big kid playing with fireworks. Gray eyes that pierce like shrapnel. Six feet one and all muscle. Weighs almost two hundred pounds in the bathtub. Smokes a pipe and needs a new one. Don't miss the chummy close-up of Clark in the story on the opposite page



THAT CLARK GABLE MENACE!





Gable getting rough! He grabs Garbo and holds off Ian Keith—with a look—in "Susan Lenox," the picture that wins sure stardom for Clark.



Here's a little off-screen study that explains the new Movie Menace. See, Clark is sitting in the chair—and the star he supports in "Possessed," Joan Crawford, makes out with a handy bench.

Menacin' Man! Read this Intimate Pen Picture of your Big Boy Friend

ALUMBERJACK in evening clothes. The answer to ten million maidens' prayers. What shoulders. And dimples! Hails from Cadiz, Ohio. On the R.F.D. map. A big kid playing with fireworks. Has to glue down a rebellious cowlick. Gray eyes that pierce like shrapnel. Black shaggy brows. Almost beetled in anger. Wrinkles forehead and nose when he thinks hard—oh yes, he does!

Wants to quit work while young and travel. Likes the smell of earth and stables. Hates wing collars. And patent leather shoes. Never wears button-a-ires. Pennsylvania-Dutch extraction. First job in Akron rubber factory.

Golfs and swims. Wears old sweaters and flannel trousers when not working. Smokes a pipe and needs a new one. Quit a \$12.00-a-day job in the Oklahoma oil fields to go on the stage at \$10 a week. Born lazy and admits it. Six feet one and all muscle. Weighs almost two hundred pounds in the bathtub. Drives his own.

Thinks he ought to duck stardom. Means too much worry. Crammed with experience and common sense. Enjoys aerial thrills but won't learn to fly. Contagious personality. Loves to laugh. Fan mail has him stumped. Sulks when he's burned. Hero business new racket to him.

Likes his steaks rare. He would. Was a poor pupil in school. Aroma of cooking tomatoes makes him homesick for childhood scenes. Minces no words in conversation. Clips words off short. Smiles all over. Usually wears double-breasted suits. And crushed fedora hats.

Likes to write left-handed but isn't. Has a salad named after him already—avocado, lettuce, grapefruit and cottage cheese. Girls in Hollywood aflutter when he passes. What would they do in Ypsilanti?

"How'm I doing?" his favorite greeting. Juicers swap slugs with him. Hides behind the set when powdering his make-up.



Used to be an extra in Hollywood and almost starved. Has no high-hat illusions. Stock companies put him on his feet. Came into pictures backward. As a villain. Can't stand suspenders.

Flops as a bridge partner. Smokes brown-papered cigarettes. Wears low-cut black shoes. Thinks Wally Beery a great pal. What a team of *tea dansant* gigolos they'd make! Envy fellows who don't work for a living. Shaves himself with a straight razor and always nicks his chin. Never gambles but likes to watch the ponies run. Hasn't gotten over blushing. Ears stuck out like palm fans

when he was a kid. Looks upon hero worship with misgivings. Hates ice cream in malted milks. Walks as though about to break into a run. Were the cops ever after him?

Seldom wears a necktie. Hasn't forgotten how to press pants under the mattress. Loves to hunt but hates to shoot deer. Throws newspapers all over the floor Sunday mornings. Sees all the new-movies. Had a step-mother he adored.

A good sailor. Dangles one leg over the other when he sits down. Enjoys beef stews steeped in garlic. Mickey Mouse his pet comic. Can't stand dripping faucets. Or flapping window shades. Hates to write letters. Who doesn't?

Don't ever call him a ladies' man to his face. Got a new contract and raise without asking for it. Doesn't own a silk hat. Ignores back-slappers. Ducks Hollywood premieres. An avid reader. Won't have pictures made in dressing gowns. Enjoys life to the fullest. Especially enjoyed working with Garbo in "Susan Lenox." Not a bit in awe of Greta. Or Anybody.

Likes animals, peanuts, thunderstorms, roomy shoes, nine-course meals, and having nothing much to do. Has good taste in shirts, but thinks you're kidding him when you mention it. Seldom reads Kant, Dostoevsky or Schopenhauer. Always borrowing matches, but has never been known to return any. Would like a million dollars. Here's luck!

By
Ralph Wheeler



A beautiful blonde, a handsome man, a dreamy tango—and a lot of cameras and lights and assistant directors and things! Just friendly co-stars, these two.

Marilyn Miller and Ben Lyon are reunited in "Her Majesty, Love" — for screen purposes.

The Lost Loves of Hollywood

"Can't we be friends?" The answer is "Yes"—sometimes

WHERE are they now, those lost loves of Hollywood?

Can't you see their ghosts haunting the studios and the dressing-rooms and the swimming pools and the Brown Derby and the Embas Hollywood is full of ghosts—the ghosts of little loves.

But somehow, in Hollywood, there's nothing about it. These lost loves are gay ghosts, merry bright and playful. They do not mourn. When they meet in passing it is with a swift "Saluté!" and off they go, whistling "Life is Just a Bowl of Cherries."

In fact, Hollywood is the one place under the sun and the stars and the moon—mustn't forget the moon—where

By Sydney Valentine

lost loves may meet and greet and answer the question, raised last season or so by an inquisitive lyric writer, "Can't we be friends?" in the affirmative. Friends? Well, rather! Buddies, pals, no less.

Hollywood, you see, in spite of the stories you may have read and heard, is really the cleanest, sanest, most wholesome place you can find. There's the sun. There's the broad, pure Pacific. There're the beautiful beaches. There's good fellowship and there's good humor, and there are a million swimming pools. It's 100 per cent clean. There can be no bearing of old grudges, no hanging on to old loves, no mooning over "Maybes" and "Almosts" and "Might-Have-Beens" in this Hollywood.

It's nice, that's what it is. Ex-husbands and ex-wives meet again and make up and are friends. Ex-fiancées encounter present fiancées at parties and extend hearty congratulations. And the great romances of yesterday become, pretty often, the honest friendships of today.

You're going to see some of those lost loves re-enacted on the screen soon if present plans carry through. And will it be thrilling! Listen: Garbo and Gilbert may meet again—in "Grand Hotel." The glamorous Greta may once more beguile the handsome John—Greta playing the famous, bored ballet dancer of the great continental play, and Jack—ah, what a dashing fig-

When Donald Cook acted with Dorothy Mackaill in "Party Husband," they said little old Cupe was hanging around the set. Now Don and Dot are together again in "Safe in Hell." How safe?



Remember the hectic love scenes of Gary and Lupe? Those days are gone forever, say the two principals. But can't they be friends?

Ah! What wouldn't audiences give to see Garbo and Gilbert playing scenes like this again? They'd give their good admission money, that's what they'd give!

ure Jack will cut as the gay Baron, who conquers a lady's heart—and purloins her pearls. Whether Greta can look like Pavlova is something else. Can she dance? She is supposed to be learning for "Mata Hari," her present picture; so we may see her pirouetting on her toes in "Grand Hotel." But such things matter little against the overwhelming fact that Garbo and Gilbert may be reunited—if only for a film. I'll be there,—won't you?

Even if John's words once whispered seriously into Greta's ear are repeated at a director's business-like orders, there will be romance on that set. There will be the pleasant ghost of yesterday's great love, Hollywood's hottest *grande passion*, hovering over the lovers in a "Bless you my children" attitude. Won't it be fun?

And take another case. When you see "Her Majesty,

Love," you will witness the reunion of dainty Marilyn Miller and Ben Lyon. You know Marilyn and Ben were very nearly wed, once. It was a real romance, Marilyn had married and divorced Jack Pickford. It may be that the unhappy ending of that romance made Marilyn altar-shy. At any rate, though she and Ben were supremely happy when together, they did not marry. Ben was so fond of Marilyn that he used to keep a framed little-girl picture of her always with him. And it was no secret that Ben was "Babe" Miller's idea of a man to love. But—it wasn't to be. It never happened. Ben and "Babe" went separate ways. Ben to marry the real love of his life, Bebe Daniels. Marilyn to dance and sing and smile through Broadway triumphs and Hollywood pictures. And to be seen with one personable young man or another: Michael Farmer—the same "Mike" who may yet be Mr. Gloria Swanson the Fourth; a society scion; and, lately, Don (Continued on page 116)

The GIRL who Refused to go into PICTURES

She's Faye Hanlin—and she prefers hair waves to sound waves

By
Brian Herbert

BEAUTY is not all that is needed to get into the movies. Opportunity, or "a break" as they call it in Hollywood, is also an important factor.

But what would you think of a beautiful girl who had plenty of opportunities (plural) and turned them all down, preferring to remain a hair-dresser?

Believe it or not, it's true.

Faye Hanlin has worked for Warner-First National Studios for three years, during which time she has planned and carried out coiffures for any number of eminent feminine heads. She really enjoys her job. She is interested in the different people she works with, not because they are great stars but because they are absorbing subjects for her work.

Just recently she was assigned to Marilyn Miller during the production of the latter's latest picture, "Her Majesty, Love."

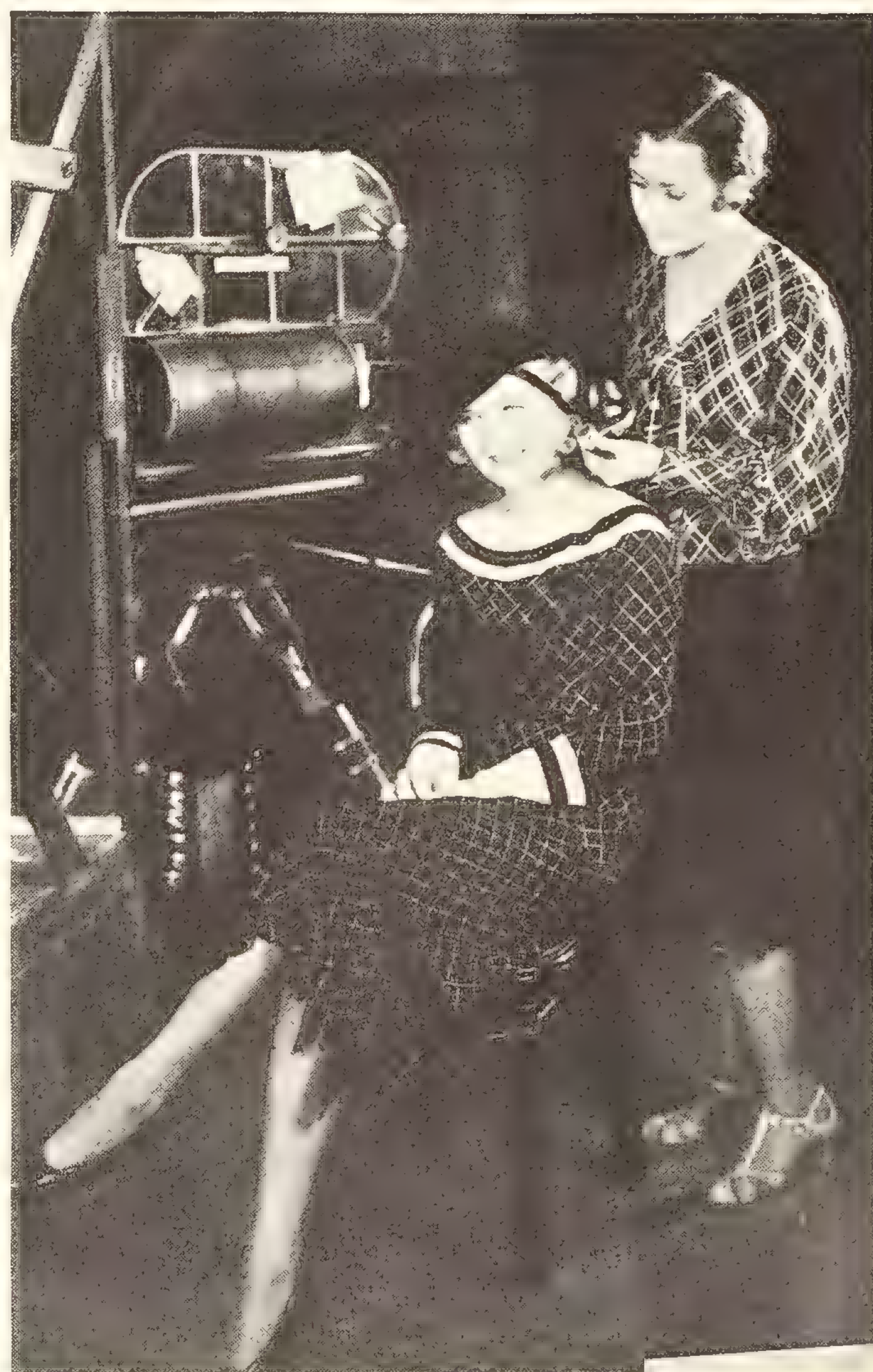
Miss Miller was entranced with her.

"I don't see why a girl of your beauty doesn't get out and get work as an actress," the star said. "With your connections in the studio you should find it easy."

What Marilyn Miller didn't know when she said that was that Faye has been hearing the same thing for three years!

Directors and stars have not only suggested it to her, but they have even urged her to take certain bits and parts in pictures which they were making. They offered to coach her and help her in getting further work. But Faye has merely laughed it all off.

"There must be something wrong with me," Faye confided. "I have never had the desire to act—to go on the stage or the screen. So many people will not believe



Pretty Faye is the "coiffure que Warner Studio. Here she is arranging Miller's crowning glory—when she is an actress herself, if she wants

me when I say that. It is the general opinion that every girl is born with the desire to act. I don't doubt that it is largely true; but as far as I am concerned, it isn't."

This young girl has a very level head. She knows the whys and wherefores of every one of her likes and dislikes.

As there is no use tempting her with the thrills of a thespian's career, many have tried to convince her on the grounds that as an actress her income would be so much

and make wait a year.

"But as for the rest of it,"

"There would be no time for them if they can't wait a time nervously and a steady state of mind."

Hair-dressing is Faye's business. Faye is content with it too. She has a certain diplomacy.

She will not be wearing a dress that is either too revealing or showing too much of the body.

Sometimes she is a conservative business woman.

With Joan Blondell, Ina Claire, and Madge Evans in "The Greeks Had a Word for It." And David Manners says he's lonely!



Confessions of a Lonely Hollywoodian

News! Screen star really writes
a piece! And it's good, too

By
David Manners



David Manners is grinning here, but he is serious about his literary ambitions and is working on a novel right now. Manners wrote every word of this article.

THIS business of being an actor is, in most respects, no whit different from being a worker in any other trade, as far as the regular course of life is concerned. We have the usual trials and tribulations which only sound different and perhaps more glamorous when newspaper and magazine writers enhance them with a romantic glow of words.

The only difference in our more personal lives is the faculty of using the tricks of our trade—unconsciously, of course, because it has become a habit—in vesting ourselves with different personality in order to escape the reality of the one which brought us pain.

It is a matter of standing off at a distance from oneself and making oneself act differently by manipulating invisible puppet-strings. It is emancipation of a sort—a detachment that works for a certain length of time until one becomes conscious that one is acting a part.

Of course, it takes certain hard knocks in life to make

one act this way—as it did me. The outcome of my not too fortunate marriage left me with a puzzled wonder at the meaning of one word and what it meant in life. That word was "Freedom."

We have all heard people talk about the glory of freedom: freedom from responsibilities, obligations, conventions, love, or what have you. We have heard the self-sufficient person lauded. We have even said to ourselves: "If I could be like Jim or Betty, so happy-go-lucky, so free from ties—then what fun life would be!"

We have fallen in love, suffered, and sworn never to be dependent on others for affection or inspiration. We feel we must, at all costs, be free and independent human beings and lead our own lives. We must assert our individuality!

And now it's time for me to laugh—even if the joke is on me.

You see, I was one of those (Continued on page 111)

POSSESSED

Clark Gable in his
Greatest Rôle So
Far! Joan is More
Stunning Than Ever



What ambitions and dreams are hidden in the crowd? Marian Martin was one of the workers in a box factory—but the humdrum routine of it stifled her. She planned, hoped, always, to get away.

Marian has courage! She comes to New York—alone. And there she meets one of those men she dreamed of.



How many girls are there like Marian Martin, the character played by Joan Crawford in "Possessed"? Young, beautiful, ambitious? Will their dreams ever be realized? The story of Marian is one of the most human you have read.

AS IF to fortify her courage, she kept telling herself that she would never regret the step she had taken. Yet, she stood at the door several minutes before placing her finger on the bell.

Marian Martin's trip to New York was something she had been planning for a long time, but her coming here was fantastic, indeed. She wondered if he would remember her. It had all happened so suddenly—the train pulling in at the Erie station as she stood waiting to cross the tracks. Then the perfectly strange man leaning over the observation car to hand her a cocktail!

She recalled how easy it had been to talk to him. What was it he had said that precipitated her decision to go away? It was something about her standing there looking in, when she ought to be in looking out. No, she could not possibly regret anything. No matter what happened in New York, it could not be worse than what she would have had at home. There she would have

continued to work in the box factory, or she would have struggled for the rest of her life as the wife of a laborer. She had refused Al—because he offered her five dollars a month.

As she waited for the door to be opened, that she had left behind everything that was sordid and ugly, and that she was going to begin a new life of existence. She would just have to help.

A butler came into the living room with a tray, a glass of gin and tonic, mixing him a drink. He stood there, looking at her blankly.

"You told me to come up in case I came to New York," she explained simply.

"I told you? I never saw you before in my life. Sides, I'm very busy."

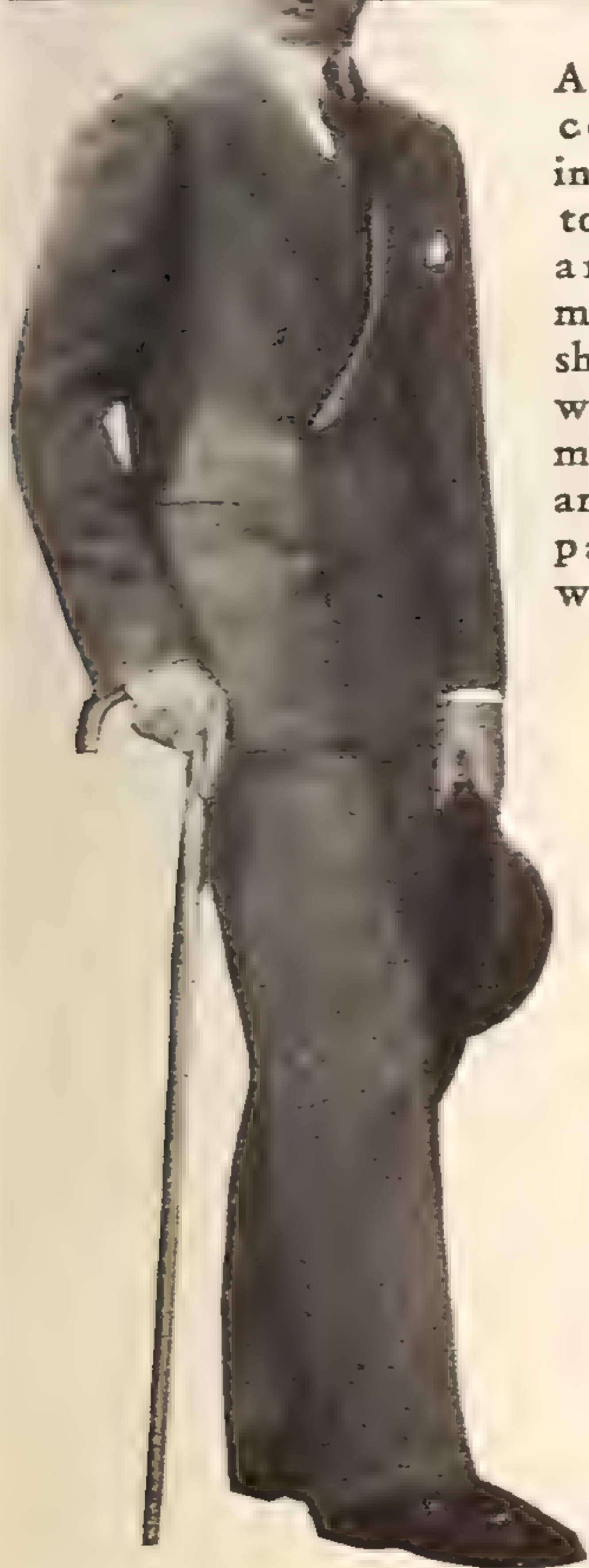
"I can wait," she said with determination, taking off her hat and placing it on the sofa.

As the hat came off, he fully remembered.

The First Screen Smash for the New Year, with Joan Crawford and Clark Gable!



Thrilling Fiction
of a Big Picture—
Rich in Drama
and Romance



Al Manning, a cement-worker in the same factory, loves Marian and wants to marry her. But she tells him "a wife is nothing more than a servant girl who isn't paid for her work!" and they quarrel.

Mark Whitney—young, good-looking, wealthy. He is attracted to Marian, and she sets out to win him.



Clark Gable plays Mark Whitney, the young lawyer with a political future, whose career is jeopardized by his love for Marian. Their romance is not the conventional love story. It is daring, modern, dynamic. You'll like it.

"I know!" he exclaimed. "You're the girl that came out of a paper box."

"And threw the box away," she added.

"Now look here, I'm awfully busy. Suppose you run along now and give me a ring tomorrow. We'll have lunch or something."

"I—I don't know where to go."

"Do you mean to sit there calmly and tell me you've come to New York to throw yourself on my defenseless bosom?"

"I just thought you'd advise me," she said unruffled. "What do most girls do when they come to New York?"

"Listen to me! There's only one way a girl like you can get on in this town, and that's for a man—a rich man—to help her. But you've got to keep a cool head. When you meet a man, don't look into his eyes. Take a peek at his pocketbook."

"How do I find men like that?" Marian asked in-

nocently. But Wally Stuart refused to unbend further.

"That's your affair. I'm not going to do anything to help you, and I'm not going to introduce you to my friends."

As she pulled on her beret, Wally was touched with her obvious effort to appear brave, but he turned away quickly so that he should do nothing foolish. She was a strange type, and he did not know exactly how to treat her. It was best not to tie himself down to any promises. Therefore, he let her understand that the interview was now at an end—and that he could give her no further assistance.

She walked forlornly to the door.

"Thanks, anyway," she said. "I'll remember everything you told me."

Near the elevator two distinguished looking men swept by her and rang Wally's door bell. It took Marian only a moment to decide what she should do. Perhaps she

A new Marian—now known as "Mrs. Moreland"—lovely, poised, gorgeously gowned and jewelled, has captured Mark Whitney's heart completely. But the world does not judge their love by their own standards. Marian is humiliated by the parallel between herself and a dizzy blonde.

"POSSESSED"

is adapted from the play, "The Mirage," by Edgar Selwyn. Treatment and dialogue by Lenore Coffee. Fictionized for SCREENLAND by Eve Bernstein. Directed by Clarence Brown with the following cast:

<i>Marian Martin</i>	Joan Crawford
<i>Mark Whitney</i>	Clark Gable
<i>Al Manning</i>	Wallace Ford
<i>Wally</i>	Skeets Gallagher
<i>Travers</i>	Frank Conroy
<i>Vernice</i>	Marjorie White



"I wouldn't have had you hurt for anything in the world," said Mark. "But what is the difference between that girl and me?" answered Marian. "I feel as if I were walking on the edge of a precipice."

had done a rash thing in coming to New York, but since she was there, she was going to make the best of every opportunity. When the men had disappeared, she stuck her hat in her pocket and returned to the apartment.

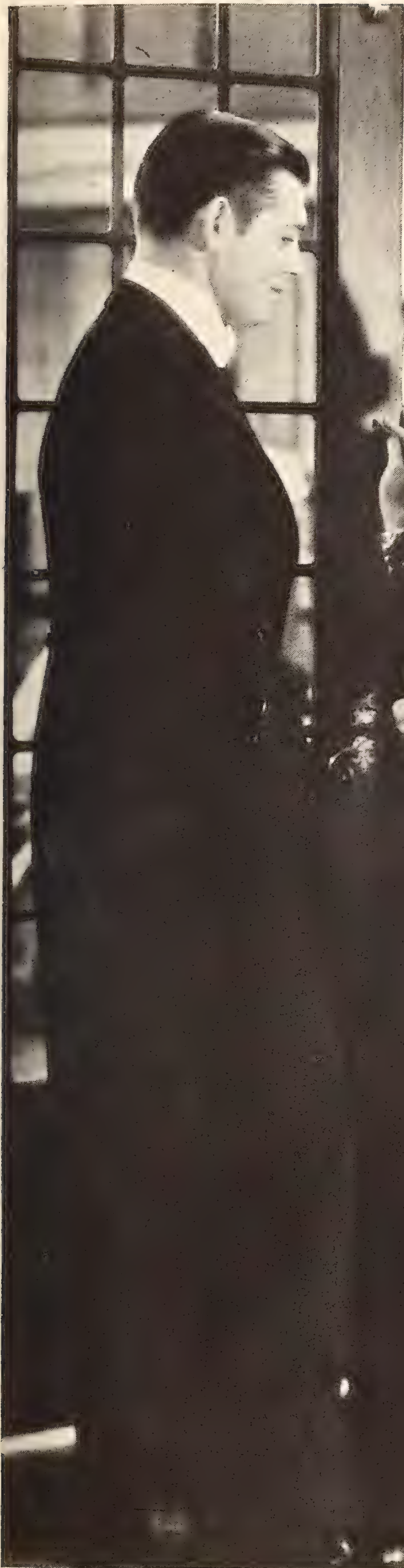
"Oh, Mr. Stuart," she lied glibly as she pushed past the disapproving butler, "I think I lost my hat."

Not at all perturbed because the handsomer of the two strangers pulled her cap out of her own pocket and handed it to her, Marian thanked him profusely and suggested that Wally introduce her.

It was a new experience for Wally. He was a little annoyed with the promptness with which she had put his advice into practice, but at the same time he could not help admiring the sincerity and simplicity with which she went about the business of "getting on in New York."

In five minutes she had found out that of the two men Mark Whitney was the more desirable. That was Mark's fault, for he himself admitted that he was rich and unmarried. In half an hour





When Al Manning came to New York Marian was glad to see him and help him. But Al soon made it clear that he wanted to marry her—and that he had told Mark Whitney so!

she and Whitney were leaving Wally's place—for some quiet restaurant where they could dine. And that dinner decided her future—and Mark Whitney's.

* * *

Mark Whitney looked at his watch and hurried out of the house. Once in the car, he settled back in the soft cushions and smiled. Things were working out nicely after all. He had made a million at law. Now those other fields he wanted to conquer did not seem so far away. Even Wally wondered what his new friendships meant. Would he be the power behind the political throne or someone more active?

Now that he thought of Wally, he recalled their conversation of the afternoon. Why the devil did Wally have to mix into his affair with Marian? It was none of his business if he chose not to marry her. On second thought, however, Wally was really quite harmless about it all. Still, it made him wonder if he was doing the right thing, and he didn't like to think about it. He and Marian had had three wonderful years together. Why take the chance of losing their happiness? He could still see the glaring headlines that ended his previous marriage:

"Millionaire lawyer discovers love nest."

He was glad when the car pulled up in front of Marian's apartment so that he should not have to think any more about it.

A few moments later, standing beside her at the dressing table, he was helping Marian to adjust her ear rings.

"We bought these in Monte Carlo on our first anniversary," he reminisced. "You lost one that same night in the Casino—"

"And you had a new one made for me the next day," she added.

He opened a box on the French dressing table and took from it a flashing solitaire.

"And this we bought in Vienna on our

"I should have said this to you before, Marian—will you marry me?" "I'm going to marry Al Manning," she answered.



Marian could not help hearing what Mark's friends were saying. She was standing in his way. Then she would give him up!

second anniversary," he continued, slipping the ring on her finger.

"Remember the pearls?" she asked taking them from the case.

"Our third. And let's not forget this." He held up a diamond wedding ring between two fingers.

"That we bought on the day you decided I should be called Mrs. Moreland," Marian supplied.

"—In order to make your position more pleasant," Whitney added. "Regrets?"

She drew him down to her and kissed him.

"I left school when I was twelve. I never learned to spell regret."

"You darling!"

His lips sought hers again, and his arms encircled her waist. She clung to him passionately, as though they were together for the last time. He kissed her again and again, and her lips responded to his caresses eagerly, warmly.

"I'll keep saying this forever," he said. "I love you—love you."

At Mark's house later, "Mrs. Moreland" shone. Since that first year Marian had always arranged Mark's dinner parties. She had learned quickly to select everything that was in the finest taste. She was a charming hostess and a splendid entertainer. Guests always waited for her songs, which she could sing, charmingly, in several languages.

It was toward the end of the evening that something happened to spoil everything for her. A friend of Mark's, the same friend he had been with that first day he met Marian, called up to say he had just arrived in town with his wife. Mark, delighted, asked them to come. Marian went upstairs to subdue her make-up and remove some of her jewels. She had heard that Travers' wife came of a fine family, and wanted to be dressed as she pictured her to be.

Soon Travers arrived, but with him was a strange woman, an obviously cheap type, with exaggerated make-up and too many jewels. Mark could not conceal his surprise.

"I thought you were bringing your wife," he said.

"What, bring my wife here?"

Mark was ready to say something, but Marian put a restraining hand on his arm. She led the girl away to introduce her to the guests, and listen to her inane chatter. In the meantime Mark took Travers to task.

"Where on earth did you pick up that cheap little tramp? With a wife like yours, I can't understand."

"When you're fed squab on toast every day," Travers elucidated, "corned beef and cabbage isn't so bad."

"You had no business coming here with a woman like that!"

"Why not? You've got her here. Why shouldn't I? What's the difference between them?"

Suddenly Mark was conscious of some one at his



Just before election Mark was talking to a crowded auditorium. He had his audience with him—until a voice shouted: "What about 'Mrs. Moreland'? Answer that if you think no man's past and no woman's past should be held against them!"

Marian sprang to her feet and faced Mark's accusers. "I am 'Mrs. Moreland.' I was in his life once. I am not in his life now. He belongs to you!"



side. He knew almost before he turned that it was Marian. "If you weren't drunk," he said to Travers, "I'd wipe the floor with you. You can apologize to Marian tomorrow when you're sober."

When the guests had gone, Marian stood in the library weeping.

"I wouldn't have had this happen to you for anything in the world," Mark said, taking her tenderly in his arms.

"He was right," she answered. "What is the difference between us? That's the sort of thing I've laid myself open to."

"My dear, there's something I want to say—"

"Oh, I know everything. Speech one—the beauty of a relation like ours is that we are held by honor. Speech two—the surest way to lose a woman is to marry her. Speech three—even if you were married to me you couldn't respect me more than you do. Oh, Mark!" She clung to him almost frantically. "I'm frightened. I feel as if I were walking on the edge of a precipice."

"I'm holding you. Marian, do you remember when we were in Venice, and used to go to Floriah's for coffee? We used to feed the pigeons every day."

"Yes, why?"

"The same pigeons came there day after day and year after year. None of them was chained!"

* * *

It was a long time since Marian had seen anybody from home. When Al Manning, the boy she would have married if she had stayed in Erie, suddenly made his appearance, she had to admit to herself she was glad to see him. She let him talk on about the big things he was going to do, happy for him that he had pulled himself out of the rut at the factory. He had come to New York to get a big paving job.

During his visit with Marian, Whitney arrived very inopportunistically. There was nothing to do, of course, but pretend his was just a friendly call. Al was flattered and pleased to be able to talk to a man of such power. Even in Erie people had heard of Mark Whitney. It occurred to Al that Whitney could be influential in introducing him to the man who would give out the contract. It amused Marian to see how aggressive Al had become in the last few years. He lost no time in mentioning the purpose of his visit in

New York and asking for an introduction to the man he would have to see. Whitney suggested that they talk it over at his office. He felt that he ought to help the boy if he was an old friend of Marian's.

After Mark left, Al made Marian promise she would go to Coney Island with him the next night. In the meantime he would keep his appointment with Whitney and have much to tell her when he saw her. There was something else he wanted to say—and he came right to the point.

"Do you like me any better than you did before?"

"It isn't a question of liking—"

"Is it someone else? You surely
(Cont. on page 109)



"If I win it's going to be with you," said Mark. "If I lose, it will still be with you." Marian would have replied, but she was crying—for sheer happiness!

MOODY

MAE

Emotions?
Mae Clarke
has them!

THIS started out to be a story of the loves in Mae Clarke's life. I had agreed if she would give me the story to let her see it before it went into print. The story written—and good, too—I gaily took it out to show her.

Mae opened the door, herself, clad in a pair of brown silk pajamas. "Come in," she smiled, and then halted in dismay. The chairs in the living room were piled on tables, a vacuum cleaner whirled, and a maid on her hands and knees was waxing the floor.

In the dining room, another maid was at work. In the breakfast room, Mrs. Clarke sat sipping coffee and munching toast. Through the open door of a bedroom one could see furs and coats piled high on the bed. It was "house cleaning." Yes, they have it even in the homes of movie stars. And it was ten o'clock in the morning.

Mae regarded me perplexedly. "Let's sit out on the porch," I suggested.

She scanned the story hurriedly and gazed off into space. A soft breeze whirled leaves around and caught up tendrils of her hair, impartially. But Mae said nothing.

By
S. R. Mook

"Well?" I prompted her. "I feel so cheap," she said simply.

"Cheap?" I echoed. "There's nothing in that story to hurt you. Show it to your mother and see what she thinks."

"It isn't a question of what she thinks. She'd probably agree with you. I know there's nothing in it that will hurt me—as far as the public goes. But can't you understand that it's like having all the sacred, private, intimate little feelings and emotions—all the things you've guarded and kept to yourself all your life—your whole lifetime—crammed into nine pages of manuscript and set out for everyone to gaze at—and snicker, if they want to?"

And that's why you'll never read the story of the men in Mae Clarke's life.

She is one of the most curious composites of human emotions I have ever met.

She has a keen sense of humor and, no matter how serious the problem she is discussing, she discusses it facetiously for fear she'll be laughed at if she lets you see she's in earnest about it.

She's moody as the devil (*Continued on page 113*)

The best story ever written about two boys who just happen to be movie stars



Jackie, the Millionaire Kid—and his pal Junior Durkin. Their "Huckleberry Finn" was a juvenile joy.

Two Bad Boys!

Or, what happened when Jackie Coogan threatened suicide—and Junior Durkin wouldn't work

By

Weldon Melick

THE Paramount ranch is a plot of ground in the calorific San Fernando valley thirty miles from Hollywood, where picture companies go to shoot sequences they can't take on the studio stages. For instance, if you wanted to make a sound version of Dante's "Inferno" you would undoubtedly do it at the Paramount ranch—you'd never find a more authentic locale—barring the contingency of renting the historic spot itself.

I spent several midsummer days in "Hollywood," as I shall politely designate the Lasky suburb, listening to the cows squeak as they gave powdered milk, and watching the "Huckleberry Finn" company take their raft scenes on a tiny lake which was the one incongruity in this stygian restoration.

Upon that refreshing pool were fastened the covetous eyes of Jackie Coogan and Junior Durkin after the sport of taking the blindfold test had palled on them—both boys being absolutely unable to distinguish between an electric fan and a blowtorch.

They simmered pathetically on the platform built for the cameras over the edge of the pond. Six times in the last half hour they had been ordered to stand by—six times they were told that their dramatic services would be required "in five minutes." While others floated lazily in the cooling depths, Jackie and Junior had to keep their hair dry for the scenes that were to be taken.

"Please insult us, Mr. Taurog," they pleaded, "tell

us to 'go jump in the lake.' Our hair would dry in no time—this sun would *singe* it before you were ready for us."

The director reluctantly shook his head. "Not now, boys. We're already behind shooting schedule, and I'll need you in just a few shakes—as soon as we get the cameras set up."

Coogan and Durkin, alias *Sawyer* and *Finn*, sadly eyed the forbidden blue. Then they looked imploringly back at the grips, assistant cameramen and electricians, who were ordinarily as willing for horseplay as the boys themselves. But after the director's mandate, not one of them would presume to lend a friendly little push.

Thoroughly disheartened, *Tom* and *Huck* moved back on the temporary pier and went into conference. They were enticingly close to the edge again, wearing grins and B. V. D.'s when, a few minutes later, a grip reached for his cigarettes and found them in a pocket full of ice water—and a piercing shriek from the script girl announced the discovery of a fish in her vanity case.

Even these strokes of strategy failed to evoke the desired shove. The swimming situation began to look more and more hopeless—until one of the cameras went on the blink, occasioning an hour's (Continued on page 105)



"Gentle as a dove," the traditional story says of Nancy Carroll. Fair enough—but when Nancy starts working on the set it's nice to have something handy to duck behind, just in case!

BROWNING once remarked, "It is good to see one's name in print."

That's what every movie star thinks, too. But oh, the publicity pains!

When starting out on a career, any line which distinguishes from the crowd is welcome. For an actor, someone else usually thinks of the snappy tag. Actors love to let George do it.

Labelled as a thus-and-so by press agent or studio publicity department, you thrive on it for awhile. Of course, it's a bit surprising when a total stranger comments familiarly on odd failings or virtues. These for-benefit-of-the-press abilities never seem quite an integral part!

Whether your Hollywood life is henceforth made miserable by your useless attempts to live down your manufactured reputation, or a path of roses because you don't have to live up to the gag, depends entirely upon the story you've picked. Be wary at the choosing, for all your subsequent talk cannot change the public's mind. A good story is believed for ever and a day, regardless of the facts.

Personal idiosyncrasies are the pet choices for high-powered embellishment. Inveigled into emphasizing (for the press) a natural attitude beyond all sensible propor-

Made-To-Order Reputations

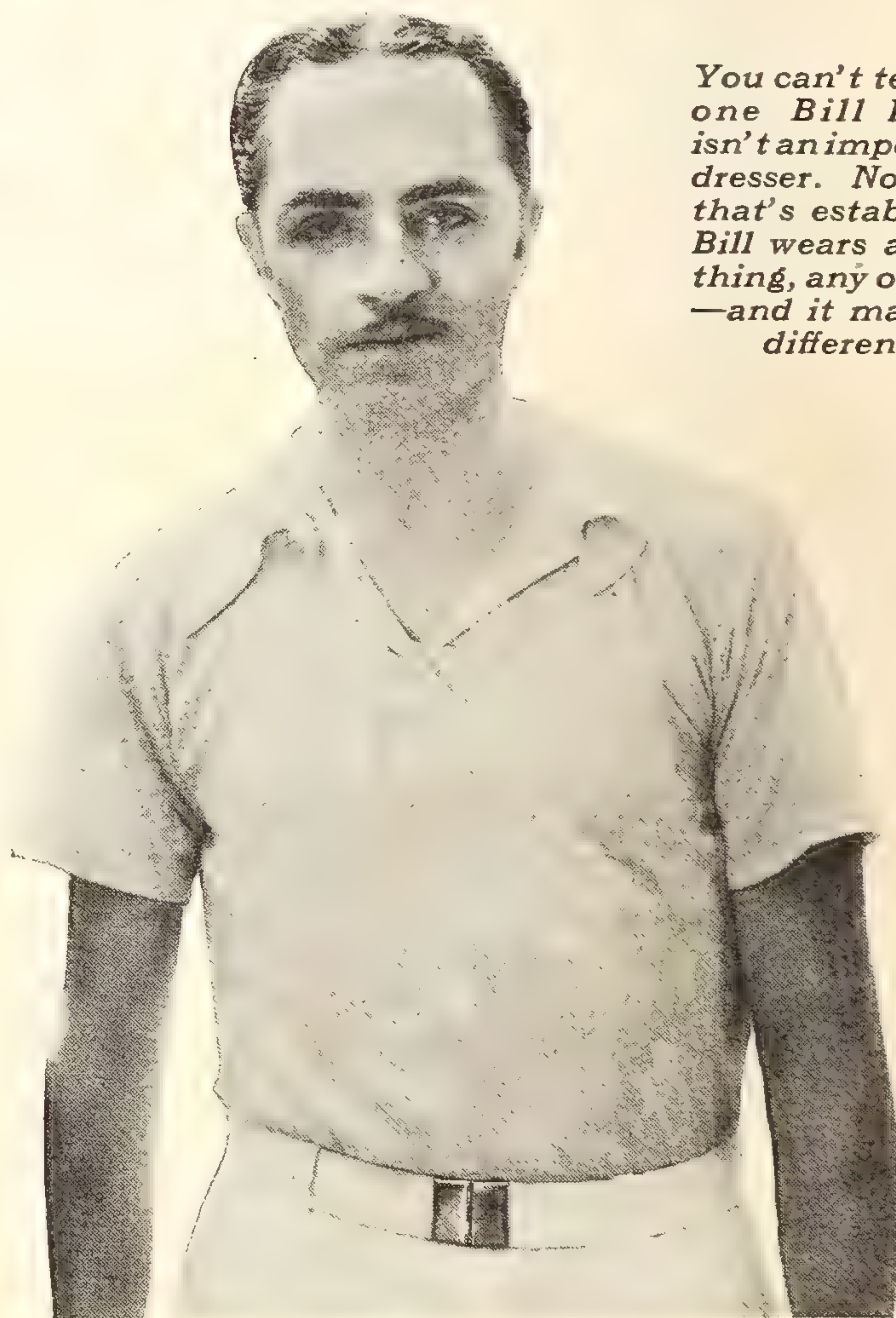
No matter what actors are really like, they're stuck with their studio stories

By
Ben Maddox

tions, or into literally concocting a striking set of characteristics from whole cloth, the stars are then left to wage a continuous battle with their world-wide selves.

It does turn out rather well in some instances. If you've been put on a pedestal, you can get away with anything short of murder. Even though you are caught in the act, people won't believe their own eyes. They'll blame it on evil persecutors, for *they know you are good!*

If you pick this kind of a legend, your Hollywood days



You can't tell anyone Bill Powell isn't an impeccable dresser. Now that that's established, Bill wears any old thing, any old time—and it makes no difference!

will be one rosy round. Millions of unknown friends will leap to your defense should anyone dare to sully your name or cast doubt upon your lily-white character.

However, supposing you thought that niceness was too vapid an attribute and started your stellar climb with a lavender-lined whoop. Just try to live it down! Even the kiddies will shy from your tender kisses. You can't fool all the people all the time, the wise-acres will crow.

Take a peek through the veil and note actual cases.

Even on the M-G-M lot they pity poor Anita Page. Isn't it terrible that she can't go anywhere without her mother or father tagging along? Though Anita has been stepping out with nary a chaperone ever since last January, she will continue to be Hollywood's dateless star in the eyes of the public.

At the same studio it is obvious to all that Joan Crawford would curl up and die if she couldn't display her fashionable silhouette every waking moment. Yet off-screen she hasn't the slightest desire to be a fashion plate. If they'd let her, Joan would go around in just a sweater and skirt. Oh, well, that's only what she says!

Garbo blows up at the thought of publicity. She hates it! Mere first-graders learn this. But her corner druggist has a standing order for every movie magazine. She never misses a thing that's written about her, according to him. But then, *he's* probably crazy!

Will you believe that Ramon Novarro is a lot wittier and cleverer when it comes to everyday life than Bill Haines or Jack Oakie? Not so long as the studio concentrates all its efforts on Ramon's looks. Why bother to publicize the fact that he is the real life of the best parties?

Girls who marvel at Bill Haines' bold love-making wouldn't get a tumble from him in Hollywood. He's actually a woman-hater! And the boys who feel that Dorothy Jordan is too delicate to fight

Jean Harlow is the well-known "sex menace" of the films. What though she actually is rather sedate off-screen? That's the story, and it sticks to her!



her own battles without much advice should have seen her take care of herself when she was in a New York chorus!

Can Charles Rogers live down his "Sweet Buddy" handle? Paramount is mighty sore that they overlooked his collegiate Phi Psi connection and made him such a paragon. None of his fraternity brothers emerged as innocent as they once claimed Charles to be.

Silent Gary Cooper is the great open-spaced man who crabs when he's recognized or asked to talk about himself. Yet last Spring when he was in the hospital a neighboring girl patient found him very different from his publicity self. Because she showed no thrill at meeting him, Gary finally demanded to know if she realized who he was. She pretended never to have heard of him. Such astonishing treatment resulted in Gary's breaking down and telling his life story and all his troubles in detail. Too bad she wasn't a reporter, wasn't it?

Since everyone *knows* that William Powell is always impeccably groomed, he can go around in any old thing. Publicity poses of Lew Ayres invariably picture him as particularly well-groomed. Guests at a Sacramento hotel were shocked when he lounged around the lobby in bedroom slippers, baggy pants, and an unassuming shirt. In a week's stay he failed to appear once in a suit! Yet Jack Oakie, notorious for his sweat-shirts and sloppy array, can't make an impression with his smart wardrobe!

What a hardship it must be for El Brendel to preserve the public's illusions about him. He has never been in Sweden, and would not know what Garbo was talking about if she said "hello" in his supposedly native tongue. His dialect was evolved in vaudeville.

Once gentility is established, you can ride roller coasters, eat hot dogs, (Continued on page 114)



Menjou seldom bothers to tidy up. Everyone is already convinced he's a Beau Brummell!



You've heard about "Shy Gary Cooper." What matter if Gary really shies from obscurity?



China Doll

Anna May Wong talks about love—listen!

By Gene Levant

A MING vase filled with the soft echoes of a Gershwin melody and, over all, the culture and sophistication of Mayfair—that's Anna May Wong, she who shatters Kipling's famous proclamation that East shall not meet West. But then, Mr. Kipling could not have foreseen that a laundryman's daughter, at twenty-four, would become the toast of two continents and have been entertained by royalty. Will she use this power one day, and thereby write a new and happier ending to all the stories and plays that have featured the union of Orient and Occident? Or will she revert to the fatalism of the East and decide that, for her, love may not be fulfilled?

From a fascinating but more or less unsung girl who played exotic parts in the silent pictures, Anna May has conquered the camera coast all over again. It is not strange that Hollywood is intensely interested in all that she has accomplished, and will accomplish; for Hollywood, like a mother bird, watched Anna May grow up and leave home to try her wings in the outside world. Now, that world joins the film capital in wondering what she will do about love and marriage.

"I've never experienced the so-called Grand Passion yet," she laughed, "so, of course, the problem can scarcely be said to have arrived. Unfortunately for some people, love can't be turned off and on like a convenient radio. If it does happen to me I don't think I'll try to do anything about it. It's such a gamble, love is, and so is a career. I gambled on a career, and so I'll take a chance and gamble on love and marriage when the time comes."

She is convinced, however, that love—the real sort—cannot be successfully mixed with a career.

"If I love a man, I want to be with him twenty-four hours of the day. That isn't possible if I must give part of myself and my time to the stage or screen. I believe thoroughly in the idea of concentrating upon one single thing at a time. If I fall in love, then that will automatically end my career, and I'll devote myself to being a wife."

Just now, though, she (*Continued on page 121*)

East may be East and West, West, Mr. Kipling; but Anna May Wong is a hit in Hollywood, Manhattan, and Mayfair—and she has never been to China!



Columbia Pictures

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Constance Cummings and Robert Young in "THE GUILTY GENERATION"



Hurrell

LEILA HYAMS—a blonde beauty who is never, never monotonous. Her new film is "Phantom of Paris," with John Gilbert.



Fraker

YOU'LL be seeing Jack Holt soon in
a football picture, titled "Yellow."
Richard Cromwell will play Jack's son.



Dyar

HE IS Mr. Charles Rogers now! Watch for him in "Working Girl," with Paul Lukas, Judith Wood, Stuart Erwin, and Dorothy Hall.



Alexander

THE screen fails to do her piquant beauty justice, so that Sylvia Sidney has won film fame strictly on her merits as an actress. And what an actress! She follows "Street Scene" with "Ladies of the Big House," with Gene Raymond as her leading man.

Lady in Black and White!



*Special photographs of Dagover by
Ferenc, exclusive to Screenland*



LIL DAGOVER, in her first American motion picture, "The Captain's Wife," will appear all in black, all in white, or in black and white! You see one of her interesting costumes pictured here—a dashing black velvet suit with a splashy big white bow, white cuffs, and a saucy, and smart, excuse for a hat.

ENCORE!

And here's
Marilyn Miller,
also in black and
white. It's good!

LOVE! her
ning en-
gown is
the wra-
white.
trickily
cut. Ar-
wears it
right touch of rather
casual grandeur. These
Hollywood girls can
wear clothes — make
no mistake about that!



Fryer

LORETTA YOUNG knows that a charming frock must be enhanced by accessories—and perhaps the most important of these are—shoes. Here Loretta has chosen sandals of interlaced straps of black satin, edged in silver. Her bag is beaded, in black and white.

CHOOSE YOUR SHOES WITH CARE!

Fryer



TO WEAR with her rough wool "town-and-country" coat, Ruth Hall selects shoes and bag of black suede, lizard-trimmed. Spanish tile is the coat's color, and the fur is lynx.

FUR WITH A SENSE OF HUMOR!

FUR can be fun this season! It is used in most amusing manner, far from the old sedate fur fashions. For instance, Peggy Shannon's brown coat has perky little inserts of ermine. And, of course, it's belted.

LILYAN TASHMAN, one of those "best-dressed women of the screen," selected this pancake hat trimmed with astrakhan to wear with a suit of gray covert cloth.



Dyar



Ricbee



Ricbee

KAY FRANCIS wears a chartreuse satin jacket that is almost completely concealed with platinum fox. This is one of the few heavily-furred evening wraps which would be just as becoming to a little, fluffy blonde as it is to the tall, statuesque, raven-haired Kay.

SOMETHING pretty fancy! Metal cloth is good again, and Peggy Shannon goes in for an ensemble of it. The three-tiered frock is clever, and the short jacket with its fur-trimmed scarf collar and puff sleeves is decidedly different.

Dyar





Ricbee

THE PAJAMAS *of* THE MONTH

LILYAN TASHMAN wears them, and they boast a long-sleeved wrap and a divided skirt that is skilfully pleated. How about copying this costume? You could substitute your own idea for the elaborate jewelled belt that Lilyan is wearing.



THE NEW "NIKKI"

YOU might almost say that Fay Wray was the first, only, and original *Nikki*, for she was her husband's inspiration when he wrote his stories. And John Monk Saunders always wanted Fay to play his favorite heroine. But somehow or other Helen Chandler, not Fay Wray, played *Nikki* when the stories were filmed as "The Last Flight." Now both Mr. and Mrs. Saunders are happy, for the musical version of "Nikki" is playing on Broadway, with Fay Wray starring. She's a charming *Nikki*, is Fay. She says she loves the stage so much that she doesn't miss pictures. She is having a grand time being a Broadway star "in the flesh," not a movie.

And she never looked lovelier!

OF course you remember Kent Douglass, the interesting actor who scored in "Waterloo Bridge" on the screen? Here he is, playing with Fay Wray in "Nikki" on the stage. He has resumed his own name of Douglass Montgomery, and he, too, prefers the stage to the screen. We hope both stars change their minds!



WELCOME, WESTERNER!

Killian



Oliver Sigurdson

WE HAVE had lots of letters asking us to pay some attention to the western pictures and their stars. So every month we'll present a leading actor of the outdoor drama, in recognition of the fact that there is a large public preferring westerns to almost any other screen entertainment. First, Lane Chandler. Remember Chandler in "The First Kiss" with Gary Cooper, and "Red Hair" with Clara Bow? Now he is the handsome breezy star of "The Hurricane Horseman" and other action films. Below, Lane with Marie Quillan, Eddie's sister, in a scene from his latest. He wears no make-up—he believes the boys of all ages who flock to see westerns like their heroes natural and human. And this hard-ridin', shootin' guy aims to please!





Hurrell

LESLIE HOWARD scored in "Devotion" with Ann Harding, only to leave Hollywood for England. Hurry right back, Mr. Howard!



Hurrell

AFTER completing "The Cuban Love Song" opposite Lawrence Tibbett, gay little Lupe Velez sailed for a European vacation.



Duncan

YOU'LL see Helen Chandler in "Heart and Hand"—the only girl in the picture! Read the story about her on the opposite page.

She's the only girl!

They seem to like Helen for one-woman pictures

By
Mortimer
Franklin

I LIKE people who do silly things," admitted Helen Chandler. "They make me feel better, because I always seem to be doing the wrong thing myself somehow. And then I get bawled out by somebody, even though the practical thing is apt to be so stuffy!"

Remembering Miss Chandler's engaging portrayal of the delightful little *Nikki* in "The Last Flight," I had expected to find in the real Helen some of *Nikki's* appealing qualities. What I had hoped to encounter was a somewhat bemused, somewhat sad, somewhat gay young lady, demure yet unconventional, "nice" yet impertinent, and above all supremely off-hand about things.

And I was quite right — for that's Helen Chandler!

Hers is a face not easily fitted into any of the prevailing types of beauty. You wonder what the large blue eyes can be seeing with that far, far distant look; what adversaries the chin, almost absurdly defiant, is tilted against; what the irreverent mouth is getting ready to smile over. And, as she talks, you discover in her a pleasantly casual outlook that enables her to avoid the mistake of taking anything too seriously.

This was at tea during a visit to New York, and Helen Chandler, movie actress, chose the creamiest and plumpiest of all the available pastries, biting into it with a cheerful disdain for all the dietary taboos ever heard of.

"I remember the terribly, terribly impressive opening of 'Outward Bound,'" she pursued. "It was my first important picture, and I got all dressed up swell, and sailed through the crowd and down the aisle like a real lady. Was it my fault if the theatre was hot, and I fell fast asleep fifteen minutes after the picture started? I don't go to openings any more—I sleep better at home.

"And then one time, when I started working in a lot of pictures and making money, I thought how nice it would be to become an investor, and have certificates,



Helen Chandler was a stage actress at eight, and a sensation at fifteen. Now you meet her in a picture no matter which way you turn—and she's apt to be the only girl around!

and be somebody. That was sensible, wasn't it? So I put everything I had into the Guarantee Building and Loan Company in Los Angeles, and some smart man in the company ran away with all of it and ten million other dollars. But the joke's on him—I still have the certificates!"

Somehow, as is apt to happen during interviews, we got around to the subject of Helen's home life in Hollywood with Cyril Hume, her author husband.

"We keep sort of to ourselves," said Helen. "You see, we both work pretty hard all day, and when night comes it seems like a good idea to renew our old acquaintance. Our house is up on a hill outside the town, so there aren't many neighbors dropping in. Cy and I like the other picture people, but we like each other better. Is that too fantastic, our not mingling with the crowd and still being in love with each other?"

When I assured her that it was, on the contrary, quite refreshing, she took heart, and presently I was being scolded for having appeared (*Continued on page 116*)

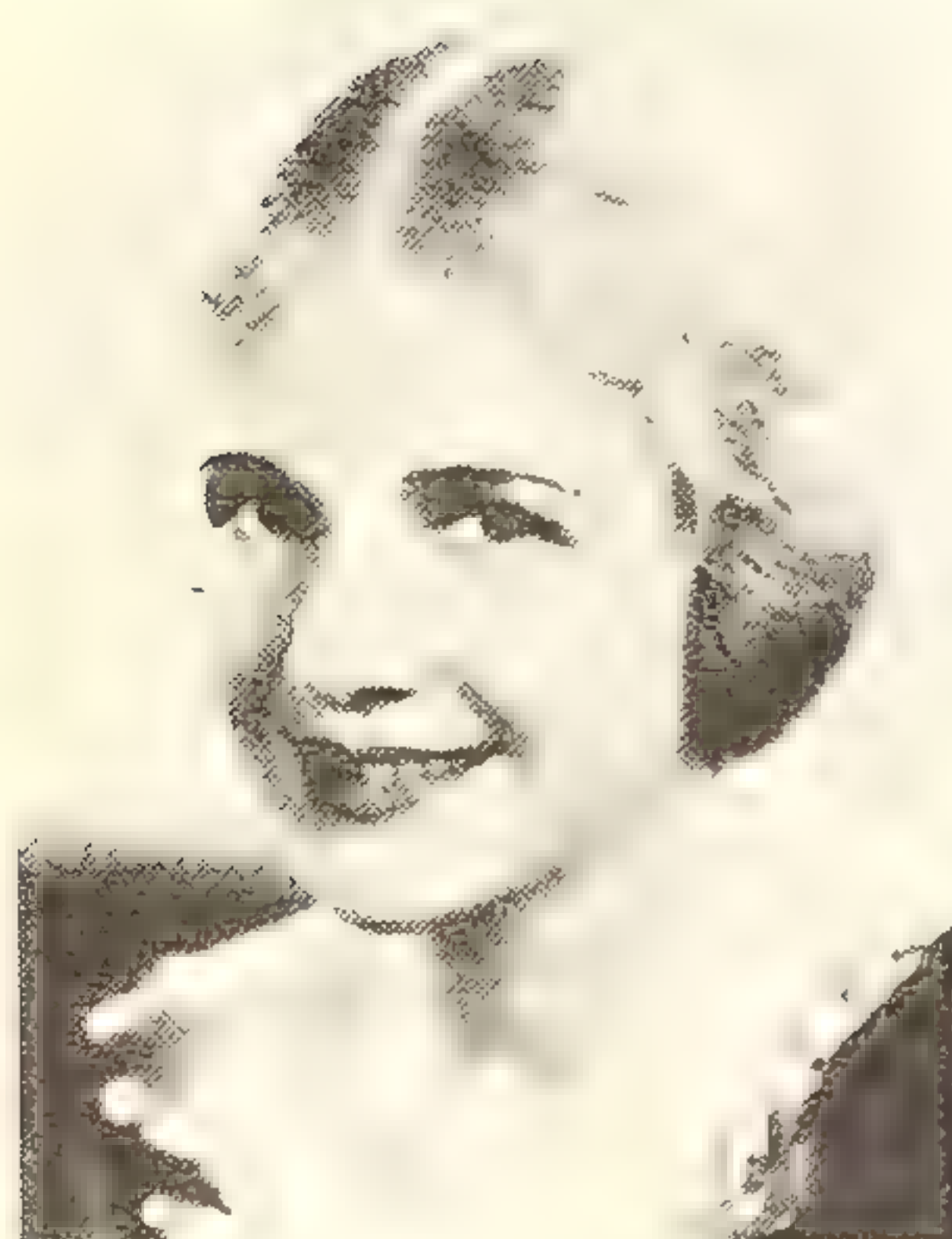
COLOR!

By Doris Denbo



Greta Garbo

She would be different! Born September 18th, she comes under Virgo and should favor light gray, white, and glistening materials—she almost always wears brown!



Ann Harding

A Cancer subject, true to her sign Ann favors all shades of green. This has always been her favorite color, restful and inspiring to her. But she loathes bright orange.



Warner Baxter

It is amusing to note that every six people out of ten will tell you that blue is their favorite color! This is especially true of men—including Warner Baxter.

DO YOU know that the zodiac has something to do with the reason you like or dislike certain colors—why you feel unhappy in some shades, exhilarated in others?

Just as you have given characteristics—good or bad—presented to you at birth, you have certain color vibrations and color influences in your life plan bestowed by the heavenly constellations.

At least according to Cheiro, the English astrologist, numerologist, and palmist, color is a definite science of vibration controlled by the zodiac. Each color has its own message to each individual.

Cheiro is now in Hollywood. He has written books on astrology, numerology and palmistry. He is known in Europe—and now the screen players go to him. Cheiro refuses to read for anyone for less than one hundred dollars, but he agreed to give me the color influence of the zodiac for SCREENLAND readers.

"Study the color chart according to your birth date," says Cheiro, "for happier and more successful results. Do not make the mistake of thinking that you will necessarily like the colors of your sign best. However, you will find when surrounding yourself with the right colors that you will attract more good things and get better reactions out of your human contacts. You will subconsciously feel better when the right colors predominate."

It would have been unfair to our readers to accept Cheiro's color chart without putting it to a fair test. So our earthly stars of stage and screen were queried to prove that the heavenly constellations don't lie.

The screen stars questioned had definite ideas on colors and their own reactions to them. Most of them, however, had no idea that their birth dates had anything to do with their emotional reactions to colors.

First we will give you the chart and then apply its statements to our friends of the screen and their color reactions.

CAPRICORN and **AQUARIUS** subjects, or those born from the 21st of December to the 20th of January, or from the 21st of January to the 21st of February, should wear *dark gray, black, dark purple or dark blue*. If these people were to dress in light colors they might look awkward and unhappy.



CAPRICORN and **AQUARIUS** subjects, or those born from the 21st of December to the 20th of January, should wear *dark gray, black, dark purple or dark blue*.

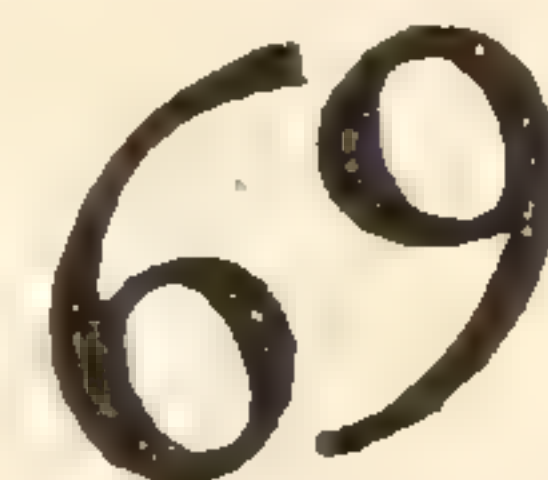
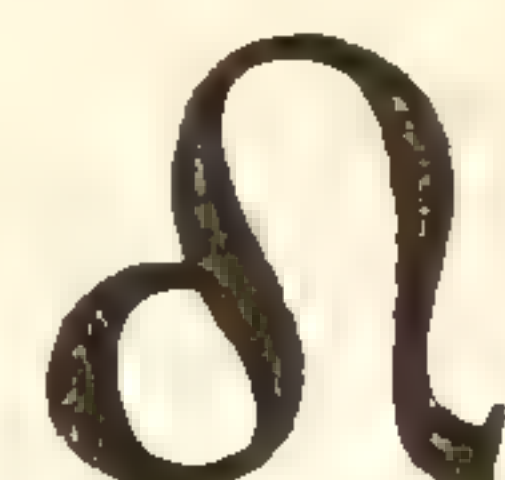
(But suppose you don't happen to like them? Well—!)



SAGITTARIUS and **PISCES** subjects, or those born from the 21st of November to the 20th of December, or from the 19th of February to the 20th of March, should wear some shade of *mauve, violet, or purple*.



LEO subjects, or those born from the 21st of July to the 20th of August, should wear *brown, yellow, gold*.



CANCER—including those born from the 21st of June to the 20th of July, may wear all shades of *green, cream, white*.

What are your colors—and why? The stars tell you!

SAGITTARIUS or *PISCES* subjects, or those born from the 21st of November to the 20th of December, or from the 19th of February to the 20th of March, should wear some shade of *mauve, violet or purple*, or some touch of these colors should always be with them, also in the rooms in which they live. All shades of blue, crimson and rose are also favorable to them, but more as secondary colors.

LEO subjects, or those born from the 21st of July to the 20th of August, should wear, as much as possible, all shades of dark and light *brown*, all shades of *yellow or gold*, also they may wear what are called "half-shades," half tones or electric colors. Electric blues or grays seem to be their luckiest colors.

CANCER subjects, those born from the 21st of June to the 20th of July, may wear all shades of *green* from the darkest to the lightest, also *cream* and *white*, but as far as possible they should avoid all dark colors, especially black and purple.

GEMINI and *VIRGO*, or those born from the 21st of May to the 20th of June, or from the 21st of August to the 20th of September, should favor all shades of *light gray, white* and *glistening materials*. These people can wear all shades of colors without harm but they should wear dark colors as rarely as possible.

TAURUS and *LIBRA*, or those born from the 20th of April to the 20th of May, or from the 21st of September to the 20th of October, should favor all shades of *blue*, from the lightest to the darkest, also all shades of *rose or pink*, but they should distinctly avoid wearing black or dark purple.

AIRES AND *SCORPIO* subjects, those born from the 21st of March to the 19th of April, or from the 21st of October to the 20th of November should favor all tones of *crimson or red*, also *rose tones* and *pink*. *Blue* may also be worn by people under these signs.

In summing up color influences in the life of an individual Cheiro says, "It is as important for the individual to know what influence color plays in one's life as it is to study what lines most become one in dress and what people make one happiest to have around."

Ann Harding is a Cancer subject, and true to her sign she favors all shades of green. (Continued on page 107)



Marlene Dietrich

Born under Capricorn influence, Marlene should surround herself with darker shades, but this individualist positively selects pale shades of blue and soft rose red.



Mary Brian

Mary selects the soft shades of blue, especially *poudre blue*, as her preference. This is permitted her in her color chart as a secondary shade. Mary was born under the sign of Pisces.



Billie Dove

White is her favorite—for poise and peace. Billie is a Taurus subject and her secondary leaning toward reds and rose shades comes naturally with Miss Dove's sign.



Charles Farrell

Most men will be embarrassed when you ask them their favorite color! Then they almost invariably select blue—with brown as a second choice. True of Charlie Farrell, too!



GEMINI and *VIRGO* people, those born from the 21st of May to the 20th of June, or from the 21st of August to the 20th of September, should favor all shades of *light gray, white* and *glistening materials*. Avoid dark colors as much as possible.

TAURUS and *LIBRA* subjects, or those born from the 20th of April to the 20th of May, or from the 21st of September to the 20th of October, should favor all shades of *blue*, and all shades of *rose or pink*, dodging black and purple.

AIRES and *SCORPIO* subjects, those born from the 21st of March to the 19th of April, or from the 21st of October to the 20th of November, should favor all tones of *red*, also *rose tones* and *pink*. *Blue* is good, too.

In spite of their FAULTS—

Yes, yes—we love them just the same. Do you share your favorite screen star's idiosyncrasy?

By
James
M. Fidler

Lilyan Tashman has a trick of swinging her slipper from the tips of her toes, as she sits talking. Harmless and even cute, if you're as graceful and svelte as lissome Lil!

I WAS chatting with Neil Hamilton one recent day, when I noticed that the floor around his feet was littered with tiny scraps of paper and small paper balls. Neil became aware of my astonished gaze and grinned sheepishly.

"One of my worst faults," he confessed, indicating the messy floor. "Any time I talk and have a paper in my hands, I tear off little corners, which I either chew or let fall to the floor. After a protracted conversation, I have a nice collection for the waste-paper basket."

I laughed. "Don't worry too much about that, Neil," I advised him. "Most of us have little eccentricities we would like to be rid of. They are generally nervous peculiarities that are so trivial we don't bother to banish them; rather, we humor ourselves by allowing them to persist."

"Lilyan Tashman told me the other day she has a trick of swinging her slippers from the tips of her toes, half off, as she sits talking. Because she does it thoughtlessly, she has on many occasions found herself among a group of strangers with a slipper dangling on her toes. Usually their amused stares arouse her to the fact that she is indulging her favorite idiosyncrasy again."

"That is interesting," Neil commented. "Know of any other instances?"

"Scores of them," I said. For the next half hour or more, Neil and I swapped anecdotes concerning the eccentricities of the motion picture stars.

Jimmy Gleason has a habit of lighting matches with his thumb nail and feels he could get along quite nicely if he could cure himself of it. Often pieces of phosphorus lodge beneath the nail with painful results, but even these burns have not ended a life-long custom.

If you have ever seen John Boles' profile, you may have noticed that his nose is quite sharp at the end. Ever since he can remember, John has had a habit of pinching the point of that proboscis. He does it with a snippy little air that he began when he was a kid, using the thumb and forefinger.

Almost anyone can understand George Bancroft's weakness. During telephone conversations he sketches figures on pieces of paper or other flat surfaces within reach. The failing has proved embarrassing when Bancroft has ruined costly table covers or fine wall paper with his artistic musings.

Wynne Gibson's idiosyncrasy—slipping rings off and on her fingers—has also been costly. On several occasions, she has indulged her mannerism in the darkness of motion picture theaters and has dropped rings, which rolled to mysterious nooks beneath the rows of seats.

Any friend of George O'Brien has seen him throw out



How George O'Brien does throw out his chest! George does it unconsciously, but many have misunderstood the habit.



Here is Neil Hamilton all wrapped up in his pet eccentricity. Neil's bad habit is tearing up paper—a great trial to the little woman.

his huge chest when he stands in a group of conversationists. George does it unconsciously, but because he is known to have a splendid physique, many have misunderstood the habit to be a prideful gesture on O'Brien's part.

Take the case of Eddie Quillan. Normally the comedian believes in signs. But not when they read: WET PAINT. Eddie ruefully admits that he has yet to pass one of these warnings without gingerly applying a prying finger to satisfy his curiosity. Most times, he reveals, the signs are correct.

Ann Harding and Robert Montgomery profess the same annoying fault—tapping on hard surfaces when concentrating. They are the best of friends, and recently, when they attended a party at which guessing games were played, they kept up such busy drumming with their fingers and pencils that others were driven to near distraction until someone called attention to the disconcerting noise.

Shy by nature, Bette Davis has an embarrassing habit of rushing forward to greet guests in her home, shaking hands effusively—then leaving them standing wherever they happen to be. It is an eccentric fault Bette has tried valiantly to overcome. She isn't intentionally rude; she is unusually self-conscious and runs away to hide it.

Both Lois Wilson and Charlie Farrell have the habit of running their hands through their hair. In Charlie's case, the fault is minimized because his hair is naturally curly and quickly falls back into place. But Miss Wilson is usually tidy about her appearance and it embarrasses her to discover she has disheveled her marcel. The fault doesn't go well with her usual orderliness, at all.

Whenever he is engaged in serious conversation, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., may be observed picking up tiny bits of dust, paper or other debris on nearby table or desk tops. If the specks are too tiny to be picked up, young Doug will wet his forefinger with the tip of his tongue and apply it to the spots, which generally stick to the damp finger. If the conversation waxes earnest, Doug becomes as busy as the proverbial one-armed paperhanger until no single spot remains to be removed.

Clara Bow had an interesting habit, when in the midst of serious problems, of placing the tip of her finger on nearby smooth surfaces and tracing imaginary lines or figures. Many broken nails have testified to the fact that

Clara sometimes picked surfaces not quite so smooth.

Before Edmund Lowe began wearing wrist-watches, he habitually drew his chain and charm from his pocket and swung them until the chain wrapped around his finger, then he would rotate his hand in the opposite direction until it unwrapped and re-wrapped again. Lowe, on several occasions, absentmindedly swung the watch end of the chain and numerous broken crystals or springs made his eccentricity rather expensive.

By placing the tip of the tongue against the roof of the mouth and forming a slight suction, then jerking the tongue suddenly away, a popping sound may be produced. That is one of Sue Carol's most annoying little faults. Unconsciously, she will repeat the noise again and again until it becomes as bothersome as a hydraulic hammer, if not as rapid or loud.

"I wish you wouldn't handle that glass so carelessly," Neil said to me suddenly, while we were exchanging eccentricity stories.

I placed the thin, expensive goblet carefully beyond my reach.

"Dick Arlen and I admit the same addiction," I explained. "We thoughtlessly balance glasses on edge and roll them along flat surfaces. I have broken lots of them and Arlen tells me he has left a trail of shattered glass miles long."

"Hereafter, when you and Dick visit my home, you'll drink out of pewter cups," Neil commented, removing the goblet still further. (Continued on page 119)

"Wet Paint" signs are an invitation to Eddie Quillan, who just has to find out for himself if the signs are correct. Usually, admits Eddie, they are.



Reviews of the

By

Delight Evans



Garbo and Gable in "Susan Lenox."

Susan Lenox Metro Goldwyn Mayer



You don't have to be told to see "Garbo in the arms of Gable"—not if you are as smart as I think you are. Here's the most human and sympathetic picture Greta has had. Perhaps Gable has something to do with it—at any rate, the goddess goes modern, gets friendly—and the result is that "Susan Lenox" is more like a chummy evening at home with Greta than the prima donna's première. Garbo and Gable have some enchanting scenes together before the plot begins to rear its head and snort and paw the ground—before our Greta begins to suffer. Losing Clark, she follows him to the ends of the earth to win him back. Garbo pleading with a rough, uncouth Gable provides a dramatic smash. Gable's terrific punch dominates this picture—dominates even the star in some scenes.



From "The Spirit of Notre Dame."

The Spirit of Notre Dame Universal



Here's a welcome change from all the hectic film fare of the month. It's a breezy, boisterous he-picture glorifying the great American pigskin. No torrid love scenes, no problems, no purple passages, no patter of little feet. Just good, clean, collegiate gridiron goings-on. Dedicated to the memory of Knute Rockne, it is a pretty good account of the football defeats and victories of Notre Dame. Of course, it has Lew Ayres. And Billy Bakewell. And the original Four Horsemen. Lewis is featured as a bad little boy who permits personal prejudice to interfere with the Game, but comes to his senses in time, and Lew is always believable. Bakewell turns in a corking performance as Lew's rival. The girls? Where are they? They never will be missed. You can go with the whole family to see this one without blushing—or being too bored.



Helen Hayes and Lewis Stone in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet."

The Sin of Madelon Claudet Metro Goldwyn Mayer



I saw this picture at a private screening for reviewers before it was released. I didn't expect much—except perhaps an interesting film début by Helen Hayes. Then the projection room went dark and the picture started. Before long I knew that something was going on here. When the lights went up after the final fade-out I never heard such a sniffing in all my life. Everybody, it seemed, had contracted a hard cold shortly after Helen Hayes had her first big scene with her son. Red eyes, chokes, and quavers—we were a fine lot of hard-boiled critics. All I can say is, take a lot of handkerchiefs. It's a melodrama of mother love—the old story of a maternal martyr's sacrifice for her son—nothing very new. But all poignantly real, beautifully performed. Recommended for the big cry of the season. Great cast. See our Honor Page for the rest.

Six Best Pictures of the Month:

MONKEY BUSINESS

SUSAN LENOX

DEVOTION

THE SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME

THE SIN OF MADELON CLAUDET

NEW ADVENTURES OF WALLINGFORD

Turn to page 103 for casts of current films:

Best Pictures



SCREENLAND'S
Critic Selects the
Most Important
Screenplays of
the Month



"Devotion" is a charming picture.

Devotion

RKO-Pathé



"Devotion" breaks all the rules. It has no story to speak of. It is as slight as a Sylvia patient. It wanders amiably along with nothing but grace to hold it together. And yet—it looks as if it will break some box-office records, too. Women love it. They adore Ann Harding, who has never been so gracious; they like Robert Williams a lot for his fresh and original charm; and they will find a new favorite in Leslie Howard, who, for the first time, is given a screen rôle worthy of his talents. It was a toss-up for the Honor Page this month between Leslie and Helen Hayes. Mr. Howard bowed out in favor of Helen. But here's a special sprig of laurel for him right now. Ann is pursued by the two interesting gentlemen through this wholly delightful film—a triumph of charm over continuity.



"New Adventures of Wallingford" is Bill Haines' best film.

New Adventures of Wallingford

Metro Goldwyn Mayer



So William Haines was slipping, was he? Well, if he was, he pulled himself up short when they gave him this assignment, because he is a bigger bet than ever now. Watch the crowds lining up to see him in person with this new picture, and you'll agree that the boy is hitting his new stride. And what competition he is up against—Jimmy "Schnozzle" Durante, not to mention that splendid actor Ernest Torrence. Crooked but clean, these new adventures of *Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*. The boys are changed into legitimate business men before you know it. But let me tell you about Jimmy Durante. He has taking ways in this picture, appropriating everything from cars to checks; and he would have stolen the show from Haines if Bill hadn't nailed it down with his most engaging performance. Leila Hyams is the Girl, and she is prettier than ever.



Marx Brothers' "Monkey Business."

Monkey Business

Paramount



Even if you can't tell Groucho from Harpo or Chico from Zeppo, you can enjoy "Monkey Business" without worrying, for the Four Marx Brothers are even more insanely scrambled than usual. United they stand, divided they fall all over each other, and the fan who tries to separate them might as well give up right now and laugh at all of them at once. "Monkey Business" isn't quite as funny as "Animal Crackers" probably because—to me—there isn't anything as funny as that—but it's amusing enough. The outrageous quartette start as stowaways and work their way up to the first-class quarters, gradually outwitting a gang and eventually grabbing off several beautiful women. Groucho talks, Harpo honks, Chico plays the piano, and Zeppo—fooled you that time, Zeppo is the hero. Thelma Todd dances the tango with Groucho divinely!

Ten Best Portrayals of the Month:

Ann Harding in "Devotion"
Leslie Howard in "Devotion"
Clark Gable in "Susan Lenox"
Greta Garbo in "Susan Lenox"
Linda Watkins in "Sob Sister"
Robert Williams in "Devotion"
William Haines in "Wallingford"
James Durante in "Wallingford"
Joe E. Brown in "Local Boy Makes Good"
Helen Hayes in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet"

Spend a hectic afternoon with Irene Purcell—it's no hardship

Picture This!



By Betty Boone

IRENE PURCELL'S calendar pad for the afternoon had two words written across it—"informal pictures."

Sounds simple and pleasant. Wear pretty clothes, look happy and smile, and remember to play up your best photographic angles. Then, after the camera has clicked a few times, dash off to a tea, perhaps, and to dinner with a nice person some nice place afterward!

Be prepared for disillusion. It's not that way at all. For every picture of a pretty actress found in a film magazine today there is a story of hard work and ingenuity that would do credit to the technique of a big game hunter.

The appointment was for two o'clock. When the photographer rang the bell of Irene Purcell's bungalow on the grounds of a Hollywood hotel, there was only a silence after the reverberations of the bell had passed.

He planked himself down in a wicker chair in a shady corner of the patio and observed to himself that there was probably something in this talk that a person could master the French language while waiting for appointments to be kept. Only, in his case, it could well

be the Chinese language, which takes an enormous amount of hard study and application.

Not that film actresses are slackers about keeping appointments. But something is always happening to give their daily lives a "Royal Family of Broadway" hue.

Passing up all cultural advantages, the photographer was dozing when Irene arrived on the run, a strand of honey-colored hair blowing behind her where the wind through her open car had unloosed it from the soft little knot at the back of her neck.

"Oh, I'm so sorry to be late. Sidecar started things by drinking too much soapy water this morning—" She had the door open by now and was putting make-up on her face and calling to her maid for her bathing suit.

Sidecar, it developed, was not a motorcycle accessory, but a tiny cocker spaniel who adores lapping up soapy water when Irene takes her shower in the morning. Today he had imbibed too freely of his

favorite drink. A little home treatment, however, had brought him to a point of health where by noon he was in condition to ransack the open refrigerator and gobble, with the aid of his brother, Mike, two pounds of meat.

Two very sick dogs were rushed to the doggie hospital, where Irene stood around anxiously while the stomach pump and unpleasant looking bottles were used in dealing with her pets.

The bathing suit, it developed, needed pressing. The (Continued on page 112)



The heroine of "Just a Gigolo" and "Man in Possession" had never been on a bicycle before but she liked it so well she rode away, pictures or no pictures. Later the cameraman cornered her and made her look at some old snapshots, for punishment.



Good GUY!

By

Garret Fox



Two of the most regular guys on the screen—Jackie Cooper and Wally Beery. They are pals in "The Champ" and in life. Don't miss their first picture together. A knockout!

WALLY BEERY is big, good-natured, and loves adventure of any

kind. All his life he's been adventuring—trying out new fields, new thrills. He started as a section laborer on a railroad when he was a great hulking lad of fifteen, then got a job in a circus and wound up as chief elephant trainer for Ringling's herd—largest in the world.

He tried his luck as a dancing comedian—and clicked. Then he played grotesque old ladies on the stage. He started his picture career playing a Swedish servant girl in a comedy—and now is a star with "The Big House," "The Secret Six," "Hell Divers" and other hits to his credit.

But though today he's a star, and one of the biggest box-office bets in show business, he's just the same Wally Beery that he was on the section gang, in the circus, or in those early comedy days.

He's had other jobs, too. He's been an electrician and carried a union card; he's been a director; he's been general manager of a studio; he's taken a movie company to Japan as an executive. He started with Henry W. Savage as a chorus man, and wound up as his featured comedian. So Wally Beery has seen a lot of life.

That's why Wally so understands life—and when you know his background you can understand the great love of humanity, the broad tolerance, and the vast sympathy for his fellow-man that is Beery's. These are the qualities that lead everybody at the studios, from the laborers to the biggest stars, to know him as "Wally."

He's eternally at play. Between pictures one may hear his bass voice booming in the publicity department or the commissary, in the script department or in the shops—always kidding.

He brings his fishing rods or guns to the shops at the M-G-M plant and repairs them himself. He is an expert machinist.

He goes about with his amateur movie camera filming this and that, experimenting mostly with color film. Color intrigues him. His proudest possession is a film he made of a beautiful pink rose—not because it was a rose and beautiful, but because it is one of the most nearly perfect pieces of color photography ever achieved.

He loves to hunt, fish, film and fly. He gets in his big plane, flies to June Lake, catches a mess of trout and flies back—then distributes the trout to everybody at the studio as long as they last. As an aviator he is one of the best pilots in the country, and boasts the highest aviation license Uncle Sam can bestow—the full transport pilot's ticket. He has crossed the continent several times. He is a leader in the movement to encourage safe and sane flying among private owner pilots, for the good of the aviation game.

His home at Beverly Hills is a cross between an art gallery and an armory. He has rooms filled with rare statuary, paintings and *objets d'art*. He has other rooms filled with guns, with fishing tackle, outboard motors, aviation and navigation instruments. This is his own domain. He has rifles for hunting deer and bear in the Kyibab; shotguns for hunting fowl in the Sierras. He has trout rods and bass rods, tackle for every kind of fishing. Fishing and hunting are his greatest hobbies—outside of flying.

Rita Beery, his wife, doesn't like to fly with him—not that she doesn't think he's the safest pilot in the world, but because she likes to keep her feet on the ground. So Wally scouts about the studios and finds friends who will fly with him. He and Lewis Stone go hunting together every now and then.

"Brownie" and "Sister" are two of his greatest pals. They are setters, his hunting dogs, and love to fly to hunting grounds with him. In fact they're as enthusiastic about the plane as most dogs are about automobile rides. He calls them the only aviating bird dogs in the world. And incidentally, Wally has a big swimming pool at his Beverly home, used principally so that the dogs can get daily swims to keep in trim for the duck-hunting season. Also he has a tame canary that sits on his shoulder or on his foot!

Wally's history is an odd one. When he was fifteen he left school and got a job on the railroad.

Beery sniffs at stardom. He just wants to do a good job

"I figured it out that if I stayed in school the rest of my life I'd never get out of the Fourth Grade," he remarked. "So I thought I might as well go to work. It's a funny thing—the other (Continued on page 124)

The BEAUTY *of your* HAIR

Our bewitching moderns in Hollywood weave spells with the aid of their tresses. Ann Harding's lovely, natural blonde hair is a glorious crown to her beauty.



Your charm, your health, your chic are reflected in your hair. How does *yours* look?

By
Margery Wilson

WHEN in doubt about your appearance, nine times out of ten it's your hair that needs help. It is so important! For it reflects YOU more clearly than anything else about you. Your health, your tidiness, your chic or lack of these three ladylike things show with indisputable finality in your hair.

The history of humanity's habits is all tangled up in its hair. The thread of romance follows the trail of tresses back through the ages offering love, intrigue, religious significance, tribal customs and black magic! It was the custom to shave a witch's head before she was burned at the stake, for her hair was thought to be a major source of her witchery.

Well, our bewitching moderns in Hollywood, today, weave spells with the aid of their carefully cultivated hirsute adornment that hold the wide world fascinated. Sorcerers who understand the magic of a lovely head of hair!

Since time immemorial hair has been acknowledged to be a sex attraction. Poets have sung its beauty! (How does yours look?) Many a brave man has gone into battle with a lock of an adored one's hair lying on his heart. One wonders if any lover of today asks for a lock from his lady's bob!

Funny thing about the bob—with all its convenience and chic, we've always been a little self-conscious about it. We have worn the bob as a defiant gesture of freedom, which is rather a joke on us, for short hair has been, for thousands of years, the mark of slavery, subservience, the stigma of the conquered.

Perhaps, like Samson, our power lay in our hair, for shorn of it, women are

gradually losing those things that mean happiness to the feminine heart. With short hair (perhaps by coincidence) we have short marriages, short romances and short sentiments. Our Delilah was the lure of fashion and she betrayed us into the slavery of disillusion. Now, more than half of us are growing back into our little feminine paradise at the rate of six inches a year, as that is the normal growth of a healthy head of hair.

An early Saxon marriage custom in England was to cut off the bride's long tresses so that she would be unattractive to another man. The conquering Manchus compelled the Chinese to shave their heads leaving only an absurd pig-tail as a badge of subservience. But not a hair was ever cut from the head of any member of the royal family of the Frankish Empire for to do so was to renounce the throne! The old Hebrews used to cut their hair in grief. Practically all the religious orders required either shaved or shortened hair as a symbol of renouncing the pleasures of the world and complete slavery to their particular spiritual ideal.

It has always been known that there is a vital connection between personality, individuality, and hair. Certainly every modern woman knows that there is a vital connection between her hair and her happiness. She also knows or she should know that she can add greatly to her appeal by improving her hair to a luxuriant, soft silkiness. And she can do it quite easily.

Desiring to give you the very latest truths about any part of beauty culture, I visited some of the best authorities on hair to see if there were any brand new discoveries worth passing on to you. I found some very interesting

HERE'S TO BEAUTY!

You may have all the beauty help you need from Margery Wilson, our Beauty Editor who is a beauty herself! Make her department your guide to charm. If you wish a personal answer to particular problems, just write to her and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address Miss Margery Wilson, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

and conflicting ideas—but they were all agreed on massage, airing, and brushing as the best aids to hair beauty. While there is nothing new in that particular knowledge, it would be something of a novelty if all of us put it into practice.

Which reminds me of a story of an anxious mother who went to a great specialist with her baby. The learned doctor examined the little thing

and told the mother to go home and put a mustard plaster on the baby chest. The mother was astonished at such homely advice from such a great physician, and exclaimed, "Why, doctor, mustard plasters are so old-fashioned;"

"Yes, madam, they are," said the doctor, "but so are babies very old-fashioned!"

One famous expert claimed that by vigorous and persistent massage of the scalp most of the hair-growing elements in the body could be drawn there, thus weakening and, in some cases, destroying the unsightly growth on legs and arms.

You who have oily hair will discover that at first vigorous massage will make it more oily. But if you keep it up it will so tone and normalize the scalp that the excessive oil will disappear. Too much oil is a sign of weak glands. Massage will strengthen them. Resist the temptation to shampoo oily hair so frequently. Better to give it the dry shampoos. Bran and a good tonic rubbed well on the scalp and through the hair, then brushed out carefully, make a splendid substitute for soap and water.

But no matter how healthy and beautiful your hair may be, let me urge you to care for it for the time will come when you will (Continued on page 120)



Everyone enjoys the sheen of the silky texture of Bebe Daniels' hair. A loose, soft wave is smarter than a set-looking one.

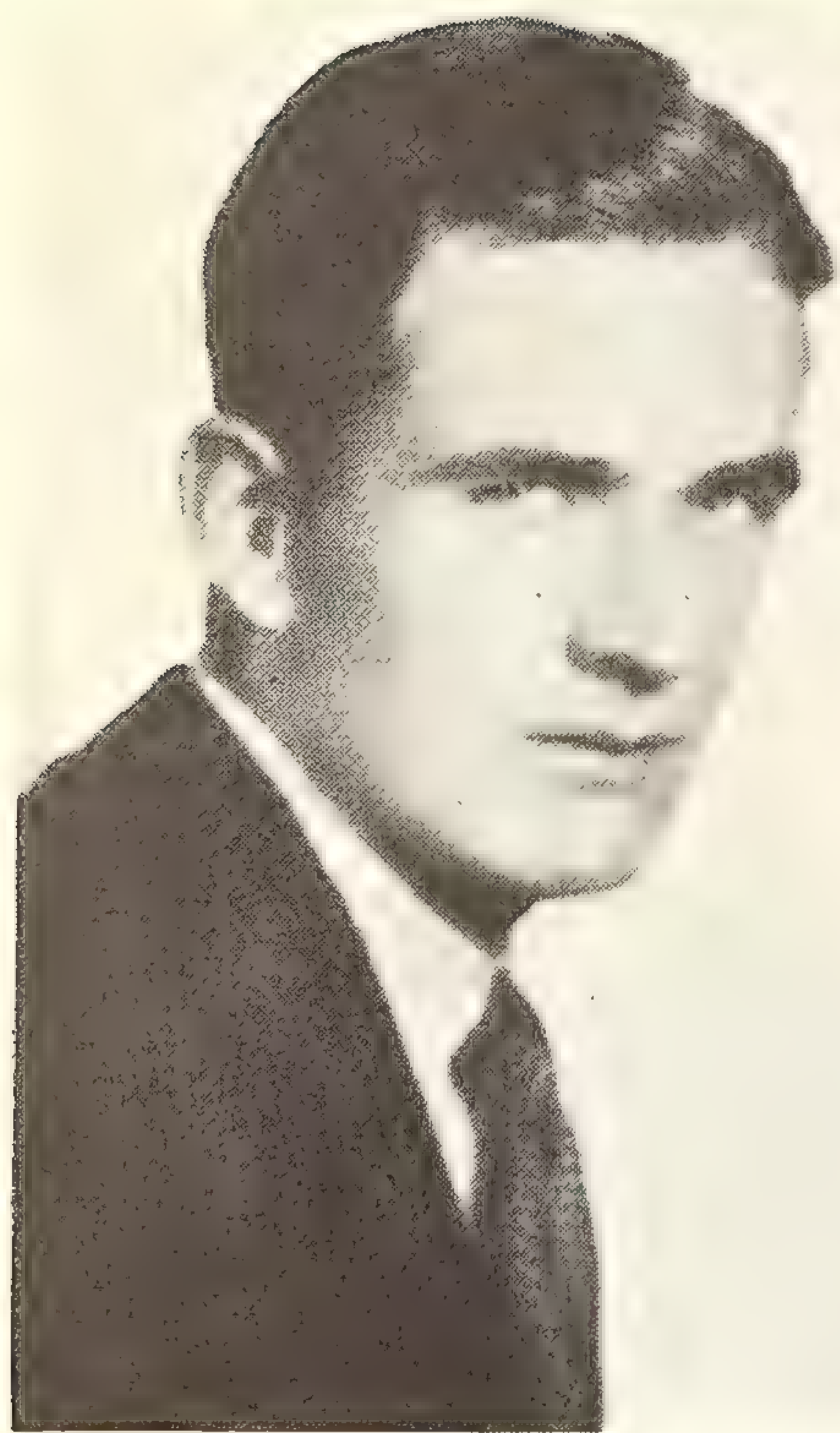
Kay Francis, (left), has a distinguished, sophisticated, smart coiffure. When in doubt about your hair, keep it close to your head.

And don't forget to dress your hair so that you look just as trim and smart in profile as full face. Note Constance Cummings.



The Stage in Review

Keep in touch with Broadway—here's the line-up of new plays you'll want to know about



By
Benjamin
De Casseres

Hugh Sinclair from jolly old London! He's the head man in "The Good Companions," a play imported from England.

Valerie Taylor, also from London, also in "The Good Companions," the English play from the best-selling novel of J. B. Priestley.



"The Streets of New York"

WELL, we made some old-fashioned whoopee at the opening of Lawrence Langner's New York Repertory Company in Dion Boucicault's ancient wheeze, "The Streets of New York." We sang *Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines* and *Whoa, Emma!* hissed the fine work of Moffat Johnson as the bank villain; wept and wept (and laughed) at the exquisite performance of Dorothy Gish, the poor little ex-milliner who tried to com. sui. and then wandered around in a snowstorm; admired with breath-taking and saucer-big eyes the pulchritudinous heroics (handsome-guy stuff to you!) of Rollo Peters as the aristocratic *Mr. Livingston* fallen to poverty in the bank crash of '57; laughed ourselves into a colic over Romney Brent as crook, hero and policeman, who burlesqued the part superbly—and—and—and! But it *was* a night!

Mr. Langner has a fine company for his enterprise. His first play was a knock-out (and right up to date with its panics).

And, believe me, they are writing worse plays today—considering our advances in sophistication—than this old Boucicault melodrama. You must see it when you're in New York.

"Payment Deferred"

This is one of the greatest murder stories ever written. Nothing like it since "The Rope." And it brings to us a great English actor, Charles Laughton, and two fine actresses, Cicely Oakes and Elsa Lanchester. All of which must be credited to Gilbert Miller, who does what he does perfectly. "Payment Deferred" is done superbly.

You'll never forget this play or the biting portrayal of Conscience and Fear in the hands of Laughton. You

actually weep for this poor, flabby, weak, agonized soul, who has buried the body of his victim in the garden and is finally hanged for the murder of his wife (which he never committed!) She took cyanide when she discovered he was carrying on a *liaison* with a vamping and blackmailing French milliner. The irony of it! And I seemed to hear the corpse in the garden chuckling.

No pistols, no police, no 'phones in this powerful play. It is Murder—and what goes on in your skull and nerves after you've done it and feel remorse. Cicely Oakes as the wife is a superb actress, and Elsa Lanchester as the murderer's daughter is good. A grimly humorous touch, one of a dozen, in this play is that *Marble*, the murderer, objects to his daughter smoking cigarettes. Dorice Fordred was a startlingly beautiful vamp.

But I can't tell you—no one can about this play. See it! It's a masterpiece of Thrill. And Charles Laughton takes his place with the great actors.

"Nikki"

"Nikki and Her War-Birds" got on the speaking stage at last. *Nikki*, as you may recall in "The Last Flight" and elsewhere, is that curious young post-war girl who takes a lot of done-over aviators through various adventures. You saw the Richard Barthelmess film, I suppose.

Fay Wray, who is Mrs. John Monk Saunders, wife of the author of "Nikki," is charming as this curious Lady Bountiful. There is some music—although nothing extraordinary—in this curious and often mentally puzzling entertainment. It might have been done better, I think, as straight comedy-drama. Douglas Montgomery, the "Kent Douglass" of the films, notably in "Waterloo Bridge," has returned to the stage as the star of this play. He's good.

Left: Sam Wren in "The Streets of New York," a grand old-fashioned play. You can hiss the villain, weep for the heroine, and sing Whoa, Emma!

Paul Longuet and the superb Charles Laughton in "Payment Deferred." In the opinion of Mr. De Casseres, this is one of the greatest murder stories ever written. Below: Elsa Lancaster, who contributes a potent performance in the same play.



"The Father"

When Strindberg put his knife into the Woman Question he never left a question mark. He chipped the frails to Kellogg breakfast zephyrs.

"The Father" is the most tremendous massacre of Woman ever done. It is, in the hands of Robert Loraine, Dorothy Dix and Haidee Wright, the greatest performance ever seen on Broadway. It ranks with the few great dramas and tragedies of the ages—"Ædipus," "Lear" and "The Cenci." It brands your brain, your nerves, and makes your soul weep and scream.

It is the story of how a woman, *Laura*, a combination of *Lady Macbeth*, *Medusa* and *Electra*, made a big, strong, intellectual husband a raving maniac by throwing doubt on the paternity of his beloved daughter in order to dictate the daughter's future—"you have bought our bread, given me a child—maybe!—now you're through! I have no further use for you!" So the old nurse puts the straitjacket on him as he goes stark crazy. It is the quintessence, the final word in Tragic Terror.

Robert Loraine's acting is overwhelming and blasting. I could pick flaws in it, but I won't. It is memorable work. Dorothy Dix did not, I think, get all values out of *Laura*, the most terrible woman in all dramatic literature; but no actress ever has. She was very good. Haidee Wright's old nurse would have wrung tears from *Iago*.

A great event! Thanks, Mr. Shubert!

"The Breadwinner"

"The Moon and Sixpence" is, to my taste, one of the great novels of the century. It is the revolt of the Artist against all the stupidities of every-day life. W. Somerset Maugham has taken the motive of his famous novel and made of it a brilliant, biting three-act comedy.

It's a gorgeous sight to see a man leave his family after tossing them his fortune—knowing that that is all they want out of the poor old grind. That's what *Charley Battle*, London stockbroker, does. He comes home and quietly tells his brainless wife and children that they bore him stiff, that they are worthless, that he's sick of slaving for them—and so goodbye!—I'm

off to live the life of a man, sell matches, apples, anything!

There's a girl, a niece, I think, who begs him to take her along. Back to your marbles and hoops, little girl! *Charley Battle* isn't a blackguard—he's going to be a man! And *Charley* goes. It's a man's show, you see; and it will make a superb picture for the sophisticates.

A. E. Matthews is fine as *Battle*. He made me chortle. His quiet, cold-blooded manner recalled the days of Willie Collier when that fine comedian was in his hey-day. Marie Lohr as the wife and Eleanor Woodruff as a friend who also tried to vamp *Charley* to stay in Stupidia were convincing. Eric Cowley as a Mr. Fix-it friend was comical and adenoidal. A grown-up comedy for grown-ups. It is the reverse of "The Father."

"The Left Bank"

"The Left Bank," Elmer Rice's latest pictorial, heavily-padded, amusing and splendidly acted tale of a brace of American wife-swappers living *en bohème* on the Left Bank of the Seine, is about the best thing he has yet done. It often wheezes, it is labored, and certainly lacks all inspiration. Nevertheless, the dialogue snaps and slashes in spots, and the dramatic interest is cumulative and well-sustained.

David Braham is excellent as an American who is—by Gosh!—polygamous and highbrow on principle. Katherine Alexander, Donald MacDonald and Millicent Green were all extra good in the Old, Old Story—so old that it took a lot of "atmosphere"—(Chic Salacious in parts)—to keep up the interest.

"Lean Harvest"

A powerful lecture, my children, on the evils of riches. *Nigel Trent* accumulates a million pounds, leaves his wife and his first girlish sweetheart, and dies at the top of his market sweepstakes of paralysis while a thousand voices howl in his ear—the voices of the men on 'change. It's a pounding scene. (Continued on page 117)

Critical Comment



LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD

Warners

And does he! Here's Joe E. Brown's best picture, with his most legitimate acting to date. He plays a college boy who aims to be another Luther Burbank but becomes a second Charlie Paddock instead. It's corking entertainment. Joe does little or no mugging—he is really funny. Dorothy Lee is a dainty vamp and Ruth Hall a lovely heroine.



SOB SISTER

Fox

Here's Jimmy Dunn again—not quite so devastating as before, but then "Sob Sister" is not "Bad Girl" by several sobs. It's a bright, human little picture, nevertheless, about two young reporters, Jimmy and Linda Watkins, rivals on the job but sweethearts after hours. You'll like it. Miss Watkins is a perfectly charming newcomer.



THE BELOVED BACHELOR

Paramount

Like Paul Lukas? Then you will find this pretty fair entertainment. The suave Paul plays with unction a charming bachelor who adopts a little orphan girl, and proceeds to fall in love with her when she grows up into Dorothy Jordan, and who can blame him? It's all very sentimental. Vivienne Osborne and Charles Ruggles help a lot.



EAST OF BORNEO

Universal

Here's your thrill film for the month—a "Green Goddess" with effects by Ringling Bros. It's a highly fantastic melodrama which is a lot of fun if you are not too fussy. Rose Hobart, the proud beauty, wooed by a jungle prince, turns to big Charles Bickford for help. Wild animals, native atmosphere, earthquakes, everything! Miss Hobart is lovely.



HOMICIDE SQUAD

Universal

The gangster gets his in this picture. Pretty soon there won't be any more bad boys left on the screen and that will be all right, too. Leo Carrillo is the menace here, and with Noah Beery as a police captain on his trail he doesn't have a chance. Those nice youngsters, Russell Gleason and Mary Brian, provide the romance. Nice kids.



LEFTOVER LADIES

Tiffany

Meet another ex-wife—enacted by Claudia Dell this time. And if you think Norma Shearer led a hectic life, you should see the adventures of Claudia. She leaves Walter Byron to seek a career, but you aren't surprised to find her in Walter's arms again for the fade-out. Why the brunette wig, Claudia? The story is from the pen of Ursula "Ex-Wife" Parrot.

on Current Films



PENROD AND SAM

First National

More movie than Booth Tarkington, but good entertainment anyway. Leon Janney is the immortal *Penrod* and Junior Coghlan plays *Sam*. The familiar adventures of this irrepressible team are amusingly enacted. Kids will love it. And any film that will bring children back into the theatres deserves encouragement. Give "Penrod and Sam" your support!



THE ROAD TO RENO

Paramount

Or, the diversions of a divorcée. She is played by Lilyan Tashman, on the trail of a fourth husband, but handicapped by an idealistic son and an attractive daughter. It's all highly improbable and only occasionally amusing. Charles Rogers, pretty Peggy Shannon, and Tom Douglas are nice, and Lilyan's striking gowns will bring some gasps.



24 HOURS

Paramount

You'll either consider this "different" and interesting or you won't like it at all. From Bromfield's novel, it relates the adventures of an oddly assorted group of New Yorkers—upperworld husband and wife, underworld blonde and boy. Miriam Hopkins is picturesque as a torch singer; Clive Brook and Kay Francis are convincing as the *elegantes*.



THE ROAD TO SINGAPORE

Warners

Powell in Singapore! You expect some refined excitement, and you get it. The Powell charm combines with the temperature to induce romantic interest. Lovely Doris Kenyon captures the debonair William's heart, with Louis Calhern as the third member of this tropic triangle. Several of Doris' costumes are beautifully flimsy—but then, so's the story.



SMART WOMAN

Radio

Again Robert Ames plays the rôle of wandering husband, who has strayed into the clutches of a designing blonde, Noel Francis, while his young wife, Mary Astor, is in Europe. It's up to Mary to win him back—and there's your plot. The charming players, especially Miss Astor, do their best; but the unconvincing story is too much for them.



HEARTBREAK

Fox

Charles Farrell makes love to another girl here. She is Madge Evans, and altogether charming. It isn't the fault of this romantic team if the picture lacks reality. It's pre-war stuff, but without much kick. The world war tears the lovers apart, but comes the armistice, and a happy ending. You'll find this nice, but not very important.

GENE!

TAKE the physique of a swimming champion, the vitality of a college yell leader, an exciting and intense voice, lots of spontaneous laughs, spirit which leaps out of the eyes, blond hair, a business-like manner; and, ladies of the motion picture theatres, you have a new thrill!

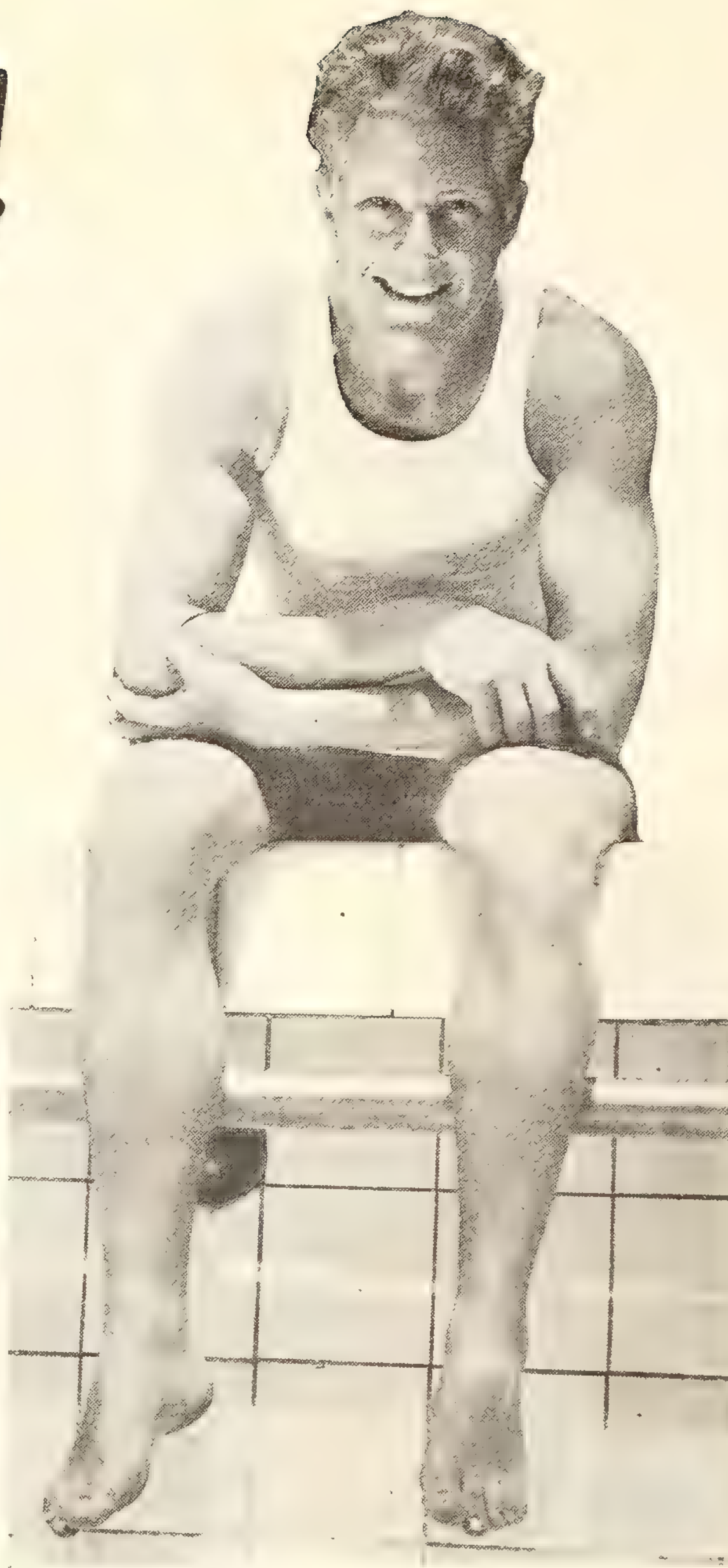
The name is Gene Raymond. Remember it. If the stage managers had much to do with it, you probably would never have seen Gene Raymond on the screen, this story would never have been written, and somebody else would have appeared opposite Nancy Carroll in "Personal Maid." You see, these days the New York theatres do not like to lose a personality like Gene Raymond's.

But Paramount now has the young actor under contract. It happened like this. Gene had done dozens of shows in New York. But one week two years ago people of Broadway all of a sudden realized what a swell performance Gene Raymond—as Raymond Guion—was giving in the leading rôle of "Young Sinners." Motion picture scouts weren't slow either. The boy received offers from every major studio in Hollywood but he also had a contract with the Shuberts. Consequently, he forgot the motion picture contracts, or tried to forget them, and played "Young Sinners" through its Broadway run and on tour for almost two years. But the motion picture scouts did not forget Raymond, and Paramount managed to sign him when he returned to New York.

Gene is now in Hollywood and will remain there until he finishes the leading rôle opposite Sylvia Sidney in "Ladies of the Big House." Then he has to return to New York for more stage productions.

You can usually tell what men players have a chance to succeed on the screen by asking the secretaries of Hollywood studios. All the typists of the Paramount "lot" seem to agree that Raymond is an *interesting* man—if you get what I mean. He is natural and has some of the little boy quality about him without being boyish. His hearty laugh indicates a grand disposition besides revealing a perfect set of teeth. He has a sense of humor and on certain occasions gets a wild gleam in those eyes. The secretaries are endorsing him in no little way.

Gene is not married—yet. He came out to Hollywood



Here he is—Raymond Guion of the stage, Gene Raymond of the movies. See him in "Ladies of the Big House," opposite Sylvia Sidney.



Gene in character—just to prove he can check the smile and look menacing.

Watch this blond boy—he's a bet

By
John Barton

with his mother and brother, several years his junior. His mother took the train and the two boys drove a new Ford. The boys couldn't have had a more exciting trip if they had flown across the Pacific. Raymond was supposed to be in Hollywood as soon as he could get there. He could have taken a plane to the film colony, but he didn't even board a fast train. He drove a Ford. Naturally the trip was rather rapid. To complicate the situation, Gene also wanted to stop and see some friends in Chicago for several days on the way west. So he and his brother drove 700 miles from eleven o'clock one night until eleven o'clock the next in order to have time in Chicago. They narrowly escaped death when a tire blew out as the car was traveling at a high rate of speed. The brother was driving

and Gene was sleeping when the blow-out turned the car around three complete times and threw it into an embankment.

Once, they drove 911 miles in thirty-six hours and were determined to cross a ridge of mountains until a garage man stopped them by saying it was almost suicide for them to continue after driving for that length of time. They crossed the Mojave Desert at night expecting their lights to go out at any time and leave them stranded. They were stuck in the mud three hours one morning. Raymond arrived in Hollywood four days late only to find that he wouldn't work for two months.

Variety is Raymond's life. Everything about him changes at certain intervals. Tiring of New York hotels, he was determined, when he came to Hollywood, to

find a big home with lots of gardens in which to move around. He looked for days at all the show places in the motion picture colony. He turned down one of Greta Garbo's old homes and stopped at nothing less than Jesse L. Lasky's large, old seventeen-room home with an enormous swimming pool, tennis courts and extensive gardens and trees. He's paying (*Continued on page 104*)



The Story of
Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell
in "DELICIOUS"
told in Pictures

Sweetest Romance
 Janet and Charlie
 have ever made!

*"Delicious" is a Fox picture, story by Guy Bolton, screen adaptation by Guy Bolton and Sonya Levien. Music and lyrics by George and Ira Gershwin.
 Directed by David Butler, with the following cast:*

<i>Heather Gordon</i>	Janet Gaynor
<i>Larry Beaumont</i>	Charles Farrell
<i>Jansen</i>	El Brendel
<i>Olga</i>	Manya Roberti
<i>Diana Van Bergh</i>	Virginia Cherrill
<i>Mrs. Van Bergh</i>	Olive Tell
<i>Detective O'Flynn</i>	Lawrence O'Sullivan
<i>Sascha</i>	Raul Roulien



A Scotch girl pays—a visit. *Heather Gordon*, a little orphan girl from Scotland, is voyaging to America by steerage to make her home with an uncle in Idaho. The steerage deck is enlivened by the singing and dancing of a happy-go-lucky family of Russian entertainers bound for New York to fill a cabaret engagement. *Heather* spends a jolly evening with them, much to the delight of *Sascha*, a young pianist and composer in the talented troupe.



The lovely *Olga*, whose dark Slavic beauty lends a touch of sadness even to her gayest moments, does a Russian folk-dance to her brothers' music.



Later, *Heather* and *Sascha* steal away by themselves to a quiet corner of the deck and discuss eagerly the great event that the morrow is to bring—their arrival in America. "It's awful thrilling, isn't it, *Tammy*?" *Heather* addresses her little Scottish terrier. *Sascha* is depressed at the thought of having to leave *Heather* to morrow. "Maybe I can come out to Idaho on Sundays to visit you," he says hopefully.

Heather's heartedness give the lie to all the "Scotch" jokes in the world, and win hearts wherever she goes.

A "big shot" makes his appearance, and is surrounded by the admiring foreigners. *Jansen*, who is valet to *Larry Beaumont*, famous young polo player returning from Europe on the same ship, calls on *Olga* and tries to impress the Russians by posing as an American social light. "You speak the English so perfect," says *Olga*. "It bane come joost natural by me," *Jansen* replies modestly.





Meanwhile *Sascha*, who is deeply smitten with *Heather*, tells her of the song, "Delicious," which she has inspired him to write to her. Greatly pleased and excited, *Heather* insists on hearing him play it at once. They venture into First Class quarters in search of a piano, hoping to escape detection long enough to give *Heather* a chance to hear her song.

"You're so delicious, and so caprichious, I grow ambitious to have you care for me!" That's *Sascha's* sentiments, as expressed in his song to *Heather*; and who can blame him?



Their first love at first sight. Heather,
 travelling down the deck with Sascha, is seen by a
 suspicious crew member who carries below, where she comes
 upon Larry Beaumont, polo champion, visiting Pancho,
 his favorite pony, in the ship's stables. Mistaking Larry
 for a groom, she chats freely with him and wins his heart
 completely with her beguiling freshness and innocence.
 He promises to see her next morning before the boat docks.



Heather's troubles start! Upon arrival at Ellis Island, she is detained by immigration officers, who try to prevent her from landing because her uncle has refused to undertake her support due to financial losses. "Uncle always talks that way," *Heather* pleads, and demands to be taken to Mr. Ellis himself. When her pleas go unheeded, she escapes to shore and takes refuge in the East Side home of her friends, the Russians, who welcome her gladly and give her a silent part in their act.

Diana Van Bergh, New York society girl and *Larry's* uncertain sweetheart, wasn't sure whether she wanted to marry him or not. But now that *Heather* has appeared on the scene, the calculating *Diana* begins to make some little plans of her own.





Larry, having received a wire from the helpful *Olga* telling him where he may see his little Scotch friend again, comes with *Diana* and her mother to the cabaret where the troupe is to perform. He is so fascinated in watching *Heather* that he completely forgets his companions, to *Diana's* obvious annoyance. But she'll fix that!

A rare combination! There's more than just a drop of Scotch in this little Russian lady. New life is infused into *Heather's* performance when she peeps out and sees *Larry's* appreciative eyes fixed upon her.





Heather gives a charming performance as *Katinkitschka*, quite captivating her entire audience. All, that is, except *Immigration Officer O'Flynn*, whom she eluded at Ellis Island and who has dropped in, still on her trail, to see these Russian friends of hers on the chance of picking up some information. *O'Flynn* questions *Jansen*, who is also present and in festive mood, and who is about to drink something out of an interesting-looking bottle. "Yust in time to see me taking my tonic," *Jansen* greets him. "I suppose you know I'm a Federal Officer?" says *O'Flynn* threateningly. "Sure," replies *Jansen*, "but we got plenty likker, thank you."



O'Flynn, Heather's Nemesis, having seen *Katinkitschka* in the Russian act, decides to do some investigating and goes around to her dressing room. "It won't do you no good to see *Katinkitschka*—she's married," says the ever-watchful *Jansen*, following him. But his efforts to prevent the officer's going in are in vain, and as a last resort he decides to use emergency measures.

A good bottle of beer is saved when *Olga*, wearing costume and make-up identical with *Heather's*, comes out of the room and tries to convince *O'Flynn* that it was she, and not *Heather*, whom he saw playing *Katinkitschka*. "Thisa poora fishka alla wetski," says the clever *Jansen* to her in impromptu Russian. But *O'Flynn* has his doubts, until *Larry* arrives and prevails upon him to go away.





Larry renews his friendship with *Heather*, and is plainly happy at having found her again. "Night after night I've stayed awake worrying about you," he tells her. "There's something terribly important I've wanted to ask you."



Diana and her mother barge in. Feeling that it is time to assert her proprietorship over *Larry*, *Diana* interrupts his visit with *Heather* by haughtily asking the latter to bring her troupe to perform at a party at which her engagement to *Larry* is to be announced. *Larry*, taken by surprise, is obviously dismayed, but doesn't know what to say; and *Heather* tries to conceal how hard she has been hit by the news.





Heather, bitterly disappointed in *Larry*, turns to the devoted *Sascha* and accepts his offer of marriage. "It's wonderful to feel somebody wants you," she says wistfully.

A few days later—*Heather's* and *Sascha's* wedding day. *Heather*, bravely going through with her bargain, is ready to marry the young musician. But *Sascha* unwittingly brings *Larry* back into her thoughts again. The prospective bridegroom turns on the radio, and they find themselves listening to an account of a polo match in which *Larry* is engaged. As they listen, an announcement comes over of a severe injury sustained by *Larry*. Forgetting everything else, *Heather* rushes away to go to the man she really loves.





Found again!

Larry asks forgiveness, swearing that he has never really loved anyone except *Heather*. But *Heather* tries to feign indifference.

Pleading for love!

Larry supplicates, pledging his undying love if she will only accept him. *Heather*, who really adores him, begins to relent.



Unconditional surrender!

Convinced of his true devotion at last, she willingly gives in, and *Larry* clasps her in his arms.

Larry, his recovery hastened by the thought that *Heather* has cared enough to come to him, asks her forgiveness and her love. In spite of herself she is unable to resist him, and the couple are reunited once more.





Larry, having won back his little Scotch waif after nearly losing her forever, insists that they be married at once, and *Heather* needs no urging. Thus we leave them in each other's arms, blissfully reunited, and destined to live happily forever after, at the very least!

And so that famous screen couple, Janet and Charlie, complete the latest and best of their series of popular film romances!

The Private Life of Mr. James Durante

Wherein Handsome Jim
makes a big splash with
his dream girl, Greta

By Gary Gray

MR. JAMES DURANTE lolled luxuriously in the deep cushions of the limousine. Lazily, he exhaled the fragrance of his cigarette from mouth and nostrils in one simultaneous convulsion. As the smoke drifted upward about his ruddy countenance it achieved a wreath suggesting a misty ring around a full moon.

"Swell car," we observed by way of starting conversation. "Is it a Cadillac or Lincoln?"

Mr. Durante shifted from one elbow to the other and prodded the liveried chauffeur in the back of the neck.

"Hey, James, is this hack a Cadillac or Lincoln?" he barked, carefully maintaining his attitude.

"My names isn't James," responded the driver.

Mr. Durante shrugged his shoulders and tossed the cigarette butt through the window. That is, the stub would have gone through the window had the window been open. He chuckled as he picked up the smouldering butt and tucked it in his vest pocket.

"I forget," he laughed, "my little nephew is saving 'em!"

As Mr. Durante turned profile we discovered the most appalling proboscis we have ever seen outside of an ant-eater farm. This nasal organ, or nose, extends a distance of what appeared at least nine inches from the regular contour of his face. (Exact measurement later revealed this estimate to be incorrect. It is only six inches and a quarter from stem to stern, or vice versa).



"Just a youth on the loose, strong, handsome—well, strong, anyway." At the left, Jimmy "ups to" Bill Haines and Ernest Torrence in "New Adventures of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford."

Now and then, to emphasize remarks, he would tug at this astounding protuberance, sometimes tweaking it savagely, at other times caressing it with wondrous affection.

But we digress.

"Mr. Durante," we finally spoke, "just what is this talk about you and Greta Garbo?"

A mad fire leaped into his eyes. His eyebrows jumped almost to the back of his neck.

"No gentleman would make admittances about a lady," he sputtered. "Back on Hester Street we put the slug on guys for less than I have to revelate. However, I am a slave to my public. I will wrench my heart out by the roots. Remember, it is in strictest constancy. Not a word to anybody but your readers. Radio rights I make reservations for. Listen, and be engulfed. It is a story oft told but never stated off a witness stand. I don't know how to start so I will. (Continued on page 110)

The PENALTIES

BEAUTY is in distress!

No longer is the customary description, "As beautiful as a movie star!" apt. In these talkie days, sheer superiority in physical appeal is proving a severe drawback to its once proud possessors. And, unless there is a reaction from the fans very soon, the gorgeous, dream-like heroines and the romantically handsome heroes will be a totally extinct species.

Superlative good looks were the prime requisite for glory in silent pictures. Innocence and youthful strength haloed each stellar head, invariably topping a pretty face and a well-proportioned physique.

Have you stopped to realize that our talkie favorites are *not* the outstanding examples of perfection which yesterday's idols were? Voice, maturity, and sophistication have so gradually replaced beauty as the important assets that many people have not noticed the decline in the potency of eye-appeal.

So much emphasis has been placed on these new qualities that exquisitely modeled features and well-developed bodies are proving a deterrent to many really worth-while actors. Beauty has been erroneously associated with dumbness in too many cases. The situation has become such that Venus and Adonis types have to put themselves across to producers as actors *in spite of their looks!*

Jump into my invisible Austin and we'll take a lightning tour of the studios and note the perils faced by the pretty girls and boys.

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer the chances for pulchritude are appallingly nil. Dressler, Garbo, Shearer, and Crawford are the four leading women stars. Exhibitors say Marie is queen of the box office. Not even her most enthusiastic admirers would call her beautiful.

Garbo, with her tall, angular figure, big feet, and severe features, is hardly a candidate for the conventional beauty contest. Norma's features are not exactly classically arranged. The camera brings out a lure in Joan's face which is not so apparent face to face. Greta, Norma, and Joan are all rather too slender to be regarded as buoyantly healthy types of young womanhood.

Clever photography magnifies Marion Davies' nice features and pretty form. Dorothy Jordan is progressing. Her looks don't worry the bigger women stars. While Anita Page, a really luscious blonde, hasn't been getting the breaks.

Among the men the same thing is taking place. An actor, once upon a time, had to have a profile and a husky build, stream-lined, if he wanted to be a hero. Yet Wallace Beery, lacking physical attractions, is the

Your face can be your misfortune now—if it's too faultlessly beautiful

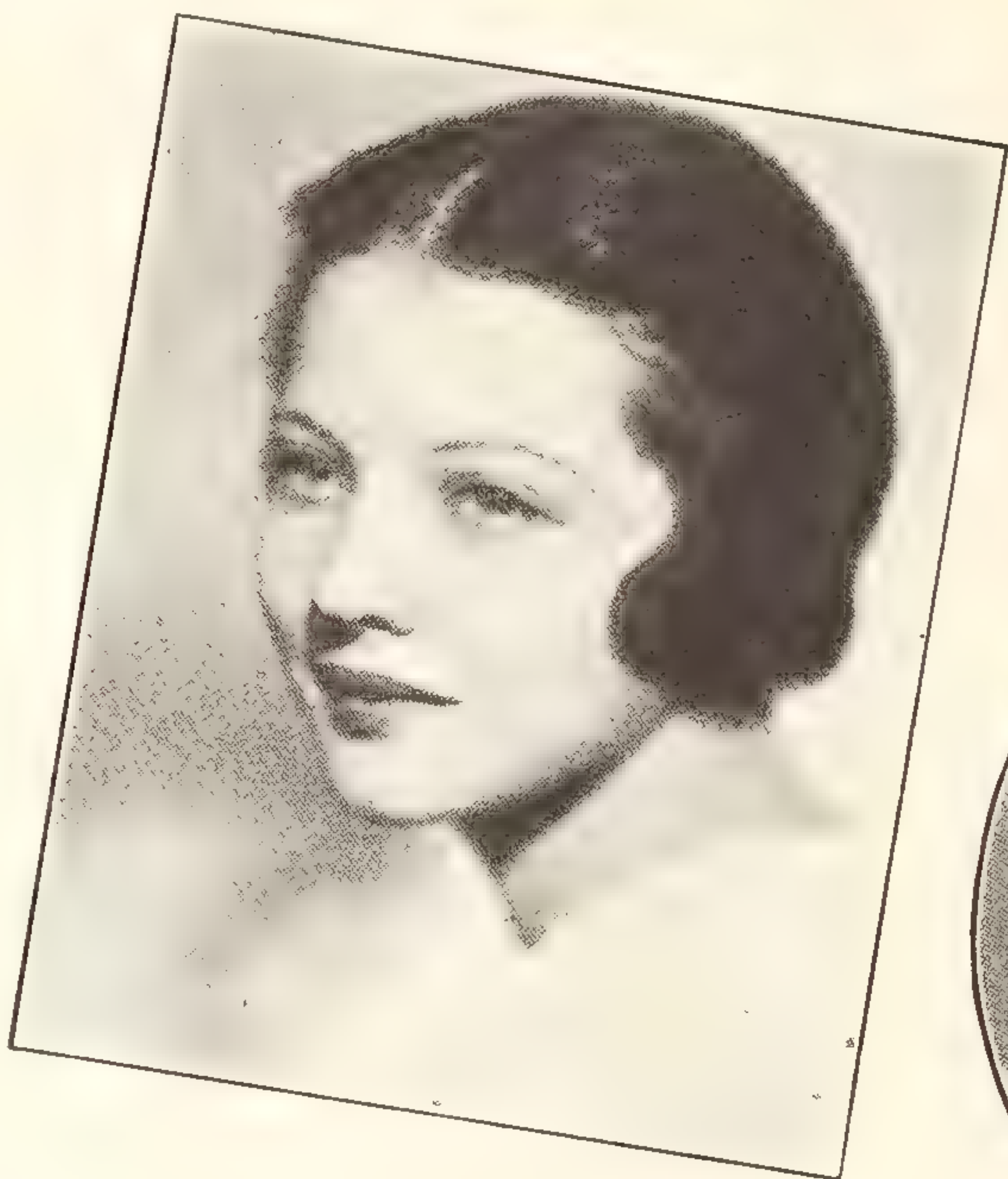


Vic McLaglen. His is the face that launched a thousand yips—but not of æsthetic appreciation!

She's pretty, talented, and all that. But Marion Davies is hardly another Miss De Milo.

Would Sylvia Sidney (left) have come along so fast if her features were more in the classic tradition?

Yes, awfully cute—but not a beauty. Perhaps it's better for Lois Moran's movie hopes.



box-office leader, and Robert Montgomery who is not, strictly speaking, really handsome or well-built, is the fair-haired boy on this lot.

Ramon Novarro, who is probably the best-looking man in pictures, continues to rank high with the producers because he has produced a fine singing voice and unquestioned acting ability to counteract his face and figure. John Mack Brown and Reginald Denny, with the qualifications of the old-time hero, are not getting

What~ No Love Life?

**Karen Morley has
been too busy—so far**

YOU wouldn't pick Karen Morley out of a crowd as particularly beautiful. Yet if you paused to talk to her for a moment you would discover she is.

Her unusual beauty, however, is not in chiseled features, undulating curves or languorous eyes. It is in the flaming personality that lights her face in conversation or thought. She has a peculiar ethereal quality that intrigues. Hers is a compelling magnetism. She might wear an ugly hat and you would never be aware of it.

There are no comparisons to draw with Karen. She is utterly individual. She is a sophisticate but softly feminine. Her years are few but her wisdom ageless. She is cultured, gifted. There is a bit of the Celt in her ready wit. Her contacts with the world have left no bruises. She knows the gnawing of ambition. And its realization.

"I'm afraid I am not much material for a story," she smiled, waiting in the dim background of the gigantic film set to work with Lawrence Tibbett. "I should have some mystery or love life to reveal. Alas, I have been too busy trying to get an education and make a living!"

The name Karen Morley seemed to fit perfectly this unusual young person.

"Of course it isn't my own! I was christened Mildred Linton back in Ottumwa, Iowa, where I was born. Numerology had nothing to do with it. I don't believe in such hocus-pocus. The 'Karen' I took from the heroine of Martha Ostenso's 'Dark Dawn.' Not that the character supplied me with an ideal, the name somehow struck me as a pleasing one. It just seemed to belong to me. I never knew anyone by the name of Morley. I decided it would fit well with Karen one day when I was reading one of Christopher Morley's books. I hope he will forgive the piracy of his famous name."

Had family finances gone well, Karen probably would be riding on the back of ambulances as an interne now. She started out to be a doctor although the acting urge had her playing in amateur theatricals from childhood. Reared in



She says she's not good material for a story because she has been too rushed trying to get an education and make a living to have had a love life. But give Karen time!

the small Iowan town, she came to Hollywood when she was thirteen and enrolled in the Hollywood High School, training ground for so many of the screen's younger set.

"About the first thing I did was to join the dramatic club. I played some parts on the stage but mostly acted as scene shifter, handling 'props' and trying my hand at direction. We did one-act plays of all sorts, usually from Shay's Collection. My best study was English, and when the class graduated in 1927 I delivered the valedictory. I had intended going to Stanford. I was going to study medicine. Things weren't breaking very well financially, however, so I went to U. C. L. A. and continued with English and sciences.

"By this time the acting fever was in my veins and after a year and a half I quit. I joined the Pasadena Community Playhouse and worked back-stage with the lights, operating sound effects and painting scenery. I

rustled up 'props' by conducting borrowing campaigns from stores. The first rôle I played was the Javanese heroine in 'Lasmi.' The matter of actually getting paid for work was something else again, so I began (Continued on page 118)

By
Kent Martin

SCREEN NEWS

Through the Hollywood looking-glass—read 'em and peep!

her. There isn't a sign of that arrogance that was creeping in during those Edwin Carewe days of "Ramona."

At the same time, Dolores' mamma, who would have feared to say "Boo" to a goose in those days, now wears a confident smile, speaks English delightfully, and is an altogether gay person. Perhaps it was because mother found herself needed again during daughter's tribulations.

Leo Carrillo, by the way, is deep in his autobiography, which will really be a piquant history of California, since



"Happy New Year! And here's looking at you!" says Karen Morley, putting the holly in Hollywood.

WE'VE been conscientiously trying to get Richard Dix married for years, and at last he's a benedict. The fair maiden is Winifred Coe of San Francisco, whom he met four years ago in correct family style at the home of his brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Brimmer. Although the Coes and Brimmers have known each other for years, the romance is said to have blossomed suddenly, a mere month before the wedding.

Dick's real name is Ernest Carlton Brimmer, so he tried to conceal the marriage news by skipping off by plane to Yuma, Arizona, and using that name on the license. Incidentally it must have been a typographical error, for newspapers reported "Dix gave his age as 27 and his bride's at 23." Dick has been 27 for quite a while.

The wedding party included his father, E. C. Brimmer; his sister, Josephine Brimmer; his sister-in-law and niece; Mrs. Winfield Scott Coe, the bride's mother, and J. Walter Ruben, director. They were married by a justice of the peace.

Mildred Harris Chaplin McGovern has finally received her final divorce papers from Everett Terrance McGovern—on the charge of desertion.

Dolores Del Rio looks peculiarly lovely on the set in "The Dove." Having survived sorrow, illness, matrimony for the second time, she appears a chastened and sweeter Dolores.

This, her first talkie, means so very much to her. She has lacked the stage experience which helps so greatly. She is anxious and nervous, so that Leo Carrillo and Director Herbert Brenon have a protective air towards



Who's calling, please? Must be some one important, to make Marilyn Miller "slip on something" over her dancing costume and leave the set in the midst of shooting a scene.

Leo's forbears unto the third and fourth generation were grandees, his grandfather being the first governor of the State under U. S. occupation. His grandmother and aunts made the flag for Commodore Stockton to march into Los Angeles with.

Hence Leo is often teased for being the sole actor in the movies who is completely acceptable in Society, with a big S. Leo says the only reason is that his couple of thousand relations have stood by him. He also explains it is because their working hours don't fit that so many actors fail to break into society—they work while Society plays.

Leo, by the way, receives \$5,000 a week at R.K.O. and does stage plays between. So he can afford to be nice when some third cousins get into financial difficulties.

Robert Williams is making a great hit in films. Remember him as the nonchalant artist-murderer in "Devotion"? He has that whimsical quality that Barrie notes as charm, so it doesn't matter that he really isn't a bit good-looking. Both in "Rebound" and "Devotion" you saw him as the lover who did not win out. He has dimples, too, which cover a multitude of beauty inexactitudes.

One's impression is of the arch-gentleman—yet he began his career on a showboat, where mamma and papa were entertainers. He says he had vowed, cross his heart, never to let money tempt

Well, well! That's how Evelyn Knapp feels now, after winning a plucky fight back to health since her recent injury.



"The Struggle"—but there's no sign of it here! This is Zita Johann, formerly of the stage, and Hal Skelly playing a scene in the forthcoming super-super by D. W. Griffith.

him into the movies from his beloved New York stage. But you see how dangerous it was to expose himself by going to Los Angeles for the stage version of "Rebound." He owns a home in Beverly and has the missus out and everything now.

You'll see him next in "Gallagher," as a starving newspaper man, although they may change the title before release.

Evelyn Brent is getting a mean deal. Her star seemed about to ascend again with "The Mad Parade," but because of the cutting or something, that picture didn't take. It was such a mean picture to work in, too, crawling through real mud and rain on hands and knees for hours, for instance, and getting beautifully daubed with the good earth.

However, Evelyn has a nice husband, Harry Edwards, a pretty home, and a pleasant disposition, so she will probably weather the test.

There's a little escritoire in her boudoir heaped and weighted down with knick-knacks of every conceivable type. I'd hate to have to keep that thing dusted!



Shady business? Kent Taylor, one of the newer Hollywood lads appearing in "The Road to Reno," runs an awning emporium with his father between scenes. Business seems to be good, judging from their faces.

Anna May Wong sprung a delightful Chinatown party for some of her friends, where we met Jimmy Wong, her young brother, college graduate and a perfect dear. While Anna went to perform in her stage play, "On the Spot," Jimmy took us through Chinatown—after a Chinese dinner *de luxe*. Did you know Chinese children attend American school all day and Chinese school for three hours every night? Anna's little brothers and sisters were among the students, and the most courtly youngsters imaginable.

Ever occurred to you how difficult it is going to be for Anna to select a husband? Her tastes are so very occidental, her friends of romantic *genre* all Americans or English. It would be so hard for her to marry a fellow countryman in the Chinese parental manner. Yet should she wed an American, no one knows better than Anna how hard it would be for any children, since neither nation claims these mixed bloods. There's a scenario in that situation.

We had just comfortably decided that Lupe Velez was going to soothe her broken heart by marrying a film executive, when off she goes to New York with Jack Gilbert, and confidently expected to join that gentleman in Europe.

Of course Lupe addresses everything in trousers as darling, dearest, sweet babe, and is free with her fiery kisses, but the current affairs both had the earmarks of



What the young girl will wear for New Year's Eve. Ruth Hall is all bound up in her celebration of the Dawn of 1932.

something really in earnest.

However, just before she left Hollywood Lupe asserted violently that she would keep free, free, free, no contracts either matrimonial or professional. She is, of course, one of the most successful free-lances in the game.

Oh, yes, she told us she was through with conceited young men forever, after Gary. Now just how old is Jack Gilbert? And how will she like being Jack's No. 4?

May Robson is the friskiest thing in Hollywood. Imagine her making pictures, public appearances at the theatre twice a day, and rehearsing for a new stage play, all in one week! Yea, and looking like a robust dowager *de luxe* on it.

But Lillian Harmer, her life-long friend, who lives with her, insists that the credit is hers.

"Once when I was not watchful she went all through a play in odd shoes," says Lillian. "And I take care of all her finances and investments for her."

"Yes, and keeps me so short of pocket money I haven't even a nickel for a newspaper," counters May.

A delightful pair this. Lillian is an actress too, but is content to let May do all the shining.

Lots of excitement amongst the English actors. C. Aubrey Smith, actor from London, who is also one of England's most famous cricketers, has started a Hollywood Cricket Club. When he called a meeting he



Gloria Swanson turns the full effect of her high-powered allure on an eager victim in "Tonight or Never." Gorgeous Gloria, in the rôle of a prima donna, and with a wardrobe created especially for her by Chanel, is at her most seductive in this picture.

Jesse L. Lasky, Jr., scion of the vice president and production head of Paramount, looks as though he could do big things on the screen himself.



Feeling chilly? Not at all—she's just showing off her twin bracelets, is Claire Luce. Jewels by Mauboussin.



Paul, and he is her first real love. She is in Hollywood fulfilling a contract made with Columbia before the wedding, but they telephone between Chicago and Hollywood every evening. She tells us she and Paul are so, so happy, in spite of the fact that she is Paul's fourth wife. She feels that the former marriages were handicapped by Paul's *penchant* for hotel life. She has spent \$20,000 of his money on a lovely apartment for him now, along bachelor lines.

Virginia Valli, Charlie Farrell's bride, jumped right into a stage play after they returned from their honeymoon. It wasn't a good play and only ran two weeks, but we had a chance to see Virginia in considerable

"Skippy" goes calling. Jackie Cooper spends an afternoon with King Vidor, the director, and Eleanor Boardman (Mrs. Vidor). "Auf Vidor-sehen, but not good-bye," said Jackie later.

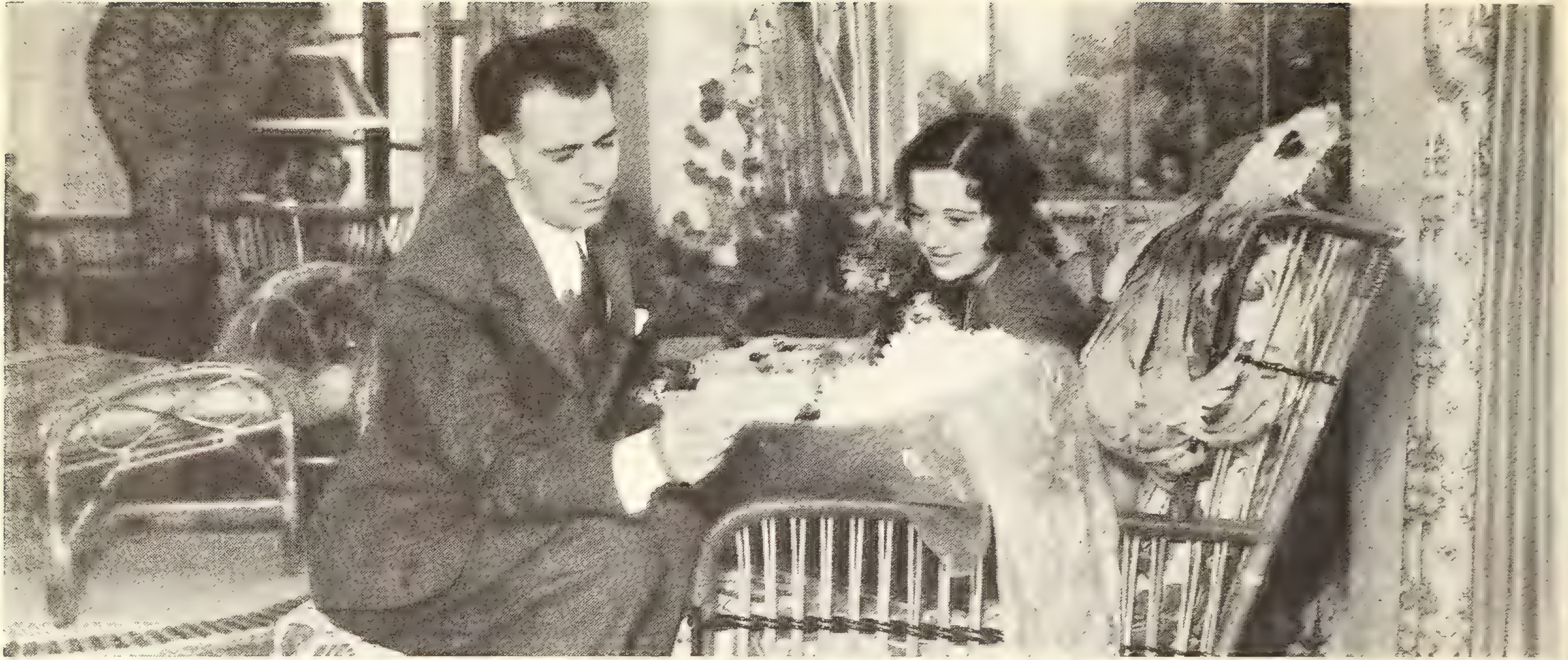
expected about ten men to turn up, but the crowd numbered 80, including Clive Brook, Ronald Colman, Anthony Bushell, P. G. Wodehouse, H. B. Warner, E. A. Anson, James Gleason, David Torrence, who all accepted office or positions on the team.

The university has lent them a lovely lawn pitch and tea is served out there during the intermission. All the English actresses and wives turn up in style—and the students are having a glorious time, since it is part of the bargain that they be allowed to attend, and even learn to play, if they wish to.

Margaret Livingston confesses that she made Paul Whiteman shed fifty seven pounds of too much tummy, and go sternly on the water wagon "forever," for six months prior to marrying him. She loved him, sure, but a little reformation was in order. Hence Paul's mama aided and abetted prospective daughter-in-law right along.

In spite of the fact that Margaret has been chiefly associated with improper lady rôles in pictures, and has red hair and a serpentine figure, she had lived in an Adamless Eden with mama and sister prior to her marriage to





Arline ("Good Morning") Judge and Wesley Ruggles spend a pleasant hour reading some congratulatory messages from their friends and admirers on their recent marriage. Here's ours, folks!

undress, flaunting Parisian pretties, and doing it well.

Virginia has usually been deserted by her husbands or lost her fond mother or things like that in pictures, but as Mrs. Charlie Farrell she is wearing that top-o'-the-world look these days. They are living at Virginia's former home in Beverly, and the Anthony Bushels have rented Charlie's former bachelor domain at Toluca Lake. They have two cars, a grand one and a Ford. They positively fight for the Ford, probably because each is trying to be gallantly unselfish these days.

Oh, Mr. Bromfield! Your "24 Hours" was reviewed in a fan magazine and Rupert Hughes, instead

of you, was credited with being the author of the novel. They said, "Why change the title of Rupert Hughes' fine story, 'Shattered Glass'?" Why, indeed! We see no reason why they should change the title of "Shattered Glass"—we even suggest that they make a film of it. But what's that got to do with an interesting picture called "24 Hours" which was written by Bromfield?

Clark Gable continues his upward soar—and loves it. But he confides that he was turned down by studio after studio in years gone by and seemed doomed to small stock companies on the stage until a little mild glory on Broadway, New York, helped his amoure propre. But it was when they sent for him to go to Los Angeles for "The Last Mile," stage version, that the good things in his horoscope began to function. Even after that, Universal, Fox, and First National all turned him down.



Jim Cagney, that old villain, now seeks the company of nice young girls. Loretta Young, for instance. They are together in "Taxi."

Madge Evans' yachting jewelry—don't you luff it? Get the signal-flag design on the matching necklace and bracelet.

He has had film offers and will accept as soon as Broadway can spare him—Brian Aherne.



Mustn't they be sick about their judgment now! But Pathé gave him a part with Constance Bennett in "The Easiest Way" and whoopee! You know the rest.

Funny that this young Gable, so handsome, winning, romantic, should have twice married women older than himself. The first was Josephine Dunn, a dramatic teacher in Los Angeles, who probably did much towards Clark's artistic education. They parted friends, gracefully. Now it's a widow with two children, a boy and a girl. The boy is 12, and he and Clark have struck up a firm friendship—go to the football games together on week-ends when the boy is home from military school.

Can you imagine it? Gable once took a business course at school with a view to becoming a stenographer or book-keeper.

We have weaned our woman director away from films and back to the stage for a brief spell. Laura Hope Crews, famous New York actress, came out to Hollywood to direct Gloria Swanson in "The Trespasser." After that she went to Pathé as associate producer, and now fills that position at United Artists for Samuel Goldwyn. But she is taking time off to do "The Silver Cord" on the stage, just as a kind of holiday.

She is an alarmingly clever person, not only acts, directs, supervises, but writes as well. She was co-author of "The Trespasser," for instance.

Laura says she always makes up her mind exactly what she wants and then helps Destiny to give it to her. She wears that happy successful look so perhaps it's the right system.

A terrible day for the Gleasons when the invited Prince and Princess of Siam failed to turn up at their 25th anniversary wedding garden party, after accepting. It seems the Princess was sick. But the Gleason butler stood rooted to the portal all day, sternly prepared to greet and usher in the royalties. Nothing would move him. Nor would he permit tea to be served to the rest of the multiple guests until word finally came that their Highnesses would not be present.

Which reminds us, her highness smoked a fancy brand of personal cigarettes, which she carried around in a very grand case. But she never once offered a solitary person a sample. She would praise their superiority over other brands, puff out whiffs



George Arliss, that famous long-distance commuter, on shipboard making one of his London-to-Hollywood runs.



Rehearsing a love scene. "It's time for me to run," says Frigid Fred, the snow man, as Anita Page gives him a melting glance.

of enticing perfume and generally torment the senses—but they remained exclusive to herself.

Louise Fazenda broke a rule and accepted an invitation to speak at the Women Bankers' convention banquet. She was terribly scared until her turn finally came, but she received such a fond greeting that her fears departed and she made a corking good speech. She told some stories of her career, notably when she had to have a trained seal follow her lovingly around on the set, and the seal declined to follow. She had no lure for him whatever.

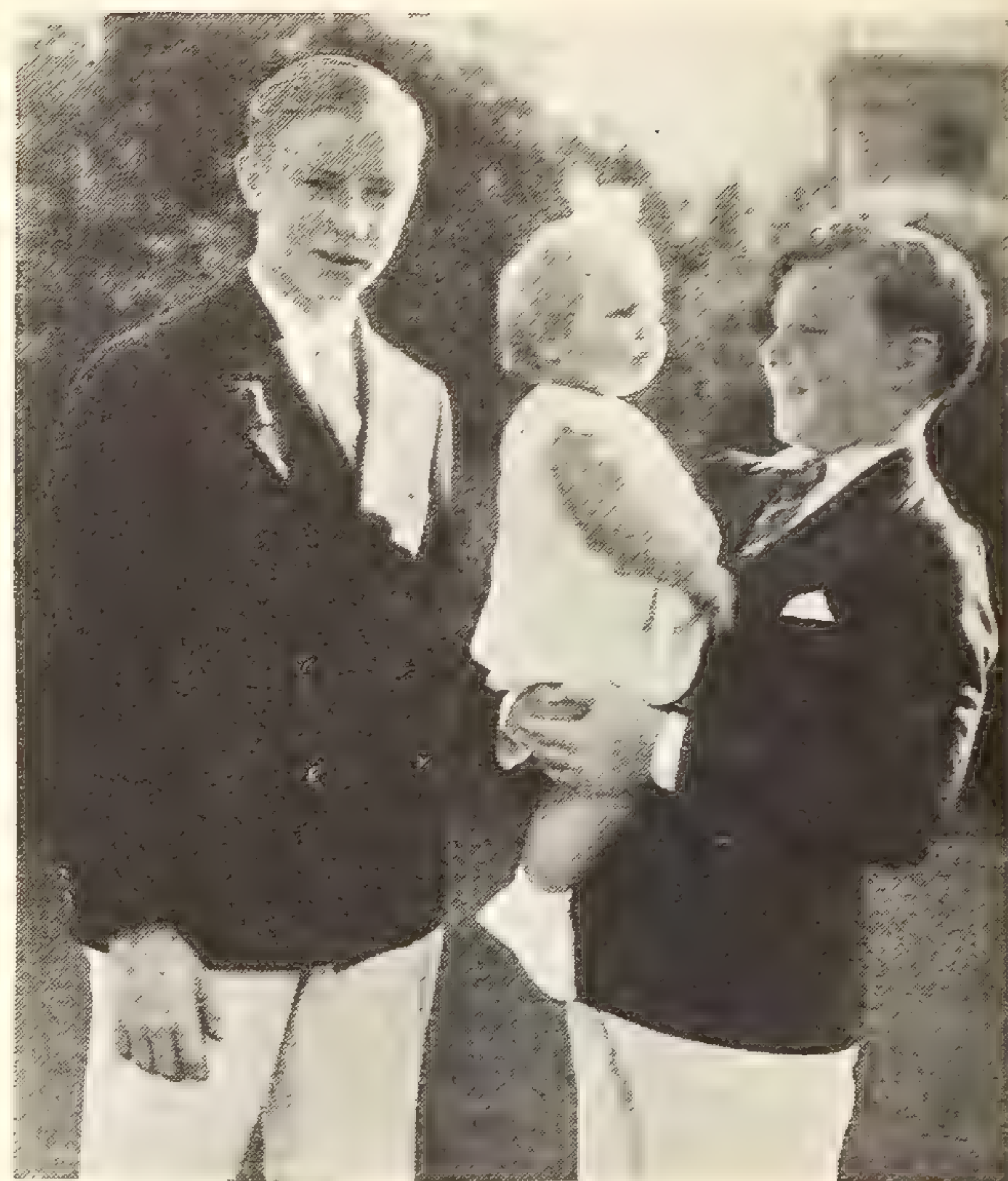
So finally some bright soul thought of smearing her body all over with fish. After that the affection of that seal was most disturbing.

John Medbury, writer and travel-reel creator, had an awkward experience. Invitations were sent out in formal style to the effect that Mr. and Mrs. John Medbury requested the pleasure, etc., etc., to meet Miss Marian Stokes. Now as John's parties are something rather special, telephone acceptances began pouring in, whereupon John snorted that he knew nothing about any party and it certainly was not at his house. Consternation! Later it transpired that Marian lived in the house next door and the press agent had had the bright idea of using John's name. Which, of course, was hard on Marian, stage actress from the East, and gave her a bad send-off.



A Brown study. Mary Elizabeth Brown, aged one year and five minutes, talks it over with her brothers, Donald and Joe E., Jr. Papa Joe E. is busy making somebody laugh.

Here's a fantastic idea! Dot Jordan stirs up the atmosphere with her favorite screen stars. Do you recognize Novarro, Shearer, Tibbett, Crawford and Haines on this fan for fans?



It seems this is the second or third time that bit of impertinence has been put over on the Medburys. So now they have a slot-lock on their gate, and all their personal friends have a lead coin to get in with. No coin, no admittance.

Elsie Janis, who has retired from the stage at the height of her fame, sensible girl, and has been writing scenarios and dialogue for the movies, has just completed her autobiography. She did it with a nice eye to publicity, up in an airplane hovering over her hometown.

Elsie, as you know, has never married, but she says it isn't true that her mother dominated her and shooed off beaux. We asked her just how frank she had been in her book, and she admitted she only got a little reckless in the last chapter. Elsie is gay, witty, and although she is at least 37, she looks about 25. Likewise most of her close friends these days are men.

There's a love of an old Colonial home in Tarrytown, New York, that is 246 years old, which Elsie Janis owns, but somehow she prefers to live in her frisky Hollywood one.

Mary Astor, bride of the month, is working out at R.K.O. She is a sweet and pretty dear and no one would guess she is so short-sighted that she has to wear glasses all the time off the screen. But it's surprising how almost becoming the horrid things seem on her.

Mary did not wait quite ten months after the death of her first husband, Kenneth Hawks, in an airplane crash, before marrying Dr. Franklyn Thorpe. But oh, dear, so many nice men stood ready to comfort the widow that it's a wonder she waited that long. They slipped off to Yuma by plane and tried to keep it secret by using Mary's real name,

Lucile Langhanke, but it's hard to put anything over on reporters.

The reason for secrecy was probably because she is involved in those damage suits against the airplane company—and the damages for a lost husband seem less tragic when a new one has been acquired.

Raquel Torres has her family in Hollywood all excited over the rumors of her engagement to William B. Leeds and reported rides in his airplane. They both deny everything, but then of course, Leeds' divorce from the Princess Xenia of Russia is not yet final.

Herbert Brenon, the director, now working on "The Dove," is so alarmingly painstaking that he acts out every bit of action for the players during rehearsals, no matter how experienced and celebrated the dears may be. This often occasions much concealed merriment, as when, for instance, he shows a Carrillo or a Del Rio how to make love. Oh, really, now, Herbert!



That's the spirit! The holiday spirit, we mean, as exemplified by Kathryn Crawford. She looks right at home among the other ornaments.

Lawrence Tibbett is the envied of the envious. Grand opera, concert tours, radio contracts, pictures in nice variety throughout the year, all paying him huge money and smothering him in praise—it is enough to turn a fellow's head.

And now, with Grace Tibbett returning from Reno, Lawrence joins the eligible ranks.

He was making a picture on location where some school children take their agricultural classes. Imagine the excitement of these baby fans! One small girl wasn't going to pass up a chance like that, so she pushed up to him and beamed, "My sister wants to get into pictures, Mr. Tibbett."

She had to repeat it three times before Lawrence said "Yes?" and turned away. It would have been nice if he had remembered

that the baby was only ten years old and had probably been taught the American creed of opportunism.

Lew Cody is making a frightful threat—vows he will write interviews with some of the newspaper people, with trimmings. Lew, you see, gives corn-beef-and-cabbage dinner parties—and you know how seriously one can get off one's guard in a case like that. You see, Lew will be an editor in his next picture, "X Marks the Spot."

Lew also has a swimming pool adorned with a sandy beach all around it. He says he throws Arbuckle in to make the waves!

Carmen red and autumnal browns are the chic colors in film-land this year, with tweeds a strong favorite.

One jolly thing about Pola Negri's "A Woman Commands" is that it called for three thousand extras in the mob scenes. A lot of actors ate their first square meal in months that week.

Pola's new leading man is Reginald Owen, who is one of those quiet decorous Englishmen who can sit at parties without talking much, and generally gives that "strong and silent" effect. He had all the girls guessing at a dinner at Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Grant's last week.

At that party too, was Mrs. Leslie Carter and daughter Mary. Mrs. Carter is a marvelous old dear. She coached Norma Talmadge for "Du Barry," and later played in "The Shanghai Gesture" on the stage in Hollywood to crowded houses.

She has one naughty

illuminating phrase when she says, "I'm going to ask you to my house, dear, directly I get back from Seattle. I mean it, you know, I'm not like Hollywood."

And, of course, it's true that Hollywood is apt to scatter vague invitations and never do a thing about it. But we always forgive them.

Mary is quite a big girl now, very jolly like mamma, and apparently on the best of terms with Mrs. Carter's present spouse, Mr. Bayne. Nice family, all in all!

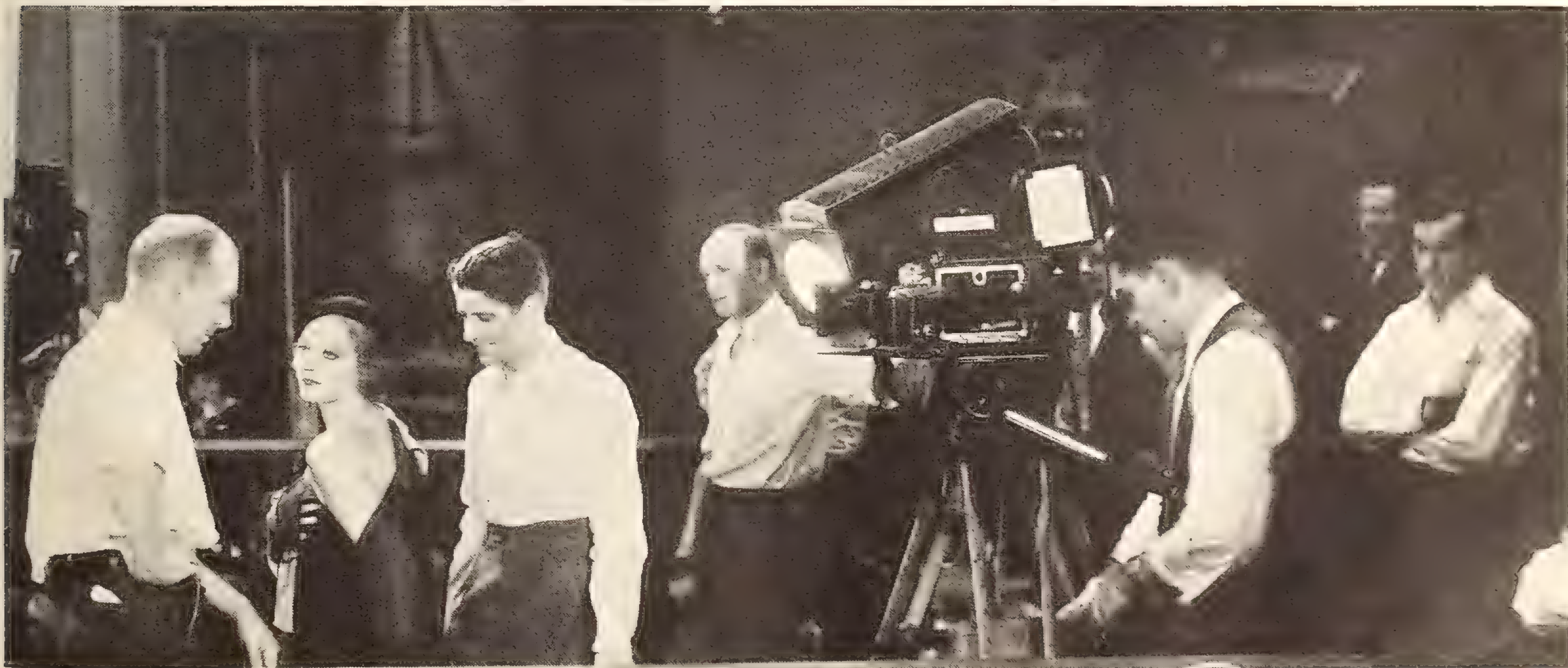
Here's a new and charming little girl, Shirley Chambers. Her face is pretty, too, if you'll only look at it.



In spite of that \$30,000 a week, we find ourselves saying "Poor Constance Bennett." Because you see, she has been flooded with begging letters, sarcastic letters, threatening letters just because of that huge salary. No wonder she fled to Europe for a respite. Hollywood seems confident that she will ultimately succeed Gloria as the Marquise de la Falaise de la Cou-dray.

Miriam Hopkins says an appearance of boredom in public is the best way for a girl to blight her popularity. So that makes us wonder about Garbo!

Yola D'Avril is having a dreadful time deciding whether to be married or unmarried to Edward Warx, the composer. They quarrel, seek di-



Our favorite brand! Tallulah Bankhead shows a famous visitor, Rudy Vallee, the brand with which Irving Pichel marked her shoulder during the filming of "The Cheat." Rudy, by the way, when asked about the progress of his marriage with Fay Webb, grinned happily and started to croon, "Life is just a bowl of gravy."



"Snow, snow, not that!" cries Frigid Fred, turning pale as Anita Page gets ready to ball him up.

voiced papers, make up, cancel the plea, quarrel again, take out more divorce papers, and generally are a bonanza for the lawyers. At this writing they are preparing to unmarry again.

W. S. Van Dyke, the director of "Trader Horn," has written a book about the filming in Africa. It is one of those books that one pops on a shelf and looks well in the light, and you promise yourself maybe you'll read some day.

Ramon Novarro is now learning German and can write love songs in that language. He is also putting on weight. We don't mind the German, Ramon, but for the rest, if it means dieting, we must be firm!

Now what will the story-writers do? Whenever they wanted a fictitious name for a picture studio they have been using "Patrician Pictures, Inc." Now there really is a company thus titled. Its first picture will be called "Thirty Days" and Maureen O'Sullivan will have a part in it, so she won't have to go back to Ireland just yet.

But Maureen has been a very naughty girl—too many speed tags, and some, so it is alleged, ignored. Los Angeles County is about to slap her wrist—expensively. Caught without an operator's license, too.

What with Reginald Denny flaunting his new Reginald, Jr., so braggishly, you might suppose it was frightfully clever to have an heir. Of course, Vivian Duncan Asther would arrive home from Europe with her baby to steal the Denny's glory. The Breakfast Club has pretty well decided to have a baby's day and be done with it and let all the new fathers crow instead of singing "Ham and Eggs" that morning, including Ben Lyon.

White satin, the soft clingy kind, with golden shadows, is the popular material for evening wear in Hollywood. It looked like a bridal parade when the starry ones attended the opening of a grand new theatre this week—Marilyn Miller with her real diamond necklace and ermine wrap, probably looking most like the bride. Clark Gable made his first speech over the microphone that night and I regret to state he only echoed the usual, "It's wonderful to be here. Hello, everybody." And he is such an intelligent looking man, too!

Clara Bow and Universal did not get together on "The Impatient Virgin" after all. Instead she goes to Sam Rork, for, 'tis said, \$150,000 for one picture — (oh, Connie has a rival now!) — and is to begin work on Dec. 1st. She blew into Hollywood and opened her Beverly Hills home for a few days, showed us her hair was good and red again, signed some papers, and fled back to the Nevada ranch, where we hear, modern plumbing is at last being installed. Clara has been washing under a faucet and taking her baths beneath an outside shower up till now.

Because Claire Maynard, Brooklyn society girl, looks like Joan



Pete the Pup examines his make-up critically just before playing a big scene.

Crawford, Winfield Sheehan, meeting her at a party, invited her to Hollywood. It seems her screen test was great and she's already booked for five rôles.

Gary Cooper has gone into the dude ranch business in a big way. You can now stay as his guest at so much per day, play with the cow-punchers, feed the moo-cow, ruminate with the hogs, give the horsey a lump of sugar and, if you're good, come back with Gary's very own autograph, if you time your visit nicely between pictures.

Clark Gable says, since he had to learn to ride a horse in a hurry for "The Painted Desert," his pet sport is to go bear-hunting with Wally Beery. He admits he was scared stiff when he saw his first bear and nearly fell off his horse, but he's getting braver all the time. Mrs. Gable will have a houseful of bear-skin rugs to sprawl around the place before she knows it.

Marguerite Churchill, who has been dedicated largely to trembling maiden rôles in films, has concluded her contract with Fox and is back in New York. If they'll let her do a hussy rôle on the stage, she'll return to screenland more content.

Ruth Chatterton finally goes to Warner Bros. at a salary of \$325,000 annually. The Marx Bros. received \$200,000 and a share of the profits for "Monkey Business." Ann Harding's new contract spells \$1,000,000 for two years. Harold Lloyd makes around a million



"No mews is good mews," says Polly Walters, as Kitty calmly poses for her picture. Her lives are in Polly's hands.

on every picture he makes. Connie Bennett gets \$350,000 annually. Chevalier, Powell, Garbo, Shearer, Will Rogers are in that class, too. What do you mean, depression?

Remember Monroe Owsley, the weak younger brother in Ann Harding's "Holiday"? Well, the studios appeared to have typed him so darned completely as a weak younger brother that he jolly well couldn't stand it. So he's renouncing Hollywood, along with Leslie

Howard, Ann's cultured lawyer beau in "Devotion."

'Tis said Howard Hughes means to make a star of 19-year-old Ann Dvorak. She's already in "Scarface" and "Sky Devils" and her performances rate high. And to think Ann's talents have been buried as a dancing instructor at M.G.M. for three years, with an occasional extra bit in a crowd! She is an August baby, born in New York, daughter of Anna Lehr, stage ac-

Joan Marsh puts her photograph on her driver's license, just to prove to everybody that she isn't Wallace Beery or Bobby Coogan.



A hair-raising experience for Joan Blondell. How can she answer the telephone 'way down beneath the waves?

tress of former days. Ann is also a brilliant musician. At the moment she feels more like Cinderella than anyone.

Hollywood pawn shops report big business this year, with redemptions at less than 30%. Grand cigarette cases and lighters are being turned in by the score. Rings and bracelets average next highest. Tourists buy 'em when they're not redeemed, and pay more if names and initials are engraved thereon.

Edwina Booth, the "Trader Horn" girl, is liable to be a one-picture maiden.

She's through at M.G.M. and no other offers are in sight at this writing.

A court order allows \$1,600 a month for Jackie Cooper's education and support. His mama is the eight-year-old's guardian. Mrs. Cooper testified she divorced her husband in 1928. The lambkin gets \$1,300 a week for 40 weeks a year, with the next option at \$2,000, rising to \$2,500.

Elissa Landi's mama and step-father, Count and Countess Zenardi Landi, are to return with Elissa from London for a visit in Hollywood. So the butlers will have another chance to spread themselves for the *haute monde*.

Rita La Roy, aged 23, married Ben Hershfield, 42, the day after his decree from (Continued on page 127)

Their "First Night" Faces!

*All photographs by
Don English*

Hollywood stars put on their best smiles for a picture premiere

Miss Metro pays a tribute to Mr. Paramount. In other words, Norma Shearer, wife of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's eminent Mr. Thalberg, appears at the first night of a Paramount picture. Norma is being presented to the listeners-in by Freeman Lang, radio announcer.



Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Erwin. Or Miss June Collyer and her new husband, if you prefer. Anyway, they are Hollywood's latest most happily married couple.



With Phil Holmes is his pal, Russell Gleason. Now where was Mary Brian? Don't forget our Editor's advice, Phil—see page 16.



Left, Jesse L. Lasky, vice-president of Paramount, with his mother, Mrs. Sarah Lasky. It isn't often Mr. Lasky lets himself be photographed. But this was an occasion.



That courtly Russian, Ivan Lebedeff, escorted pretty blonde Virginia Cherrill. Why didn't he send the girl some orchids?



Regis Toomey does the grinning for the family. And it's a good grin. Little Mrs. Toomey is charming, isn't she?



Remember Jobyna Ralston in pictures? We've missed the Ralston smile and curls, so we're glad to see you tonight, Joby, with the young man who took you away from the screen. Folks, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Arlen.



Ey-Teb—a grand new idea! Mary Lee tells you all about it in her department, below, and the Aber Twins, vaudeville stars, illustrate the Ey-Teb eyelashes above.

The Truth about Cosmetics

ONCE in a while, in the beauty world, some genius comes along with a marvellous, new idea that upsets all previous methods and gives us a simple answer to a heretofore complicated problem. And this month I'm going to tell you about a grand, new idea—that is so simple it makes us wonder why we didn't think of it ourselves. It's so easy when you know how! Like Columbus standing an egg on end. Quite obvious once you see it.

Some new findings make us think of what a dorky said when he was told about Columbus discovering America. "Um-mn!" he drawled, "I don't know why—for you says Columbus *discovered* America. Hits so big I don't see how he coulda missed it!"

All of which brings us around to the subject of those wonderful, new, artificial eye-lashes called "Ey-Teb." They're positively ingenious, being simple and easy to apply, and no end effective.

They do the most delightful things to the expression of your eyes. These silky, long lashes give just the accent and emphasis that lend a soulful depth and a velvety beauty that is—well, devastating!

And they are wicked, base deceivers, for you can stare right at them

Make this page your monthly guide to the newest, the smartest, the best in cosmetics. Mary Lee will tell you the results of her research in the fascinating field of powders and perfumes and soaps and other lovely and fragrant things, and advise you in their selection and use. A real service feature of this magazine, every month!

in broad daylight without suspecting they didn't grow right where you see them. They are put on so cleverly that they are really just extensions of your own lashes.

Heretofore artificial eye-lashes have been a little fringe of hair on a tiny thread of fish-skin which was glued to the eye-lid close to the lashes. But with "Ey-Teb" each single hair is glued to a single hair of your

own lashes. And they cling like a mother's love. If you are careful with them, they will last from three weeks to a month. At least, mine did. And an artist who was painting my portrait and consequently studying my face deliberately, failed to detect them as artificial.

An Ey-Teb package contains an envelope of lashes, a bottle of mucilage, a bottle of remover and a tiny little receptacle in which to put the mucilage while you dip one end of each hair into it. The trial package is \$1. And if you have short unsatisfactory eye-lashes you will waste no time getting them.

They have taken the country by storm, shows that we were needing them—and just waiting for clever Mrs. Maxine Burke to discover them for our benefit. And what a busy lady she is these days! With stores and beauty parlors all over the country clamoring to have Ey-Teb, she and a (Continued on page 120)

By
Mary Lee

Write to the Stars As Follows:



John Arledge, one of Hollywood's newer lads, is being seen these days in "Heart-break."

Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Richard Arlen	Phillips Holmes
William Austin	Miriam Hopkins
George Bancroft	Carole Lombard
Ralph Bellamy	Paul Lukas
Eleanor Boardman	Fredric March
Clive Brook	Georges Metaxa
Nancy Carroll	Rosita Moreno
Maurice Chevalier	Barry Norton
Claudette Colbert	Warner Oland
Jackie Coogan	Eugene Pallette
Robert Coogan	Gene Raymond
Gary Cooper	Charles Rogers
Frances Dee	Jackie Searl
Marlene Dietrich	Peggy Shannon
Leon Errol	Sylvia Sidney
Stuart Erwin	Charles Starrett
Skeets Gallagher	Lilyan Tashman
Wynne Gibson	Regis Toomey
Harry Green	Allen Vincent
Mitzi Green	Judith Wood

RKO-Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Robert Armstrong	Alan Hale
Constance Bennett	Ann Harding
Bill Boyd	Eddie Quillan
James Gleason	Fred Scott
Russell Gleason	Helen Twelvetrees

Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Lew Ayres	Rose Hobart
Rex Bell	Dorothy Janis
John Boles	Myrna Kennedy
John Mack Brown	Barbara Kent
Mae Clark	Tom Mix
Kathryn Crawford	Mary Nolan
Robert Ellis	Eddie Phillips
Sidney Fox	Slim Summerville
Jean Hersholt	Genevieve Tobin
John Wray	

United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Don Alvarado	Al Jolson
William Boyd	Evelyn Laye
Eddie Cantor	Chester Morris
Charlie Chaplin	Pat O'Brien
Ronald Colman	Mary Pickford
Douglas Fairbanks	Gilbert Roland
William Farnum	Gloria Swanson

Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

Gertrude Astor	Lloyd Hughes
Mischa Auer	Paul Hurst
Leo Carrillo	Ralph Ince

Helene Chadwick	Ralph Graves
Helen Chandler	Hale Hamilton
Dorothy Christy	Wallace MacDonald
June Collyer	Ken Maynard
Claudia Dell	Blanche Mehaffey
Marion Douglas	Geneva Mitchell
George Fawcett	Charlie Murray
Carmelita Geraghty	Jason Robards
Albert Gran	George Sidney
Bob Steele	

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

William Collier, Jr.	Bert Lytell
Richard Cromwell	Joan Peers
Constance Cummings	Dorothy Revier
Jack Holt	Loretta Sayers
Buck Jones	Barbara Stanwyck

Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Charley Chase	Harry Langdon
Mickey Daniels	Stan Laurel
Oliver Hardy	Our Gang
Ed Kennedy	ZaSu Pitts
Mary Kornman	Thelma Todd

Educational Studios, 7250 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

Marjorie Beebe	Eleanor Hunt
Ann Christy	Patsy O'Leary
Andy Clyde	Daphne Pollard
Bing Crosby	Lincoln Stedman
Harry Gribbon	Nick Stuart

Sono Art-World Wide, Metropolitan Studios, 1041 Las Palmas Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Ruth Roland	Edward Everett
Eddie Dowling	Horton

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Astrid Allwyn	Gavin Gordon
William Bakewell	William Haines
Lionel Barrymore	Neil Hamilton
Wallace Beery	Hedda Hopper
Charles Bickford	Leila Hyams
Edwina Booth	Dorothy Jordan
Harry Carey	Buster Keaton
Jackie Cooper	Barbara Leonard
Joan Crawford	Alfred Lunt
Marion Davies	Joan Marsh
Reginald Denny	Adolphe Menjou
Kent Douglass	John Miljan
Marie Dressler	Ray Milland
Cliff Edwards	Grace Moore
Madge Evans	Polly Moran
Julia Faye	Karen Morley
Lynn Fontanne	Conrad Nagel
Clark Gable	Ramon Novarro
Greta Garbo	Ivor Novello
John Gilbert	Edward Nugent

Send Birthday Wishes to These January Stars:

William Haines	January 1st.
Vilma Banky	January 2nd.
Marion Davies	January 3rd.
Ray Milland	January 3rd.
Loretta Young	January 6th.
Tom Mix	January 6th.
Monte Blue	January 11th.
Chester Conklin	January 11th.
Rosalie Roy	January 11th.
Kay Francis	January 13th.
Bebe Daniels	January 14th.
Barbara Kent	January 16th.
Nils Asther	January 17th.
Lillian Bond	January 18th.
Noah Beery	January 29th.



Lilyan Tashman's new brimmed hat, of navy blue felt, flaunts a saucy feather in front.

Anita Page	Norma Talmadge
Marie Prevost	Lawrence Tibbett
Esther Ralston	Ernest Torrence
Duncan Renaldo	Raquel Torres
Norma Shearer	Lester Vail
Gus Shy	Lupe Velez
Lewis Stone	Roland Young

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Henry Armetta	Dorothy Lee
Mary Astor	Eric Linder
Evelyn Brent	Phillips Lord
Sue Carol	Everett Marshall
Joseph Cawthorn	Joel McCrea
Ricardo Cortez	Jack Mulhall
Betty Compson	Pola Negri
Lily Damita	Edna Mae Oliver
Bebe Daniels	Lawrence Olivier
Dolores Del Rio	Roberta Robinson
Richard Dix	Lowell Sherman
Irene Dunne	Ned Sparks
Jobyna Howland	Leni Stengel
Rochelle Hudson	Hugh Trevor
Arline Judge	Bert Wheeler
Arthur Lake	Hope Williams
Ivan Lebedeff	Robert Woolsey

Warner-First National Studios, Burbank, California.

Robert Allen	Winnie Lightner
George Arliss	Lucien Littlefield
John Barrymore	Lotti Lodi
Richard Barthelmess	Ben Lyon
Joan Blondell	Dorothy Mackaill
Lillian Bond	Mae Madison
Joe E. Brown	David Manners
James Cagney	Marian Marsh
Ruth Chatterton	Marilyn Miller
Bebe Daniels	Ona Munson
Irene Delroy	Marian Nixon
Doug Fairbanks, Jr.	Dorothy Peterson
Gladys Ford	Walter Pidgeon
Kay Francis	William Powell
James Hall	James Rennie
Walter Huston	Otis Skinner
Leon Janney	Polly Walters
Evalyn Knapp	H. B. Warner
Fred Kohler	Edward Woods
Laura Lee	Loretta Young

Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Frank Albertson	Warner Baxter
Hardie Albright	Joan Bennett
Luana Alcaniz	Humphrey Bogart
Robert Ames	El Brendel

(Continued on page 122)

HOOTS and HOORAYS!

(Continued from page 10)

matic actress, and will surpass Shearer, if given a real chance; this, too, in spite of the fact that Norma Shearer is one of my favorites. A wonderful bit of acting was done by Madge Evans in "Son of India" with Ramon Novarro, in the scene where he cut her arm—which scene, in my estimation, was poignantly done.

Gladys B. Hughes,
P. O. Box 121,
Jacksonville, Fla.

"BEAUTIES OF HOLLYWOOD"

I disagree with most of your selections for the "Beauties of Hollywood." Here are mine:

Jeanette MacDonald's beautiful, red-gold hair. Ann Harding has lots of hair, and it may have a lovely sheen, but it isn't the crowning glory that Jeanette's is!

Frances Dee's strong profile. It has character.

Claudette Colbert's eyes. Garbo's are lovely and mysterious, but Claudette's are exciting and beautiful!

The Colbert figure—and that includes the legs. I never could understand why Marlene Dietrich's limbs are considered so lovely. Perhaps we think unconsciously that she wouldn't display them so much if they weren't perfect.

Miriam Hopkins' smile. It is so naïve—so innocent—so naughty!

And NO dimples—please! I can't bear them!

Pearl A. Katzman,
71-05 Polk Ave.,
Jackson Heights, L. I.

BACK TO NATURE!

To one who longs for travel and adventure, the films of far away and mysterious places of the world bring untold delight. My sincerest admiration goes to Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson and the others who give us pictures of adventure so different from the gangster and murder stories we read in the newspapers.

I am glad to read that the makers of "Chang" and "Grass" are going to take scenes for "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" in India. I am eagerly awaiting that treat.

No picture made last year was so funny and yet so pathetic as "Rango," so beautiful and romantic as "Tabu," or so exciting and thrilling as "Trader Horn." I don't think anything is wrong with the movies as long as they offer such entertainment.

Alice MacFadden,
615 Montgomery St.,
Ogdensburg, N. Y.

CAN'T WE HAVE BOTH KINDS?

If there must be pictures about gangsters, stick-up men and slick society crooks, then for our moral health's sake let's show them up in their true light as cowards, bullies, sneaks and thieves, and don't make them such dangerously attractive and charming gentlemen as Ronald Colman in "Raffles" and Edmund Lowe in "Good Intentions."

Noeline Carrier,
63 Estabrook St.,
Athol, Mass.



Tallulah! The unique Bankhead talent is shining through her pictures, and the fans are won! Just wait till Tallulah hits her stride!

A BANKHEAD BOOSTER

Thanks a lot, SCREENLAND, for Tallulah Bankhead's life story. It is as intensely interesting as this marvelous actress herself.

I consider Miss Bankhead the most fascinating woman on the screen today. Her charm cannot be analyzed by comparing her to Garbo, Dietrich, or the late Jeanne Eagels. She is distinctly an original personality—all the old superlatives fail to do her justice.

A new set of adjectives will have to be originated for Tallulah!

Edward H. Vogel,
160 Sycamore St.,
Rosindale, Mass.

MUSIC IN THE AIR!

Strike up the band and give three cheers! Musical pictures are coming back! Is everybody happy? Indeed we are—with the prospect of hearing John Boles and Marilyn Miller sing again.

I know Marilyn is now making a production with music, but what about John Boles? We all know John is a splendid actor after seeing "Seed," and we are anxious to hear him sing again. Won't the producers please come to the rescue?

Elfreda Mannes,
935 Nebraska Ave.,
Toledo, Ohio.

GOOD HERE!

All the Garbos, Bankheads, Harlows and Dietrichs put together cannot surpass the acting ability of the one and only Constance Bennett. She has beauty, charm and sophistication that make her the most admired star of today. She is my favorite actress and always will be. I wouldn't miss seeing her for anything in the world.

Agnes Marcia Stieber,
1216 Yout Street,
Racine, Wis.

REALISM PAYS

Although the talking pictures are constantly patronized, I believe that to bring people to the theatres, the producers have almost outdone themselves in some of the outstanding pictures recently filmed. Let me offer them congratulations. Above all they have appealed to the realistic, the human viewpoint. An example is "An American Tragedy."

Perhaps the producers will give us fewer pictures like "Confessions of a Coed." A member of the great group of co-eds, I resented that picture's example of a typical situation. The hero was a weakling and the man who should have been the hero was a cheat.

Margaret K. Bertram,
315 McKee Hall,
Geneva College,
Beaver Falls, Pa.

(Continued on page 127)

Casts of Current Films

*Reviewed in this issue

"BLONDE CRAZY." Warner Brothers. Story by Kubec Glasmon and John Bright. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: Bert Harris, James Cagney; Anne Roberts, Joan Blondell; *Dapper Dan*, Louis Calhern; Helen, Noel Francis; Joe Reynolds, Ray Milland; Jim, Edward Nugent; *Rupert Johnson*, Guy Kibbe; Mrs. Snyder, Vera Lewis; Hank, Ed Deering; Lee, Walter Percival; *Four-Eyes*, Charles Levinson; Bell Hop, Edward Morgan; Bell Hop, William Burress; Mary, Polly Walters.

"DEVOTION." RKO-Pathé. From the novel "A Little Flat in the Temple" by Pamela Wynne. Screen story by Graham John and Horace Jackson. Directed by Robert Milton. The cast: Shirley, Ann Harding; Trent, Leslie Howard; Harrington, Robert Williams; Mr. Mortimer, O. P. Heggie; Mrs. Mortimer, Louise Closser Hale; Sergeant Coggins, Dudley Digges; Mrs. Coggins, Allison Skipworth; Pansie, Doris Lloyd; Margaret, Ruth Weston; Marjorie, Joan Carr; Elsie, Joyce Coad; Derek, Douglas Scott; Bridget, Temple Pigott; Gas Inspector, Forrester Harvey; Maid, Margaret Daily; Young Man, Pat Somerset; Mrs. Trent, Olive Tell; Junior Partner, Claude King; Telegraph Boy, Donald Stewart; Reporter, Cyril Delevante.*

"EAST OF BORNEO." Universal. Story and continuity by Dale Van Every. Directed by George Melford. The cast: Linda Randolph, Rose Hobart; Dr. Allan Clark, Charles Bickford; Prince Hashin, Rajah of Marudu, Georges Renavent; Niela, Lupita Tovar; Osman, Noble Johnson.*

"EX-BAD BOY." Universal. From the play, "The Whole Town's Talking," by Anita Loos and John Emerson. Screen play by Dale Van Every. Directed by Vin Moore. The cast: Chester Binney, Robert Armstrong; Ethel Simmons, Jean Arthur; Roger Shields, Jason Robards; Henry Simmons, Spencer Charters; Mrs. Simmons, Grayce Hampton; Letta Lardo, Lola Lane; Swift, George Brent; Sadie Bloom, Mary Doran.

"FIVE STAR FINAL." First National. From the story by Louis Weitzenkorn. Adapted by Robert Lord. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: Randall, Edward G. Robinson; Jenny Townsend, Marian Marsh; Nancy Voorhees Townsend, Frances Starr; Michael Townsend, H. B. Warner; Phillip Weeks, Anthony Bushell; Hinchcliffe, Oscar Apfel; Kitty Carmody, Ona Munson; Miss Taylor, Alene MacMahon; Isopod, Boris Karloff; Ziggy Feinstein, George E. Stone; Mrs. Weeks, Evelyn Hall; Mr. Weeks, David Torrence; Miss Edwards, Gladys Lloyd; Brannegan, Robert Elliott.

"HEARTBREAK." Fox. From the story by Llewellyn Hughes. Adapted by William Conselman. Directed by Alfred Werker. The cast: John Merrick, Charles Farrell; Countess Vilma Walden, Madge Evans; Count Carl Walden, Hardie Albright; Captain Wolke, Paul Cavanagh; Jerry Somers, John Arledge; Count Walden, Claude King; U. S. Ambassador, John St. Polis; Liaison Officer, Albert Conti.*

"HOMICIDE SQUAD." Universal. From a story by Henry La Cossitt. Screen play by John Thomas Neville. Directed by George Melford. The cast: Louie, Leo Carrillo; Captain Buckley, Noah Beery; Millie, Mary Brian; Joe, Russell Gleason; Proctor, Pat O'Malley; Hugo, J. Carrol Naish.*

"LEFTOVER LADIES." Tiffany. Based on an original article by Ursula Parrott. Screen story by Robert R. Presnell. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. The cast: Pat, Claudia Dell; The Duchess, Marjorie Rambeau; Ronny, Walter Byron; Jerry, Alan Mowbray; Amy, Dorothy Revier; Vera, Rita LaRoy; Scoop, Roscoe Karns; Churchill, Selmer Jackson; Benson, Franklin Farnum; Buddy, Buster Phelps.*

"LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD." First National. Based on a play by J. C. and Elliott Nugent. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: John Miller, Joe E. Brown; Julia Winters, Dorothy Lee; Marjorie Blake, Ruth Hall; Spike Hoyt, Edward Woods; Doc, Wade Boteler; Colonel Small, William Burress; Wally Pierce, Edward Nugent; Coach Jackson, John Hartington.*

"MERELY MARY ANN." Fox. Adapted from Israel Zangwill's story by Jules Furthman. Directed by Henry King. The cast: Mary Ann, Janet Gaynor; John Lonsdale, Charles Farrell; Mrs. Leadbatter, Beryl Mercer; First Drayman, J. M. Kerrigan; Vicar Smedge, Arnold Lucy; Rosie Leadbatter, Lorna Balfour; Second Drayman, Tom Whiteley; Peter Brooke, G. P. Huntley, Jr.

"MONKEY BUSINESS." Paramount. From the story by S. J. Perelman and Will B. Johnstone. Directed by Norman McLeod. The cast: Groucho, Groucho Marx; Harpo, Harpo Marx; Chico, Chico Marx; Zeppo, Zeppo Marx; Lucille, Thelma Todd; Gibson, the First Mate, Tom Kennedy; Mary Helton, Ruth Hall; Joe Helton, Rockliffe Fellows; Captain Corcoran, Ben Taggart; Second Mate, Otto Fries; Manicurist, Evelyn Pierce; Opera Singer, Maxine Castel; Briggs, Harry Woods.*



Here's an ideal sports costume—particularly for golf. Ruth Hall's skirt is of dark green wool and her jacket is of light tan suede. A brown felt hat and brown oxfords complete the ensemble.

"NEW ADVENTURES OF GET RICH QUICK WALLINGFORD." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From "The Wallingford Stories" by George Randolph Chester. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: Wallingford, William Haines; Schnozzle, Jimmy Durante; Blackie Daw, Ernest Torrence; Dorothy, Leila Hyams; McConigal, Guy Kibbee; Charles Harper, Hale Hamilton; Mr. Tuttle, Robert McWade; Mrs. Layton, Clara Blandick; Mr. Layton, Walter Walker.*

"PALMY DAYS." United Artists. Story and dialogue by Eddie Cantor, Morrie Ryskind and David Freedman. Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: Eddie Simpson, Eddie Cantor; Miss Martin, Charlotte Greenwood; A. B. Clark, Spencer Charters; Joan Clark, Barbara Weeks; Joe-the-Frog, George Raft; Yolanda, Charles B. Middleton; Steve, Paul Page; Plug Moynihan, Harry Woods.

"PENROD AND SAM." First National. From the story by Booth Tarkington. Screen play and

dialogue by Waldemar Young. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: Penrod, Leon Janney; Sam, Junior Coghlan; Georgie, Billy Lord; Rodney, Nestor Aber; Mrs. Schofield, Dorothy Peterson; Mr. Schofield, Matt Moore; Mrs. Bassett, ZaSu Pitts; Mr. Bassett, Johnny Arthur; Marjorie, Margaret Marquis; Mr. Bills, Charles Sellon; Mr. Williams, Wade Boteler; Verman, Robert Dandridge; Margaret Schofield, Helen Beaudine; Delia, Gertrude Howard.*

"RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE." Fox. From the novel by Zane Grey. Adapted by John F. Goodrich. Directed by Hamilton MacFadden. The cast: Lassiter, George O'Brien; Jane Witherspoon, Marguerite Churchill; Judge Dyer, Noah Beery; Bess, Yvonne Pelletier; Venters, James Todd; Oldring, Stanley Fields; Judkins, Lester Dorr; Tull, Frank McGlynn, Jr.; Fay, Shirley Nails.

"SHANGHAIED LOVE." Columbia. From a story by Norman Springer. Adapted by Roy Chanslor and Jack Cunningham. Directed by George B. Seitz. The cast: John, Richard Cromwell; Angus Swope, Noah Beery; Mary, Sally Blane; Newman, Willard Robertson; The Rat, Sidney Bracy; Eric, Dick Alexander; Fitzgibbons, Edwin J. Brady; Deaken, Erville Alderson; Lynch, Jack Cheatham; Snowflake, Fred Toomes; Knitting Swede, Lionel Belmore.

"SMART WOMAN." RKO-Pathé. From an original stage play by Myron C. Fagan. Adapted by Salisbury Fields. Directed by Gregory La Cava. The cast: Nancy, Mary Astor; Don, Robert Ames; Bill, Edward Everett Horton; Peggy, Noel Francis; Sally, Ruth Weston; Sir Guss, John Holliday; Mrs. Peterson, Gladys Gale; Brooks, Alfred Cross; Ellen, Pearl Varville; Mrs. Windleweaver, Lillian Harmer.*

"SOB SISTER." Fox. From the novel by Mildred Gilman. Screen play by Edwin Burke. Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast: Garry Webster, James (Continued on page 122)

The picture producing companies, each month in SCREENLAND, announce new pictures and stars to be seen in the theatres throughout the country. Watch this announcement. This month they will be found on the following pages: Fox Films, page 3; Paramount, page 5; Warner Brothers, page 7; United Artists, page 9; Educational, page 129; Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, page 131.

Gene!

Continued from page 66

for it but at least he's getting what he wants—variety.

Raymond is studying French and German in Hollywood but most of his time is spent on horseback. He is taking polo lessons from "Snowy" Baker and plays with Will Rogers, Will Rogers, Jr., and Director John Cromwell. When Gene played in "Young Sinners" in Chicago, he arranged his entire day so he could learn to jump hurdles on horseback. He fenced from nine to ten in the morning, had breakfast and went immediately to the riding academy. He practiced every day all day and after two-and-one-half months of work entered the hurdling contest of the Chicago Annual Horse Show. After his performance at the theatre on the night of his event, he dashed to the horse show, arrived a few minutes late, but, nevertheless, won the blue ribbon for the four-foot jump. He's proud of that ribbon.

One summer in Florida, Gene studied aquaplaning by himself until he could ride standing on his head. Try it sometime and then you'll know what Gene accomplished. He prefers sailing boats to power yachts. And now he plays a great deal of tennis with his brother on his own courts in Hollywood.

Raymond was born Raymond Guion in New York and began his stage career at the age of five, when he appeared in several stock productions. None of his relatives had ever been on the stage but Gene and his brother drifted into theatrical work. He attended grade school in New York and later entered the Professional Children's School. From time to time managers selected him for rôles in productions but his first real success was in "The Potters" in 1924. Raymond created the rôle of the dumb Swede in "The Cradle Snatchers" in New York and toured the United States for more than two years in the production.

Raymond looks upon the part of *Gene Gibson* in the play, "Young Sinners," as his greatest rôle. It was in that play that people started calling him "Gene." So when it came time to select a more practical name for his motion picture début, he decided that Gene, coupled with his real first name, Raymond, would be as good as any.

When Gene was a youngster working in "Why Not?" with Margaret Churchill, he became so enthusiastic about radios that he wanted to become an electrical engineer immediately. He attempted to make a small radio in a box two inches across and four inches high. Margaret Churchill was the only one in the theatre who had confidence in his venture. The two kids used to sit for hours turning dials, holding ear 'phones up to their heads and trying to hear music. Finally, Raymond heard loud music one afternoon and almost broke up the show with his shouts, "I've got it! I've got it!"

Gene says he never laughed so much in his life as he did when he worked in "The Cradle Snatchers." Every night during its three months' run, Edna Mae Oliver, who was his pal in the production, made it a point to force Raymond to laugh during his long, passionate speeches to her. She would give him funny looks, wave her handkerchief, cross her legs or kick him. Edna once became so hilarious during one of the comedy embraces that they both fell flat on the floor—Gene on top of Edna!

Both had to separate to opposite sides of the stage until they and the audience stopped laughing. One night Gene talked to the stage manager until the man was on the wrong side when he heard his cue



Roughing it! Gene Raymond, who "Forded" his way to Hollywood, changed his mode of living when he got there. Tennis courts, a swimming pool, and a big rambling house, are now part of his Hollywood life.

for the sound of an automobile horn, which announced the arrival of the three college boys. The stage manager dashed around but realized that he could never make the horn and so stopped and yelled, "Honk! Honk!" out to the audience. It broke up the entire cast on stage and audience for five minutes.

Gene hopes, of course, that he will be a success in motion pictures, but he is in Hollywood primarily to satisfy his love for variety. He is not much interested in clothes. He dresses nicely only because he thinks it's good business. He wears light suits most of the time. He is not precisely handsome but has an excellent body and spends time keeping it in condition. He talks rapidly and impulsively. He smokes cigarettes. He dislikes jewelry on men. He once appeared in the stage production of

"Mirrors" with Sylvia Sidney, with whom he is working in his first Hollywood-made motion picture. He has beautiful teeth. He doesn't like taking "still" pictures. He makes friends very easily.

Gene likes three and four week rehearsals of stage productions and cannot accustom himself to the quick methods of making motion pictures. He objects to not having enough time to work out "business" for every scene so that he is acquainted with the surroundings of the set.

Raymond's brother resembles him a great deal. But the youngster will not follow in his brother's footsteps because he is mechanically minded and is not much interested in acting.

With your individuality, Gene, you'll either be a great success or a "flop." All present indications point toward success.

Two Bad Boys!

Continued from page 31

delay while a mechanic was rushed from the studio.

Jackie, unaware of the trouble, was still at the edge of the platform, envying a grip who didn't have to keep his hair dry. The director gave someone the high sign and the unsuspecting cornerstone of the Coogan fortune was abruptly catapulted into the lagoon with appropriate sound effects—one gasp and two “glugs.”

It was only a moment before the lanky Durkin shared the pleasant fate of his companion. Then and not until then did the job of grip or juicer cease to hold more allure than that of movie star. The idols of juvenile America behaved like lunatics—or possibly as *Tom Sawyer* and *Huck Finn* would under similar circumstances. They dove, gurgled, splashed and flopped. They demonstrated the technique

of chivalry. It was protected scrupulously and presented to the script girl unscathed when she climbed out dripping and sup- planted her moist wardrobe with some twice-too-big overalls borrowed from one of the carpenters.

The camera mechanic incurred the undying resentment of the two young stars by being prompt and altogether too efficient. He had the trouble ironed out in a jiffy. (People like that should get toothbrush bristles caught in their windpipes.)

“Well, you’ve had your swim, boys,” the director suggested apprehensively, dreading his duty.

“Do we have to come out, now, Mr. Cromwell?” mimicked the undersized millionaire. (Both boys like to taunt Mr. Taurog by reminding him of his predecessor, the director of “*Tom Sawyer*.”)



Look out, everybody! When Jackie Coogan and Junior Durkin get their busy heads together, trouble's brewing for somebody—usually somebody whose dignity needs a little deflating. These boys know how to do it!

of all known varieties of fish, including “pickled” herring.

In their untrammelled ecstasy, they fiendishly upset a canoe and then cheerfully asked its ex-occupant if he could swim. Fortunately the youngster possessed that ability and will be able to tell his grandchildren about the time he was overturned by the reincarnation of Twain's heroes.

Eager to share further the delights of the cool lake, *Tom Coogan* and *Huck Durkin* climbed back on the platform, intent on doing the script girl a favor—as they saw it. She screamed for mercy as they grasped her by legs and arms and carried her to the water's edge, with the rest of the company applauding perversely.

Nesta employed every threat and cajolery. Then, as they held her over the lake and dipped her nether portions in, she uttered a last panicky petition—which proved fatal. “Please don't,” she entreated, “my ribbon will get wet!”

SPLASH!

But some modern Raleigh had rescued the little blue hair-ribbon in a droll burst

“Of course you don't, Jackie Cooper.” (Nor is Mr. Taurog, who directed “*Skippy*,” reluctant to remind young Coogan that there are other kid actors.) “Stay right where you are and I'll have the script rewritten so you can be in the water during the whole picture.”

“Gee, that's swell—how will you manage that?”

“We'll have you drown in the first reel.” The company roared its approval.

Jackie was completely floored—or as completely floored as it's possible to be while treading water. The jibes hurt a little bit. Even millionaires aren't altogether impervious to ridicule. He racked his brains for a come-back.

“Get the cameras ready—you can take that scene now,” he challenged, holding his arm up to mark the spot.

“Fool us and don't come up, Jackie,” a meanie suggested.

“I might as well—I don't seem to be so important around here—goodbye!”

“Farewell, old pal,” the director clowned, feigning sorrow.

“If I go down, it'll be the end,” Jackie warned half seriously, hoping someone would be taken in by his threat.

“No, it won't, Jackie,” Mr. Taurog mockingly consoled, “—you'll probably come up at M. G. M.”

“Here I go,” the Kid heroicked, trying to ignore the insinuation. “Do you think I'll get on the front page?”

“Yeah,” the director flashed back, “—if something happens to Robert.”

That was too much. You simply can't do anything serious like committing suicide—with forty people laughing at you. It would be *sacrilegious*. Jackie capitulated, and pulling himself out of the water, took a less vulnerable position, siding with the director against his partner in crime.

“You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Durkin—holding up production this way,” Jackie pronounced gravely without cracking a smile. (The boy is an actor—there's no doubt of it.)

“I'll give you just two minutes to get out!” Mr. Taurog ultimatumed to Junior.

“Thanks—I'll take the two between fifty-one and fifty-three,” the modern *Huck* defied.

“Then you've had your last swim on this picture.”

“In that case, I'd better make it a good one while I'm about it,” Junior reparteed antagonizingly. But the director's silent black gaze wilted his bravado. He emerged sheepishly from the water and approached with caution.

“It's swell of you to let us play, Mr. Taurog—I wouldn't take advantage of you for the world.” He hesitated to note the effect of this speech. The black gaze was unperturbed. “I'm going to show my appreciation, too,” Junior vouchsafed. “I wouldn't do this for anybody but a pal—” And he abruptly jumped in the lake again!

“Come on, Junior—be a good sport,” Jackie ingratiated, with a side glance at the director. “Hasn't Mr. Taurog been nice to us? Don't be pig-headed.”

Jackie's attention was precipitately transferred to his own indiscretions when a Mr. Jack Coogan, Senior, appeared on the scene with a foreboding glint in his eye.

“I hear you're quite a pusher, son,” he remarked blandly. “You make a business of going around pushing script girls in the water, do you not?”

For a moment there was silence, save for the swish of the wind going out of Jackie's sails. Then—“Why, no, Dad—we didn't do any such a thing—that is, the first time we didn't.”

“Never mind the Lindbergh stuff. I'm talking about *you*—not “We.” Nesta said you pushed her in the water—”

“She's all wet, Dad—”

“Granted. That's why I asked her how it happened.”

“I mean she just didn't get things straight,” Jackie alibied frantically. “Women don't always see everything that goes on. They hardly know what's happening when they get hysterical.” He wiped the moisture from his brow. It might have been the heat—partly.

“An excellent psychological hypothesis, Jackie—but it doesn't hold water,” Mr. Coogan bantered. “You can't fool a woman—very much. I've never been able to put anything over on your mother—that is, more than once or twice,” he qualified jestingly.

Jackie brightened. “I'll have to mention those times to her. Are we pals?” he added roguishly.

Mr. Coogan dropped his facetious mien. “Did you push Nesta in?”

"Why—we held her over the water and—and she sort of dropped. Honest, Dad—I didn't *push* her."

"So that's the kind of son I have, is it? A big, sixteen-year-old baby who pushes girls in the water—pardon me—I mean *drops* them in. And upsets canoes as a sideline, to say nothing about his specialty of annoying directors. Boy, you're going to have *plenty* to mention to your mother when I get through with you tonight—PLEN-ty! Now snap yourself into that scene. There'll be no more fun for you today, believe me!"

There were sanctioning murmurs from some of the spectators of this castigatory prologue—including the fellow with the Frigidaire pocket—and a girl who had had a new pair of silk stockings accidentally ruined by the boisterous plutocrat. They emphatically felt that a young movie star should be disciplined for infractions the same as any other child.

But some expressed adverse convictions. "The old man shouldn't have any kick coming, no matter what Jackie does," an opinionated grip argued. "Isn't the kid his bread and butter? He oughta show a little appreciation by letting Jackie do as he pleases and not interfering with his fun."

A juicer who looked as though he might have a family of his own took up the banner for parenthood. "Do you think that youngster could have got where he has if it hadn't been for his Dad?" he challenged. "And if his parents hadn't kept him toeing the line all the time?"

Various other members of the company joined in the controversy. Should a sixteen-year-old millionaire be spanked? Or should the breadwinner of the family have unrestricted freedom as to his pleasures, regardless of age?

The make-up men sided with the grip who thought Jackie had earned the right to follow his own dictates without parental

intervention. Then an assistant cameraman put in, "Anybody who can raise a kid in pictures and keep him natural deserves a Congressional medal. Movie kids usually get so spoiled and precocious they're nauseating. But not Coogan. He's just as wholesome and fun-loving as any normal boy his age—I tell you it's all in the way they're brought up."

"You can't expect a kid to be normal if he's a celebrity," a skeptical bystander observed. "I don't care how sensible his parents are—luxury and a lot of slobbering-over like a picture child always gets are bound to turn his head. You can't blame the kids."

"Jackie's not that way," the assistant cameraman defended. "His parents have managed to offset those influences some way or other—and I've got a good hunch they did it with a hickory stick. Anyway, the kid is 'regular.' If you don't think so, you should have seen him on the Fourth of July."

"We were on location in Rio Vista. Jackie and Junior didn't complain about working on the holiday at all—did their stuff like troupers—and it was hot as Hades. But in the evening, they behaved exactly as you'd expect any red-blooded boys to."

He told how the youngsters, instead of choosing some fitting amusement for "pampered darlings" of Hollywood, simply bought two bags of torpedoes and proceeded to see which one could make the most noise.

The two directors ventured forth from their stuffy hotel at what proved to be a most inopportune moment, and their intended leisurely stroll developed into much more vigorous exercise. The boys chased them the full length of the main street, pegging torpedoes at their flying feet, to the ribald amusement of the town's population which lined the curbs for the un-

scheduled Olympic event.

The distinguished movie nabobs, puffing furiously, and having lost the last vestige of dignity, finally found shelter from the bombardment in a small spot covered with soft earth. The boys couldn't see the condition of the ground and were at a loss to understand why their barrage of missiles suddenly refused to explode. They tried out all the best major league pitching technique—to no avail. Whole volleys of the toy grenades fell harmlessly at the feet of the enemy. The nonplussed warriors exhausted their munitions supply and were about to return to the store to demand their money back—when the directors gathered up all the unexploded weapons and forced the allies to a most inglorious and speedy retreat.

But the strategy department was working overtime, and the whole army—both members—made a bee line for the nearest filling station. They planted themselves by the gasoline pumps and couldn't be enticed an inch outside that admittedly "neutral" territory until an armistice had been signed at their own terms.

The seminar in child training was broken up only by the necessity of making a Paramount picture entitled "Huckleberry Finn." At last the cameras were placed at the right angle, the sound apparatus was cleared of extraneous noise, the reflectors were tilted on the subjects, the raft was started moving at the proper speed, autos in the vicinity were halted, the wave machine chomped up the water, the fire on the raft was lit once more, the director called for action—and the show went on.

Hollywood is the last place I ever expected to find authentic counterparts of those immortals, *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*. But I can assure you that Coogan and Durkin could have furnished Mark Twain material aplenty for a whole "raft" of *Sawyer-Finn* epics.

The Girl Who Refused To go Into Pictures

Continued from page 22

persuasion, to make the star "see the light." She usually manages to overcome severe cases of stubbornness, and in the long run she is thanked profusely for her suggestions.

She must be able to read character and analyze features. The hair is then arranged to match the personality. She must know how to soften or accentuate certain features of the face to suit character or camera requirements. She can change the very contour of the face or neck merely by the simple twist of a lock of hair.

And in that simple twist lies the secret of her art and the source of the enjoyment she gets out of it.

She finds her work a great thing for the training of her own character. With her, patience is not only a virtue but also a necessity.

Besides being ever sweet and even tempered with people who are finicky about their hair, Faye sometimes finds jobs that would try the well-known patience of Job.

For instance, in "The Bargain," Evalyn Knapp wore an eighteenth century powdered wig in a costume ball sequence. She had love scenes with John Darrow—and you can just imagine what a love scene can do to a delicately curled wig. After every take, Faye would have to go over the same work, over and over again. Then, during two days of shooting a rather stiff wind was blowing outside the sound stage. Whenever Evalyn Knapp would go out,



Part of the credit for Bebe Daniels' charm in "The Honor of the Family" is due Faye Hanlin, the little hair-dresser who'd rather stay out of the pictures.

to lunch or to her dressing room, she would return with the wig in utter disarray. It would take at least an hour to put the thing in perfect order again. Any other person but Faye would be dreaming about that wig for a month afterward.

Wigs are Faye's forte. She did nothing but dress wigs at the studio until she got her first opportunity.

A long memory is another quality she has cultivated. One of the things she has to watch is that an actress, in the final screening of a picture, does not exit from one room and suddenly enter the next with an altogether different style of hair-dress.

There are many times when one scene which immediately follows another is made perhaps two weeks later, and in the event of retakes even later than that. Faye has to remember to a hair just what the player's crowning glory was like and match it exactly.

Faye finds it all so exciting. There is no regular grind to it. She is able to learn and create new things every day.

Above all, she likes tests. These are always made just before a picture goes into production. At that time, wardrobe, different types of make-up and hair-dress are tested out and photographed. It is a time of experimentation when everyone concerned is having a grand time putting their new ideas to work. It is sometimes a time of great argument to convince the players when the right thing is hit upon.

Some pictures are fairly easy to handle. Faye finds Marilyn Miller a delightful subject, reasonable and understanding. But there are times when work piles up thick and fast. This was the case in "General Crack" when male wigs of the eighteenth century as well as the female players' hair had to be attended to.

On a few occasions, Faye has had the opportunity to work at other studios. Among those whose hair have benefited by her trained touch are Billie Dove, Mari-

lyn Miller, Ann Harding, Janet Gaynor, Sally O'Neil, Doris Kenyon, Evalyn Knapp, Loretta Young, Bebe Daniels and Irene Dunne.

Among the pictures she has worked on are "East Lynne," "The Bargain," "Her Majesty, Love," "The Man Who Came Back," "The Brat," "The Ruling Voice," "Honor of the Family" and "Consolation Marriage." The first picture to which she was assigned when she was promoted from wig-dressing was "Song of the West."

Through all of this she has heard the oft-repeated suggestion that she work in front of the camera instead of behind it. You could dangle a starring contract in front of her eyes and there wouldn't be a nibble. She is one girl who knows how to let well enough alone.

"When a lot of your present-day celebrities are wondering where their next job is coming from," she said, "I'll still be working comfortably and happily—as a hair-dresser."

Color!

Continued from page 53

"All shades of green are restful and inspiring to me," said Ann. "It has always been my favorite color. Some shades are creative and forceful, others are restful and refreshing.

"When I was a very, very young girl I wanted a dark purple dress more than anything in the world. Of course this color would never do for me at this time, and by the time I was old enough to wear it I realized it would be all wrong for me.

"I have reversed things, I think. There was a very definite urge in my very young days to wear sombre, dark colors and matronly things. I seemed to be years older in spirit than I am right now. Today, I love bright, cheerful colors, and definitely feel an emotional and physical response to them.

"However, here's a strange thing, bright orange or orange in any of its shades is a positive affront to me. I feel irritated and upset every time I see a big splash of orange anywhere. I know just how a bull must feel when he sees something red!"

Cheiro explains this antipathy of Ann's in the following way. Orange vibrations suggest light and heat and are cheerfully aggressive. In its duller shades it is typical of primitive, undeveloped minds. Half-castes of almost any race delight in orange.

Ann Harding being an altogether self-sufficient and cheerfully aggressive personality, subconsciously resents the scientific vibrations of orange. She has a mind that is quick and cultured, which, subconsciously, resents the stupidity and crudities of dull orange. Therefore, orange in any of its tones is a direct challenge to her own personality and vibrations.

It is amusing to note that every six people out of ten will tell you that blue is their favorite color.

This is especially true of men. John Boles, Edmund Lowe, Frank Albertson, Victor McLaglen, Maurice Chevalier, Fredric March, Charles Farrell, Warner Baxter, Charles Bickford and—well, you can almost name your own hero and it's a cinch he will choose blue as his first love, brown as his second!

Men seem to be less responsive to color vibrations than women. Perhaps this is largely because it is the women who select the colors in the home, and the colors of their gowns—and the men have to like it!

Most men will be embarrassed when you ask them their favorite color. They will immediately become self-conscious and say, "I've never thought much about it—but now that you mention it I believe I like blue better than any other color. Brown to wear, and blue to look at or in shirts, ties, and the bits of color we are permitted to wear."

Yet when hard pressed most men will admit they like colors and feel a certain physical and mental stimulation in a group



June MacCloy, a devotee of the smart Ascot scarf, which is so popular with the younger set. Her suit is black jersey, her scarf is white and two shades of green—and note the striped belt to match the scarf.

of women dressed in rainbow colors. But none of them have ever analyzed their color reactions and know nothing concrete about it.

Ah, but the women do!

Joan Crawford, born under the Aries sign, favors blue in all its softer shades. Her dressing room is a symphony in Alice blue, and her gowns when working are most often in the same shade.

"There is something calm and soothing about soft shades of blue," says Joan. "There is something substantial and reliable about the shade to a tense nature like mine. I like vividly hued sports clothes for summer and black and white for winter. There is a sombreness in black for winter that seems to add to the personal appeal of any woman."

Joan is excessively dramatic and intense. She is moody—high one day, low the next; never is she completely relaxed and alto-

gether normal in spirits. Therefore, her selection in colors is much like her nature, moody and erratic. But she is obedient to her zodiac, in that she prefers blues and all rose shades.

"Concrete evidence of what a great, yet subtle, power color wields over human beings and their temperaments was given me just a short while ago," said Joan.

"Doug and I had our Spanish home properly decorated in heavy reds and oranges when we first moved in. We had the absolutely correct color scheme for the architecture but it was proven incorrect for Doug and I.

"We were restless and ill at ease at home. We never seemed to just fit into the atmosphere. One day I told Douglas that I was sure it was the colors made us so fidgety. We immediately had the house redecorated according to our own tastes and needs and you could never guess the difference in the atmosphere of that house!"

"I cannot advise young people too strongly to decorate their homes in their own color preferences. One is very apt to find just the proper thing for the house atmosphere is just the wrong thing for your own peace and happiness. Homes should carry the personality of its occupants—not the atmosphere of a country or a period!"

Gloria Swanson is also an Aries subject and she too selects the soft shades of blue, preferably poudre as her favorite color.

"Poudre blue seems to bring me a feeling of efficiency and quiet force. I never seem to get so easily ruffled when gowned in this shade as I do in other colors. I had never really stopped to realize this fact before, but I do know that if I have a particularly trying day ahead of me I will invariably pick a costume with poudre blue predominant to wear.

"In my surroundings I like chartreuse. This is a color that is not obtrusive, yet it is an energetic shade to me, restful and pleasing. The softest rose shades also seem to complement my more restful moods."

Thus, you see, Gloria proves the stars don't lie!

Mary Brian, though born under the Pisces sign, selects this same soft shade of blue as her preference. This is permitted her in her color chart as a secondary shade. Also she prefers the softer rose shades.

"It seems to me when I wear poudre blue I am surrounded with an aura of peace and security. It is hard to explain but I feel tolerant of the whole world, optimistic and safe in this color. Sounds silly, but I know it is definitely true."

Marlene Dietrich, distinctive individualist, has her own likes which have nothing to do with her stellar influences. Born under Capricorn influence she should surround herself with darker shades, so says the chart, but Marlene positively selects pale shades of blue and soft rose red.

Blue is distinctly an inspirational color,



Margaret Livingston, the new (and red-headed) Mrs. Paul Whiteman, made him shed fifty pounds. That's making a new man of Paul!

while rose red is definitely an emotional shade. Marlene is decidedly inspirational in her vibrations and is a very intensely emotional nature. She feels in harmony with her proper color vibrations and accepts their influence.

Yet Cheiro says she would find herself in much happier and better physical and mental condition did she heed the scientific message of her color chart and follow its suggestions.

"Blue refines, cools, delays. It is at once electrical and a depressant. In certain shades it is cold, truthful, calming," states Marlene. "Soft restful shades of blues are flattering to an intense nature and have a tendency to demand repression.

"Again a slight touch of rose red in my attire and in my surroundings is warm, hospitable and exhilarating in a gentle un-aggressive way."

Marlene does not answer to the mass conception of anything. She is an individualist and likes it!

Then there is the exotic and much publicized Greta Garbo who practically always wears browns in all their varying shades. Born September 18th, she comes under Virgo and should favor all shades of light gray, white and glistening materials.

Once more we have an individualist who responds to her own wishes in any matter, regardless of any preconceived ideas! Being introspective, aloof in personality, one whose whole nature is in a low key, she always selects neutral colors to wear which give her no emotional or physical reaction. She does not wish to be stirred by any outside influence.

On the other hand her dressing rooms at the studio are in rich, deep reds and royal blues. She likes to submerge her own gray, depressed spirit in heavy, rich colors, but tries in no way to bring out her own personality in dress or color affection.

Norma Shearer likes green best of all. This does not coincide with the demands of her sign, which is Leo. However, she does answer the color urge of her sign without just knowing why.

"I like all pastel shades in my costumes," she says. "All my gowns are selected in these half shades and soft tones. I believe I like gray, a soft pearl gray, almost as much as green."

Leo subjects, it will be remembered, *should* favor half tones, and electric gray is a lucky shade for them.

"I like green in my surroundings more than in my costumes," explains Norma. "There is a restfulness about the delicate pastel shades which gives me a certain gentle stimulation and a feeling of feminine daintiness and luxury."

Thus Norma answers the call of her sign while earnestly believing green her own personal choice as a favorite color.

Ruth Chatterton coming under the same sign as Marlene Dietrich obeys her color chart in every particular. She prefers dark colors in her costumes. She rarely, if ever, wears very light shades.

"Light shades are too neutral and without character," she says. "Brilliant colors seem to absorb my vitality, rather than to feed it. Yet always in my surroundings I must have raspberry red. I receive a direct physical stimulation from this color.

"Often if I am very tired and emotionally exhausted from a heavy dramatic scene, I will come to my dressing room in which this color predominates. I will lie down and relax. Strange as it may sound, I am positive I am physically fed by the colors in this room!"

Lilyan Tashman, who would sacrifice any personal desires for style, pays no heed to her sign, which is Scorpio.

"I like green in all its moods. Green predominates in my home and I usually have some touch of green in sports clothes. However, I adhere to blacks, grays, whites and navy blues in my costumes because there is a certain dash of sophistication and smartness to these colors that green can never acquire. For some reason green is not a smart and sophisticated color; it is, however, restful and satisfying to a restless spirit. Therefore I need it in my home and dressing room."

Janet Gaynor, true to her sign of Libra, acclaims her favorite color is blue.

"I like blue in everything, but I also like almost every color of the rainbow if harmoniously blended and in dainty tones. Colors carry a happy and uplifting message if they are just right, but a dark, dismal, or dirty shade depresses me. But if I must make one selection I know my true favorite is blue."

And Janet did not know that that was all right and proper according to the zodiac when she said it!

Jeanette MacDonald, born under Gemini, says, "I like all colors but I feel best in tans and browns. I have so much vitality that I need to surround myself with colors which are not stimulating. However, I like pastel shades for afternoon and evening wear and in my home and dressing room."

Light shades are advised for Gemini subjects so Jeanette obeys the stars in part, if she *does* personally prefer brown, which is not mentioned in her color chart.

Maureen O'Sullivan, true to her Irish traditions, prefers green in her furnishings and surroundings and true to her sign of Taurus she states blue is her favorite color.

"If I am going through any special sort of mental ordeal, I always carefully dress in blue," says Maureen. "I really like all colors that are pretty. No one color ever annoys me, unless it clashes with another uncomplimentary shade, then I cannot bear to look at it."

"On the other hand there is Dorothy Mackaill who states emphatically, "*Anything* but red! I just naturally have an antipathy for red as great as the proverbial bull. I do not know why this is, but I have a tendency to turn away as quickly as possible when I see a big splash of red anywhere. If I meet someone dressed in red,

an instantaneous dislike arises in me for that person in spite of myself. I have never been able to understand it."

Dorothy comes under the Pisces sign and should be surrounded by all shades of crimson and rose. Yet these shades violently antagonize her!

"Some time in her life something has happened to her which either frightened or repulsed her violently. In some way this event is associated in her mind with the color red. This is an unnatural antipathy which has a subconscious cause not normal to the girl herself," says Cheiro.

This is the only color reaction Dorothy seems to feel in any way. It is so powerful as to neutralize any other color impression.

Marie Dressler has her own definite color preferences which have nothing to do with her sign, Scorpio. She likes the deeper shades of green and all shades of yellow. Yellow is indicative of wisdom, cheerfulness, optimism. All shades of yellow are stimulating and invigorating. Green is creative, restful, inspiring and cool.

"I love the cheer and optimism of yellow. My home is all in the yellow and green tones and it does not matter the mood I may be in when I come home, the colors seem to neutralize any tenseness. It is restful, calming, and soothing. Green seems to feed me physically."

"By all means white is my favorite color," says beautiful Billie Dove. "I feel peaceful and secure in white. There is a certain individuality and poise in white which no other color seems to lend me. I like certain shades of red, too. Just touches of it, rather than anything *all* red."

Billie is a Taurus subject and while white is her own personal preference, her leaning toward reds and rose shades comes naturally with her sign.

And there you have it! You see if you respond to the right color influence in your life you will feel and look just right! You will attract harmonious forces and repel none. You will be moving in your lucky aura and will attract good things to you.

Why don't you try it? I'm going to! I was all crossed up in my color scheme but Cheiro straightened me out—and I am wearing colors I have never worn before—and *liking* it! Maybe there is something to it!



Ann Andrews, who has been prominent on the stage herself, supports Tallulah Bankhead in "The Cheat."



"I left school when I was twelve. I never learned to spell regret," Marian tells Mark.

don't still care for that—Mr. Moreland?"

"No. It isn't he, and no one else wants to marry me."

"Then I'm going to keep right on asking you."

The next evening Al and Marian took in the sights of Coney. They went on all the rides and ate hot dogs. Sitting on the horses of the merry-go-round, Al started to philosophize.

"You know we men are all pretty much alike. We like to think we stand alone—but there's generally a woman standing beside us."

"Where did you ever get a line like that?" she said laughing.

"Oh—me and Mark Whitney were discussing women today. He's going to do great things for us."

"Us?"

"Sure. I told him landing the contract meant as much to you as it did to me. You know, a little sales talk. 'Young man anxious to get married needs big opportunity.' I thought it would make a hit with him."

He talked on, never noticing that Marian had turned white as a ghost. She suddenly felt an intense hatred of Al and a contempt for all his stupid bragging. There were a great many things she could have said, but she chose not to waste time. The thing to do was to see Mark at once and tell him the man was lying. She suggested that they stay on for another ride, and as Al felt to get the tickets, she slipped down and disappeared in the crowd.

Later in the evening she was at Mark's waiting for him to return. Soon she heard voices in the hall, and not wanting to be found there when he arrived with friends, she went into a room adjoining the drawing room to wait. The voices were deep. She could not help hearing. At first she could not understand. It was the first intimation she had had of it. In a few moments, however, it was all clear to her. Mark was being offered the nomination for Governor. There were congratulations and handshakings—and suddenly she heard this:

"What are you going to do about Mrs. Moreland? You can't run for Governor unless you give her up. There's such a thing as respectability, you know."

She waited for Mark's voice.

"I assure you, gentlemen, you have nothing to worry about. I shall be married to Mrs. Moreland before I am announced as your candidate."

"You can't do it," a strange voice argued. "There'd be a whispering campaign—"

"I'm not your man then!"

More talk to which Marian did not listen. She had heard enough to know what should

be done. She waited till they had gone and then slipped out a side door. After a few minutes, she arrived formally through the front entrance.

"You didn't meet anyone outside, did you?" Mark asked after an affectionate greeting.

"No. Perhaps I shouldn't have come unannounced."

"It isn't that. Only tonight it might have been awkward if you'd run into them."

"Why don't you get me a book of rules," she shouted, trying to work herself into a temper, "and tell me what hours to come? You know—employees of this organization will observe the following conduct during working hours. Only I work a 24 hour shift. I'm sick of it!"

"Oh, my dear. You've a right to say these things. I've been stupid. I should have said this before—will you marry me?"

"The cleverest lawyer in New York, but a fool with women. Your vanity is magnificent."

"What do you mean?"

"That I'm through with you. I'm going to marry Al Manning."

"So what that small-town job hunter told me was true! I thought he was lying. That you wouldn't let me get news like that from anyone but you."

"I intended you should hear it from me. That's why I came here tonight."

"You love him?"

"Yes."

"I don't believe it. No woman could pretend to love a man the way you loved me."

"Oh, yes, she could—if that was the way she earned her living."

That was the parting stab. It had to be something like that to send him away from her disgusted enough never to want to see her again. There had been no other

way out unless she wanted to ruin his whole future.

* * *

"Do you realize," said Al a few days later, "that we've been engaged ten whole minutes and you haven't kissed me?"

"Not until I tell you the truth about something you should know. Then perhaps you won't want to."

"Not me—I've waited three years for that kiss."

"That's it, you see," she explained, trying to break it gently. "I haven't waited."

"You mean—your husband—"

"There wasn't any husband. All this Mark Whitney is responsible for."

"So that's what you are!" Al shouted. "And I was willing to marry you. Well, I don't want you now."

"Don't talk to me like that!"

"How do you expect to be talked to? Like a decent woman? I should have known the way you'd turn out. You wanted clothes and money and jewelry. And how did you get them? A politician—a sport—Mark Whitney."

He would have said more, but the name, Whitney, recalled something to his mind. A strange expression came over his face.

"My contract!" he said almost in a whisper. "I won't get my contract! Listen, Marian. You've got to square me with Whitney. Perhaps I spoke too quickly. You had a right to live your own life. Fix it with Whitney, and I'll marry you."

Very calmly Marian walked to the telephone.

"A gentleman is just leaving my apartment," she told the operator. "Will you please call a taxi?"

Just before election Mark Whitney was talking to a crowded auditorium in New York. Since his recent speaking tour, his

Clark Gable, who used to play those rough-hewn, man-of-the-soil rôles, fits nicely into a drawing-room as a wealthy and successful man in his newest picture. And Joan Crawford is lovelier than ever.



party had no doubt that he would carry the State by a good majority. Even Mark was beginning to feel secure in the results, and his self-confidence was having a good effect on his speeches.

"I have discussed the question of old age," Mark said as part of his introduction, "security against want, the question of the bond issue for housing the unfortunate wards of the State, the matter of farm and rural tax relief, and the equalization of rural taxes. Tonight I will discuss the question of water power."

There was a burst of applause, but as soon as it had died down, a voice shouted:

"Aw, dry up. Who cares about water? Tell us about prohibition. What do you think of that?"

"I think we should have enough champagne to christen all our battleships!"

Mark continued. Soon another voice yelled:

"Let's hear about capital punishment!"

"Don't you think capital's been punished enough?" he replied not a bit perturbed.

A volley of questions was hurled at him.

"What do you think of prison reform?"

"I'd rather reform our citizens than our prisons."

"Tell us what you think about parole for convicts."

"Gladly. I believe that no man's past and no woman's past should be held against them!"

"Now answer this one. Who is 'Mrs. Moreland'?"

Others took up the cry.

"Yes, who is 'Mrs. Moreland'? Trot her out. Let's have a look at her."

Mark stood there dazed. This was one time he did not know how to answer them. Suddenly a woman's voice was heard:

"She is nothing to Mark Whitney! I am 'Mrs. Moreland.' I was in his life once. I am not in his life now. He belongs to you—to all of you who are here tonight."

"He don't belong to me," shouted one.

"No?" Marian answered quickly. "Because you were hired by his enemies to play this contemptible trick. Men who can be bought and sold have no claim on



Remember seeing Joan Crawford and Clark Gable together in "Laughing Sinners"? As leading man and woman in their new dramatic story, "Possessed," they will give you many throbbing moments.

Mark Whitney. And what is this crime they've unearthed against him? Is he a murderer? Or a thief? He loved a woman, and she loved him. Do you want to tear his heart open? Do you want to pry into his deepest secrets? You don't have to. I'll tell you what's in it. Everything that was fine and honest and chivalrous. How many of you could get off so easily? Be honest. Don't let the cowards rob you. Mark Whitney belongs to you! Keep him!"

Marian turned and ran out of the auditorium. Now all was silent there. The

audience stared blankly after her, and still continued to sit after Mark jumped down from the platform and hurried away. He caught up with Marian outside the building.

Mark took her arm and walked with her for a while in silence.

"I don't care what they do to me back there," he said at last. "If I win, it's going to be with you. If I lose, it will still be with you."

Marian would have replied, but she was crying. Anyway, there would be plenty of time to talk!

The Private Life of Mr. James Durante

Continued from page 83

"First, you must know my depressiveness is complete. I am retracted to the limit. I can't eat but three or four meals a day. I can scarcely keep my attitude. Here I am, just a youth on the loose, a child of the gods, strong, handsome—well, strong, anyway—wealthy, famous, and fond of little children. And where is she—where is she?"

"Well, to make a long story short, or maybe you want a long story, I dunno—but anyway, I comes out to Hollywood and when they signs me up I don't wanta listen to no business. What do I want to go to work for? Well, they tells me about the reducements of working for M-G-M. They reads me off all the big shots I'll be with. Marion Davies, Joan Crawford, Jackie Cooper, Wallace Beery, John Gilbert, Buster Keaton, Lawrence Tibbett, Clark Gable, Greta Garbo—and they gets to Greta Garbo and I lets out a shriek. I lams on the desk and puts it up square to 'em, listen, I says, do I work with Greta Garbo and they says sure you work with

Greta Garbo and I says you mean I really work with Greta Garbo and they says sure you work with Greta Garbo and here's the pen sign on the dotted line. Am I hysterical? I wrote my right name, for the first time since I voted twice for Al Smith.

"Eighteen days pass I don't work with Greta Garbo but this guy Gable mauls her all around the place in a part I wanted. I waits for Gable and one day I finds him in the barber shop. So I ups to him and he ups to me but I manages somehow to keep my attitude. You're only a shrimp he says and laughs and I says you're only a shrimp and laughs too and he laughs some more and I laughs some more so he pays his check and I pay mine.

"The scene now shifts to Garbo's dressing room. It's in the cool of a perfect morning and the world seems to be down on its knees singing *Mammy*. I've changed my tactics and decided not to take the situation up with the Producers' Association. I've bought me a new shirt and I

wear a tweed overcoat. I even go for a beret and I pack a Swedish dictionary under one arm and a box of *kraekerbrot* under the other.

"I sing the Swedish anthem a couple of times and throw gardenias at the dressing room door, shouting in fluted cadenzas, 'Oh Greta, may I come in?' Along comes a cop and he puts on a big effrontery and starts assuming things and saying you can't hang out here and I says Garbo is waiting for me and he says Garbo ain't waiting for you or nobody else and I says she is and he says she isn't and then somebody threw a shoe over the transom and struck us both with a coincidence.

"It's many weeks later and I'm still in complete rejection. I've pressed my suit and been to the Brown Derby. I carry a cane. I'm on the beach at Malibu feeding seagulls and a little birdie, out of appreciation, whispers something in my ear. I can't believe my eyes but I know what I hear. Garbo has just eaten a big meal of *smorgasbrod*, *lutfisk* and *julgrob* and is

going in swimming! Yep, in the water!

"I knew what that meant—maybe I wouldn't be too late. I would save her from drowning. Me, with a Red Cross diploma from the Grand Street Boy Scout Council, I knew the peril of swimming after a heavy meal of *smorgasbrod*, *lutfisk* and *julgrub*—me alone, no one else!

"I ran into Leila Hyams' place to borrow a bathing suit. On the way I met with an encounter. It was Clark Gable. He laughed and I laughed and then he laughed some more, I laughed some more to think he was laughing without knowing what I was laughing for. What's up, he says and I says, nothing, so he walks off laughing one way and I walks off laughing another way.

"No sooner do I get in my bathing suit than I hear a scream. A *scream*, well, a S-C-R-E-E-E-AM, more like. It turns my blood into cold water and then back again before I get my attitude. I am impassioned with speed. On the beach there is pantomime. Everyone is running, yelling, hollering, and making utterances like, oh, she is drowning—help her—fire—murder and police, and so forth. I don't wait to hear all the remarks since they weren't personal. I scans the horizon. There is a bobbing head. A hand reaching for someone and not finding anyone there—but that's another song. I casts about for a straw. A drowning man will cling to one. Why not a drowning woman? I tears the skirt off a Hawaiian princess and dashes in the surf. I swallows enough brine to turn into corned beef. Nearer and nearer—are you



Jimmy Durante, impersonating a zebra wearing pants, tells one to Lawrence Tibbett.

following me?—I approach the victim. Soon I will have Greta Garbo in my arms. The thought runs up a temperature and the water boils like a cauldron.

"At last I reach her. She has her hat jammed over her face and is throwing her arms around wild. I slugs her in the jaw and starts back to the beach. The crowds are intensified. I jerk off her hat and looked. What do you think I saw?"

Mr. Durante's eyes burned like hot coals.

"Greta Garbo," we suggested.

"No, Polly Moran!" he gasped.

"She ups to me and socks me, bawling me out for interfering when she was trying to scream loud enough to attract Clark Gable's attention!"

Mr. Durante was now in tears.

"And what did you do?" we asked kindly.

"Me? Oh, I ups to her and threw her back in the ocean!"

The chauffeur turned in his seat and yanked Mr. Durante by the collar.

"Hey, you mugs," he snarled. "Get outa this car—here comes Mr. Tibbett and he's in a hurry to get home!"

Editor's Note: For those who are interested in some of the more sober facts about the incomparable zany whose heart-rending story is told above, here you are: James Durante was born in New York City in February, 1894. He went on the stage at an early age, and later became famous as one of the team of Clayton, Jackson and Durante. His latest and best talkie was with William Haines in "The New Adventures of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford."

Confessions of a Lonely Hollywoodian

Continued from page 23

high-minded beings who envied Jim and Betty; and if you have ever been tempted to become a Jim or a Betty, just listen to the confession of one who tried it and what he found out.

The only success that I can claim in this business of complete emancipation is that I did attain a state of ridiculous detachment. In other words, I gave the idea a fair break and a chance to perform the miracle of perfect bliss; but Old Man Bliss would have none of it, and he very inconsiderately marched off in the opposite direction.

That state which I visualized and achieved was, in form, a sort of personal Monroe Doctrine. No entangling alliances, no treaties, and no concessions. This meant that no one person could be the object of any affection or sentiment on my part.

"Love the world and all in it!" said I boldly, with the martyred look of the hero in an ancient melodrama.

Yes, I actually believed it could satisfy that natural craving to love.

At first, I got a kick out of playing God (for that is really what it amounted to). I began to think that the lives of the garbage collector and the bootblack were as important to me as those of my immediate family and long tried friends. I am sure Pollyanna was never as gay and cheerful and as concerned for a stranger's happiness as I. Never have I been subject to so much suspicion for being either a lunatic or a salesman as during that attack of love-your-neighbor.

But the whole thing was a smoke screen, and a very inefficient one at that. It was a desperate attempt to avoid being hurt by allowing affection to center on no one person. Life was free all right—and how!

I had to give account of myself to no one. There was no one concerned about what I did or where I went. I became so busy being an individual and living my own life that I forgot for the time being to notice how desperately lonely and empty life was becoming. I killed myself by saying that it was only the change and that I would soon get used to it. But it got worse.

My new-found freedom became the worst prison I ever hope to find myself in. I began to long for someone to care enough to be interested in whether I was alive or dead. Surely there must be some happy medium between an all-consuming love for one, and social suicide.

Then one day I got a new angle on the whole business. It came apparently as an accident, but I honestly believe it was the manifestation of a very definite plan.

All cars have a habit of running out of gas unexpectedly at some time or other, especially when your needle gauge isn't working—which is generally the case with mine. But to cut a long preamble short, I ran out of gas on an unfamiliar road almost directly opposite one of the most charming farm bungalows which abound in the valleys of Southern California.

After admiring the neatness and pretty arrangement of the front garden, and stopping to speak to a very friendly fox terrier which ran down the steps to greet me, I rang the bell of the house, hoping to be lucky enough to purchase a gallon or two of gas or else telephone to the nearest garage.

A fair-haired lad—just a youngster, really—answered my ring, and when I explained my difficulty, informed me that both his mother and father were away in the car, but that I might use the telephone if I wished.

I was ushered into a sunny room in the rear of the house where, to my astonishment, I saw a very beautiful girl stretched out on a rather worn chaise-longue. She smiled, but it was not a smile of surprise—rather of welcome. The lad explained my presence and she insisted upon looking up the number of the garage for me while I protested feebly. I called the number of the garage and was told that a car would be sent immediately with a can of gas, but that it would be at least five minutes on the way.

In those five or ten minutes that I had to wait, I had one of the most delightful conversations I have ever had. I discovered that the girl was the lad's sister and that she had been crippled from babyhood. She had spent all of her twenty years of life in the chair in which I now found her.

Here was a sample of apparently the most imprisoned being I had come in contact with; but to my utter amazement I found her at the same time the freest of free beings. She possessed a wondrous quantity of intuition, and without my stating any of my complex troubles, she seemed to divine the whole miserable affair of my disastrous marriage, my disappointment and fear of further hurt.

As she talked, without inhibition or self-consciousness, I suddenly began to see quite plainly that my effort for freedom was based on cowardice. I was running away from the very things that were to make me an individual being with strength of character. I suddenly saw that freedom would not come from any outward pose or effort of the conscious or even unconscious will.

In those few precious minutes I saw quite clearly that freedom—the freedom I was seeking—would come only from

within. I must return to life, accept its hurts, heartaches, disillusionments, and fear no pain.

Something dropped from me like a coat thrown aside on a warm June day. In this sunny room with this amazing creature, there came the first peace and surety I had experienced for a long time. I felt that I wanted to kneel and thank her,

but I had to be satisfied with shaking her hand. However, when our eyes met, I knew she was aware that I had received her message.

I hurried home with a new understanding and a new zest for life and love and companionship and come what may!

Although I am now hopelessly tied with responsibilities of my own invention—ob-

ligations, duties, ties of affection and friendship—I am conscious that I am living and loving it and have found a new freedom whose secret lies in not caring what actually happens to or hurts or pleases yours truly, but in being sure that whatever it is, it serves to strengthen, fortify and mellow that rebellious thing called Ego.

Picture This!

Continued from page 58

whites of the maid's eyes began to show enormously in her dark face. Would missy ever forgive her, but she took home the flat iron to do up her chillen's best dresses and she forgot to bring it back!

Irene assured her that the heavens were not going to fall in bits over her woolly head, and jumped into the deep blue bathing suit and then into the deep, blue tile swimming pool for the first pictures.

The water splashed up around her make-up, spoiling it for the camera. That meant bringing the cosmetic kit to the edge of the pool and repairing her make-up before the official business of the afternoon could be started.

Once in the pool, it took a great amount of persuasion to get Irene out again.

"Do you know," she called over her shoulder as she moved from eight to twelve feet of water, "someone dropped me in a lake when I was a youngster, believing the Spartan method was the best, and the result was that I was petrified of the water until I was seventeen. From then on I loved it. Look at this." She demonstrated a new stroke.

"Sure, I know," agreed the photographer, cocking his eye in the direction of the sun and wishing the actress' interest in the water would not continue with such avidity. Next for riding clothes. Everyone in

the menage looked for the last resting place of the bootjack. When it was tracked to its lair, Irene turned from her mother's letter with its news about her "kid" brother planning on paying her a visit to what appeared to be the impossible task of getting on the boots. Irene tried to remember where she had last seen her riding hose after they had been unpacked from that last trip to Carmel. At last, with everybody's help, Irene went into the boots with a thud and the party moved on to Griffith Park, where inquiries were made for a very old and very gentle horse.

Horses, like water, were another case of Irene's childhood coming face to face with her present. A fearless rider as a child, she had been thrown from a horse and had experienced the usual fright ever since when brought in the vicinity of a stirrup.

"The first day I worked in my first film, 'Just a Gigolo', they got me into a riding habit and explained the scene, which was to be mostly on horseback. I had to admit my fear, so they dug up—almost literally—the oldest nag in California, a horse so old she nearly collapsed before the scene was over."

The horse that afternoon in Griffith Park was ancient, but not too much so to lack staunch ideas. Apparently she didn't like being photographed.

"My sympathy, Horse," said Irene, "I can work all day on the set and it doesn't bother me at all, but still pictures give me the shivers."

Twenty minutes passed while two grooms tried to make the nag raise her ears in nice photographic points.

"Whom are you photographing, the horse or me?" Irene asked with a great deal of interest.

"All right, if you think the great American Public would be interested in seeing a picture of you on what looks like a donkey, okay," said the photographer.

Just then the work of the two grooms was rewarded. After those twenty long minutes of brandishing sticks in the air in the hope of bringing the horse's ears to alertness, the elderly animal gave an amazing heave. Had it not been for the fact that Irene had insisted on a western saddle she would have been somewhere else but in the saddle.

It was discovered at this point, after a great deal of checking under the black hood of the camera, that the horse was not an excellent photographic specimen. She was dismissed in ignominy, her screen career blasted in its incipient state, and a mare brought out who had a distinguished white forehead mark and shapely legs.

The camera shutter clicked many times for the horse "art," as photographs are called in the profession, before the photographer got just what he wanted.

A group of interested spectators, attracted by the combination of pretty girl



Irene Purcell's bridle day (note the spelling carefully). After a fall from a horse at the age of eight Irene thought she was cured; but she had to take to the saddle again when filming "The Man in Possession." Now it's a daily habit.

and good-looking horse, had to be continually shooed away from the focus of the camera by the photographer's assistant. Had there been no assistant the Irene Purcell negatives that afternoon would have been filled with the backs of heads of people who loved to ogle actresses and pet horses.

A little boy balanced his bicycle against a tree trunk and joined the sightseers. He considered a promised photograph a fair exchange for the use of his bike.

"But I've never been on a bike in my

life," objected Irene, laughing at him.

"Can you dive?" asked the photographer. Because she could he insisted it would be simple for her to ride a bicycle. Science had proved it; a matter of poise and balance.

With some trepidation Irene climbed on the wheel and after a few minutes' of experiment found it easy handling. In fact, it proved such an exhilarating experience that she begged for just a little while to ride up the road.

She disappeared in a large whirl of dust

on the road that leads to Mount Hollywood.

The photographer waited and waited and waited. Maybe Irene had essayed to climb Mount Hollywood, he thought, as he fell into a light doze against his camera case. Time went on, and still no Irene.

Some time later there was the sound of bicycle brakes on the gravel and a voice called out of the darkness: "I'm back!"

The photographer roused himself, called to his assistant for the flashlight powder, and "shot" Irene Purcell!

Moody Mae

Continued from page 30

with me and I'm just no good for anything while I'm in the throes of one."

"What in the world have you got to be depressed about?" I asked curiously.

"I'm jiggered if I know," she responded. "I tell myself, 'you've got a good job, you're young and healthy, you've got your family here, you've got a nice home—of course, it isn't all paid for yet, but still I've got it—you get nice notices for your work'—but it doesn't do any good. All I can think of is to talk back to myself and say 'Well—and so what?'"

Mae is a gourmet of the emotions. She lives on them. Nothing that happens to her can be dismissed from her mind until the last drop of emotion has been squeezed out of it.

Once when she first went on the stage, someone told her she would never be a great actress until her heart had been broken. Mae wasn't even remotely in love with anyone at the time. Then she met a personable young chap who showed an interest in her (platonic) and she worked on herself until she was firmly convinced she was desperately in love with him.

Having achieved that state, she deliberately picked a quarrel with him one night and could hardly get rid of him quickly enough. No sooner had the door closed on him than she flew upstairs to her room to see how she looked with a broken heart. Not noticing much difference in her appearance, she sat down before the glass, struck different poses and assured herself in dramatic tones: "Your heart is broken. He's gone out of your life—forever. He's never coming back. You'll never be the same carefree girl again."

She laughs about it now but, at the time, it was very serious. Her heart has been broken in earnest several times since then.

Once, in one of her moods, she said bitterly, "I just can't go on living like this. I meet someone, fight against falling in love, try to make myself remember how I've been hurt before—and discover it's no use. I find I'm in love in spite of anything I can do. And then I start idealizing, put all my hopes and faith in the person and—crash! Everything comes tumbling down about me. Life shouldn't be like that. You wonder what you're here for."

"You think too much about yourself," I said brutally. "You've thought about yourself so much you've lost all sense of proportion and values."

"You're right," she agreed promptly. "But what am I to do? Pictures are hard work in that you have to be on the set for such long hours at a time, but there are long, long waits between scenes. No one has enough thoughts on other things to occupy all those stretches between shots. You can't read constantly and even if I were the type who sewed, I'd find myself thinking as I stitched. I think," she fin-

ished facetiously, "I'll go on a farm and be a milkmaid and wear myself out so I'll be too tired at night to think."

She worries and frets continually. One thing that harasses her is her lack of education. Yet she is extraordinarily intelligent. "I sit here talking to you," she said, "and worry over every word I utter for fear I'm not expressing myself clearly."

I only wish that I could express *myself* as well!

"I think," she went on, "I must educate myself." I start reading a history. There are allusions to something that preceded the era I'm studying. I get another history to look up those references and find that alludes to something else. And before I know it, I'm in a hopeless muddle. So I throw down the books and wonder what in the world I can ever make of myself."

Before she married Lew Brice, Mae and Barbara Stanwyck were inseparable chums. Barbara preceded her to Hollywood. When Mae arrived at the Fox lot, the first thing she did was to look up Barbara. They had lunch together a couple of times but the old camaraderie was missing. Whether it was that both had married, whether it was the fact that, at the time, Mae was scheduled for great things and Barbara was having a hellish time trying to get a foothold in pictures, or whether it was just that they had grown away from each other, Mae has never been able to figure out.

"All I knew was that there I sat with the dearest friend I've ever had and there was a constraint between us as though we were strangers. It seemed to me there *must* be something I could do to get us back to the old footing. It seemed as though if I could just bridge those silences everything would be all right. So I began jabbering. It was when I was scheduled to make 'Big Time.' The studio had promised me big things and, as there seemed nothing else to talk about, I chattered about that picture. The picture didn't mean half as much to me as getting close to Barbara again."

"But she didn't understand. And afterwards she told someone I was getting high-hat. And all I could think was 'Frank Fay is a big success out here. She's going to be a lady now and she doesn't want to have anything to do with me because I'm a link that binds her to the past. And, in the past, although we were good girls, we weren't ladies.'"

Poor Mae. Poor Barbara. Even now, after almost three years, Mae still worries and struggles to bring back to life a dead friendship.

Barbara has recently settled her difficulties with Columbia and returns to them to make "Forbidden." Mae is to go over there to do a picture, too. "We'll be there at the same time," she said, and added wistfully, "I wish we could get together and straighten things out."



You can't change a leopard's spots—but who wants to when they're fashionable spots? Peggy Shannon selects this leopard number, and we're for it, too.

and nine tenths of the time she is either treading on air or floundering in the depths. Most of the time it's the latter. She's convinced these moods are hereditary.

"My mother has them. So does my father. Even my fourteen-year-old brother sings the blues every once in a while. He goes out in the garage and just sits there and no one dares disturb him—not even to tell him dinner is ready. There's a standing gag around the house here. We're always asking each other, 'Who's in the garage this week?'" She laughed mirthlessly.

"Isn't it funny how these spells take hold of you? They usually last about two weeks

When she is in one of her "moods" she is addicted to the practice of going to fortune-tellers. "Not," she explained, "that I believe what they tell me, but they talk about me, which bolsters up my ego, and they prophesy great things for me, which makes me feel good even though, as I say, I don't put any stock in it."

She is five feet three inches tall, weighs around a hundred and ten pounds, has blonde hair and brown eyes. She is an expert swimmer, plays golf and is fond of fishing. When prompted to cry over anything she writes poetry and one of her efforts—"Just a Bust"—has been taken by an editor for early publication.

She likes to ride horseback but says, as a rule, she is scared to death of the horse, and whenever she starts out on a ride, takes a bag of loaf sugar along for her mount. She gives him a couple of pieces before they start to cultivate a feeling of good will and lets him see her put the rest in her pocket in hopes he'll understand that if he behaves himself he can have the rest when they get back!

Her closest friends are Mary Brian and Florence Lake, and the three of them bang around Hollywood together.

Florence once explained carefully to me that they aren't the domestic type and none of them even knows how to boil water. And when they try to arrange flowers artistically in a bowl, the result looks like a radio message in Sanskrit.

As stated, Mae has a grand sense of humor and is always good for a million or so laughs. But it's when she's in one of her moods that I like her best, because then she quits worrying over what people think of her and whether or not they like her. Words come tumbling forth, fairly tripping over themselves, and it's then you see what she's really like.

You can take it from one who knows, that the girl you see on the screen is not half so charming as the one who laughs bitterly and says, "We were good girls, but we weren't ladies!" and who forlornly hopes that the admission shocks you and that you might even believe it—which you never, never do!



Black and white ensembles predominate this season. Mary Nolan's white blouse is trimmed with black fox fur, and her small black felt hat has a little touch of white. Take a tip from Mary, girls.

Made-To-Order Reputations

Continued from page 33

and lounge in backless bathing suits. Ruth Chatterton, Ann Harding, and Kay Francis are three of our foremost ladies. Their sympathy with the rules of Emily Post is so well-known that in real life they never fear social criticism. A lady is a lady, no matter what she does. Ruth Chatterton may say, "I'm a bum!" but you don't believe her half as much as you give credence to Clara Bow's "I'm a sap!" declaration.

For sweetness and light, who can approach Lois Wilson? She is famed as the movies' Elsie Dinsmore. Actually, she has more fire than La Bow. Lois knows what she wants and heaven help you if it doesn't materialize. Nancy Carroll also has a cherubic look. But if you worked with her you wouldn't describe her as having a mild disposition.

When you think of Gloria Swanson, what immediately flashes into your mind? Money! She's rolling in it. All the world, except Gloria and her banker, knows that.

You've heard what a versatile boy wonder Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. is. He longs to paint, write, and draw. The truth is

that he follows these alternative muses only for the remuneration forthcoming. At that, Joan has to sit him down and make him work at his vocations.

All interviewers step up to Richard Barthelmess prepared for the worst. He's always so rude to strangers, one hears. When he fails to bite, the writers are positive that he has mistaken them for someone else. To any authentic reporter, Barthelmess is exceptionally gracious. His fierce reputation staves off bores.

You can bet that Jean Harlow is pretty gay! Remember those skin-tight gowns Jean inevitably sports? Her close friends, strange to say, find her dignified and sedate. Sad, but so!

Now, honestly, how could Janet Gaynor and Helen Twelvetrees have stood the terrific strain of progressing from nowhere to stardom if they were as fragile as you think? Who would live with John Barrymore if he were as odd as "The Royal Family" insinuated?

Adolphe Menjou hasn't purchased a new tuxedo in four years. Why should he? Everyone knows that he must get several

each month. You don't catch the canny Adolphe spending cash to prove an accepted fact! So the fans have their vision of the impeccably dressed Menjou, and Adolphe saves money on clothes, and all's well.

I could go on endlessly relating the discrepancies between our stars' publicity traits and their honest-to-gosh characteristics. But what's the use? You already are certain of what every one of them is like. Thousands of dollars have been spent in convincing you. Who am I to argue that they are otherwise?

One might as well join the overwhelming majority which accepts as gospel the initial impression it gets of a star. I'm about to shut my eyes and ears to what I encounter. As Uncle Eben says, "It's better to agree wif people as much as you kin. It makes them feel good-natured, and you don't have to listen to so much back talk."

Anyway, I will remind you of this little thought in closing: *Many of the footprints on the sands of time are pointed the wrong way!*

Name This Girl

Win \$1500.00!

CO-ED, INCORPORATED, will pay \$1,000.00 cash just for a girl's name—and \$500.00 extra for sending it quick. We want a name that will properly describe America's most beautiful college girl—one of those attractive, lively co-eds that you see at every college and high school. There is nothing to buy or sell in order to win this \$1,500.00 and you will not be required to do anything else but send a name. This big prize will be given just to find the right name for a lovely young lady who will sponsor a beautiful nation wide radio program we contemplate for this winter.

Send Your Favorite Name

What girl's name do you like best? In fact, what name are you thinking of right now? Maybe it's just the one to win this \$1,500.00. Don't bother trying to think up fancy names—just such an ordinary name as Betty Allen, Nancy Lee, Mary Lynn, etc., may win. Better send the one you are thinking of right away!

\$500.00 for MAILING IT QUICK

Yes, \$500.00 cash or, if preferred, a beautiful new FORD TUDOR SEDAN will be added to the \$1,000.00 prize if the name is sent within three days from the time this announcement is read. So, send your suggestion TODAY! Take no risk of losing that \$500.00 EXTRA which is to be won so easily—just for being prompt.

Nothing Else To Do

Certainly this \$1,500.00 prize is worth trying for, especially when it costs you only a 2c stamp and an envelope. There is nothing else to do—nothing to buy—nothing to sell—no coupons to clip. This \$1,500.00 Cash can be yours just for sending the winning name within three days after reading this announcement. CO-ED, Incorporated, wants you to send your suggestion at once . . . no matter how simple or plain it may be. The very name you send may be the one they are seeking and if you could imagine the thrill of receiving a telegram stating that you won this \$1,500.00 prize just for sending a girl's name, you would lose no time in mailing your suggestion at once. You will receive an immediate acknowledgment by letter and at the same time, we will have a big surprise for you in the form of another prize offer through which you can win as much as \$4,000.00 more. So, DON'T WAIT . . . DON'T DELAY! . . . mail this coupon today.

FREE SAMPLE CO-ED Face Powder

Send your name suggestion within three days and we will send you a Free Sample of lovely CO-ED face powder De Luxe with our reply.

RULES: This offer is open to anyone living in the U. S. A., outside of Chicago, Illinois, except employees of CO-ED, Incorporated, and their families and closes midnight, February 29, 1932. All answers must be mailed on or before that date. Each person may submit only one name, sending more than one will disqualify all entries for that individual. \$1,000.00 will be paid to the person submitting the name chosen by CO-ED, Incorporated. An additional \$500.00 cash or a Ford Tudor Sedan will be given to the prize winner, providing the winning name was mailed within three days from the time the announcement was read. Duplicate prizes will be paid in case of ties.

MAIL THE NAME YOU SUGGEST ON THIS COUPON

A. S. WEILBY,
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The name I suggest for America's most beautiful college girl is:

Date I read this announcement _____
My Name is _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Be sure to fill in the date you read this announcement

CO-ED, INC., 4619 E. Ravenswood Ave., Dept. 308, CHICAGO, ILL.

She's the Only Girl!

Continued from page 51

just in time to interrupt her reading of a letter newly received from Mr. Hume on the coast.

"I like Cy because he's nice. And clever. And I enjoy reading his novels, mostly because he doesn't make me read them. I'm not allowed to telephone him when I come East; I'm being economical since my money ran away, and I bring along just enough to do my shopping and to live on. So then when I get here Cy keeps sending me more money and calling me up afterwards to find out if I need it. You know, it's fun economizing."

Is nothing sacred any more? Why, she even waxed irreverent about those most infallible of beings—interviewers.

"You won't be like that funny man who interviewed me once and then wrote a story all about how I got my start by chasing a goose around the streets, will you? That's what I got for telling him how I rushed downtown to get a stage part in 'The Wild Duck' long ago."

But in spite of her casual way with matters of moment, there is no lack of good, serviceable common sense in Helen Chandler's blonde head. It must have taken plenty of that valuable commodity to win her first stage part when she was eight years old, in Arthur Hopkins' production of "Barbara." It must have taken more to enable her to keep on as a successful child actress, until at the mature age of fifteen she won the unanimous acclaim of the New York critics with her portrayal of the little girl in Ibsen's "The Wild Duck"—a splendid production which she came near to stealing outright from the leading lady. Other stage parts followed,

as the girl grew older, in such pieces as John Barrymore's "Richard the Third," Lionel Barrymore's "Macbeth," and in "Penrod," "The Constant Nymph," "Faust," and others. Even as a child actress Helen earned her living and considerably more besides—an especially happy circumstance since the Chandlers are an old Southern family, and Papa Chandler, lately transplanted from South Carolina, encountered perplexities in competing with life in the bustling North.

When Helen received her summons to Hollywood she was destined to vindicate the attractions of free-lancing for actors. During her first year, which was spent under contract with Fox, she made nary a picture; in the year or more that has since passed she has made nine, with no relief in sight.

"The idea of me had to sink in gradually with them," is her brief comment. Her more recent pictures have been "Dracula," "Daybreak," "Salvation Nell," "Fanny Foley Herself," "The Last Flight," and "Heart and Hand." The last two pictures afforded her the unique opportunity (as well as the unique responsibility) of playing the only feminine rôle of any importance in the cast.

These last two pictures are Helen's favorite ones to date, although she insists that the lack of feminine competition has nothing to do with this circumstance. She didn't care so much for the kind of thing she did in "Dracula" and "Salvation Nell," but *Nikki*, she thought, was a girl you'd like to know. And this flightily matter-of-fact sort of person—a character such as Barrie might have created if he had been

Ernest Hemingway—is indeed a "natural" for her. Perhaps it was the consciousness of some affinity with Hemingway's staccato personalities that made Miss Chandler long to play the part of *Catherine Barclay* when "A Farewell to Arms" was produced on the sage last season. The job went to Elissa Landi, but Helen still hopes to play it in a picture.

She has other hopes, too. She thinks, for instance, that it would be nice to make talkie versions of some of our favorite fairy tales—hers, yours and mine. There she goes—the "wrong thing" again! When every proper movie actress' ambition should be to emote all over the place in dramatic, "woman-scorned" rôles, Helen Chandler wants to be a children's heroine in "Hansel and Gretel," "The Golden Fleece," and the rest of those believe-it-or-not yarns that are waiting for just the right touch to make them come beautifully alive on the screen. Hemingway would have to take a back seat in these characterizations; but one has a feeling that Helen Chandler is equipped to create a dreamy, moonstruck, gloriously unreal fairy-tale heroine such as to cause the grown-ups to elbow the kids away from the theatre doors.

Something else is on Helen's mind, too. She thinks it would help her career if she were to settle upon a definite screen personality with which she would become identified in the minds of the public, as well as the casting directors. And just how is she to achieve such a singular personality, and an appealing one withal?

Well, here's a valuable tip, Miss Chandler—Oh, don't mention it! As Aristotle practically said, "Just be yourself, kid!"

The Lost Loves of Hollywood

Continued from page 21



Dorothy Mackaill and Donald Cook staging a love scene for you and director William Wellman and for "Safe in Hell." Not so long ago Dorothy and Donald were reported romantically interested in each other.

Alvarado, who dances a most divine tango.

But Ben and Bebe—there's a romance that is fine, and real, and workable. If Ben gives a splendid performance in Marilyn's picture, "Her Majesty, Love,"—and he does; he was never better—it's a triumph of pure technique! If his love scenes with Miss Miller are exciting, it's wholly because the script suggests it. Ben is a fine actor and he proves it beyond dispute in "Her Majesty, Love." For all the time he was playing those love scenes with Marilyn, he was thinking of Bebe—and of another young lady, named Barbara. Those scenes were filmed while Bebe was in the hospital and little Barbara Bebe Lyon was very much in her infancy.

Gary and Lupe! Of all the lost loves, perhaps only the Cooper-Velez has its touching aspect—it has the slightest tinge of sadness. Because it was so terrific while it lasted—and rather bitter when it began to burn out. Lupe laughs along—but sometimes there seems defiance in her laughter. Gary stays the same—except that he is a little more listless, a trifle tired, more definitely a bored, older-than-he-should-be young man. There's a hint of tragedy here—so let's hurry on.

Dorothy Mackaill, the gay girl, the play girl, the girl with the grandest sense of humor in all pictureville, must often be stubbing her toes over a lost love. Dorothy is popular. Dorothy is a lot of fun. And

Dorothy always has more beaux than she knows what to do with. The only beau she ever took seriously enough to marry was Lothar Mendes and Dot swears *she* proposed to *him*. Don't know about that—but certainly it is Dorothy's fault that there are so many ghosts hanging around her doorstep—ghosts who did their darndest to become Mr. Mackaill the second—and never succeeded.

Remember the reports that Walter Pidgeon was a candidate? And Donald Cook? And now Don and Dorothy are playing love scenes together in "Safe in Hell." Perhaps in the case of Mr. Cook, and considering Miss Mackaill's million dollar appeal, it might be better to leave out the word "in" in that title and substitute a dash. The only man who would be absolutely safe with Dorothy Mackaill would have to be stuffed. And through no fault of Dorothy's. That charm of hers is natural. She doesn't have to fake it. She just can't help it.

Of course, the last we heard Neil Miller was still very much in the picture. No, not in "Safe in Hell." Donald Cook is in that. I mean in the Hollywood picture. And Dorothy seems more serious than usual about Neil. The good-looking crooner is definitely not yet a member of the company of Lost Loves.

There are different brands of ghostly loves out there. Some of the almost-romances might include Mary Brian and Jack Oakie—that looked pretty serious for a while; and Marguerite Churchill and Russell Gleason; and Lew Ayres and Constance Bennett—and Constance Bennett and Joel McCrea; and Betty Compson and Hugh Trevor—can't they be friends? They can—they are!

Gloria Swanson chose Ben Lyon for her leading man in "What a Widow!" They were once the bright spots in one another's existence. Miriam Hopkins and Robert Montgomery used to play in stock together—did you know that? Now they are both

1st Prize	WHY ① CHANGED-TO-MARLBORO CONTEST (For Other Prize Winners Watch Magazines And Newspapers)
 Florence D. Walden Hollywood, Cal.	In a restaurant recently I commented on the beauty and distinguished appearance of a woman seated nearby. My companion, a well-known attorney, glanced at her and remarked indifferently, <i>"Yes, but she SPOILS it all by smoking a cheap cigarette."</i> Needless to say, that tip was my reason for changing to Marlboros. <i>Florence D. Walden</i>
... 55% more in safety and enjoyment at only 5 cents more in price	MARLBORO PLAIN OF IVORY TIPPED <i>America's finest cigarette</i>

in Hollywood, and Bob is crazy about his wife and baby. And Miriam? Why, she is still good friends with her husband,

Austin Parker, the writer—even though she is getting a divorce. Yes, we can be friends! And why not?

The Stage in Review

Continued from page 63

Mr. Leslie Banks, gives us a superb portrait of the man that money has eaten up—a Balzacian portrait. Vera Allen was good as his wife. But the best "bit" in a play that snaps and sizzles in twelve scenes was the character work of a cynical British bounder by Nigel Bruce—flippant *insouciance* to the life! The settings by Lee Simonson are one of the reasons for the success of this gripping play.

"Lean Harvest" will be a whale of a picture. It contains all the elements of a box-office knockout.

"The Cat and the Fiddle"

Max Gordon, with Jerome Kern, Otto Harbach and José Ruben (who staged it) knocked a hole in the ceiling with "The Cat and the Fiddle."

It is all music! waltz, boleros, mazurkas, and the rest of the romantic-inspirational melodies. Scenery, sound, atmosphere wove a spell around me that will make me yelp for more of this kind of anti-jazz entertainment.

"The Cat and the Fiddle" tells a love story. It is laid in Brussels. But that's of no consequence. It's the delicious music and humor that make this one of the most charming, imaginative and resourceful en-

tertainments of many seasons.

Bettina Hall, Lawrence Grossmith, Eddie Foy, Jr., Doris Carson, Georges Metaxa, George Meader and José Ruben, with a swarm of others, keep this show going from the rise of the curtain to the fall with never a yawn. And the scenery and effects—are Art.

"Two Seconds"

This play, by Elliott Lester, in a prologue, nineteen scenes and an epilogue, for all its ephemeral entertaining value, lacks psychological stuffing and philosophical gizzard; and any drama that aims at the Big Thing must have both.

From a scene in the electric chair we are flashed back into the life of a riveter. We see what happened in the last two seconds in his brain. Edward Pawley does splendid work as the Spiritual Riveter and Blythe Daly as the music-hall dancer, who was the moral superior of this meany, was good but not great by any means.

"The Guest Room"

Charlotte Powers, a female pest who is always trying to be some one's guest "in order to do them good," is quite an unusual study in the hands of Helen Lowell.

She breaks up several families and is a general all-around-annoyance in her attempt to make people's lives un-lonely when they are quite satisfied to remain *en solitaire*. Her portrait inspires comic rage—that is, you laugh at her and want to shoot her dead at the same time.

"The Guest Room" is quite "different." Beverly Sitgreaves, Otto Hulett, Joan Kenyon (a beautiful and charming actress) and Herbert Warren helped the laughs along.

"The Good Companions"

This is a play done from a book by Messrs. Priestley and Knoblock. It is in sixteen scenes all over England, detailing the adventures of a runaway carpenter with a company of strolling players who talk all of the English languages from Cockney to Shetland pony patois.

To me, there wasn't a living, vital character in the play. I did not smile once, and the dullness became so dense that I actually got interested in seeing what was coming next! It's all adapted from J. B. Priestley's book, you know.

Valerie Taylor, Vera Lennox, George Carney and Hugh Sinclair were among the players.

The Penalties of Pulchritude

Continued from page 85

dismissed Sue Carol, one of the prettiest brunette ingenues in the business. Three years ago everyone was fighting over her. Today both Sue and her good-looking husband, Nick Stuart, once a Fox star, are finding the free-lance game none too profitable. Irene Dunne has loads of charm—the charm of intelligence.

Take a peek in at Paramount. June Collyer, their most beautiful girl, is no longer on contract. Clara Bow, a real beauty, is not among those present in future Paramount pictures. Mary Brian, and Jean Arthur, pretty girls, have been replaced by Sylvia Sidney and Lilyan Tashman. Oddly attractive women, but hardly beauties.

Ruth Chatterton, Paramount's leading lady, is a grand actress. Like Marlene Dietrich, who is Garbo-like and rather mysterious looking, Ruth does not seriously vie for top honors when it comes to ranking the truly eye-filling women. Marlene in person reminds one of Garbo, whose pale face has magnetism rather than perfection.

Rising satellites such as Tallulah Bankhead, Claudette Colbert, and Carole Lom-

bard stress sophistication. Claudette and Carole, in particular, have marvelous figures. Nancy Carroll admits, herself, that her face is too round to get her into the beauty class.

And shed a tear for a handsome man who wanders onto the Paramount lot! Charles Rogers and Richard Arlen are relegated to the background, while George Bancroft, Gary Cooper, Fredric Marsh, Jack Oakie, and Maurice Chevalier get the breaks. Not much encouragement for a youthful masculine specimen of the life-guard type. True, Phillips Holmes is attractive, but he succeeds because his dramatic ability overshadows his facial advantages, or should one say now—disadvantages?

In the old days of eye-appeal a lovely girl could talk in a Bowery accent, a manly hero in a whisky tenor. No one off the set could hear them. The directors could stop shooting at any time to give minute instructions. Indeed, some players had their expressions numbered and waited for the director to call for fear, hope, love, or anger by its allotted digit!

These players are gone forever. The

dumb stars have been eliminated. But are we not in danger of swinging to the other extreme? This is an age of sophistication, one in which experienced men and women portray life. All well and good, a tribute to the industry for coming of age.

Yet the silent screen served a very worth-while and deeply felt need in presenting super-beings for us to worship and enjoy. Mary Pickford, with her golden curls and bland innocence, was a wholesome influence. Valentino's flashing physical perfection was something to emulate. Corinne Griffith, the orchid lady of magic glamour, touched a spot in our hearts that all the cold, realistic actresses can never reach.

It seems to many that beauty has a definite right to a place in the talkies. The old phrase, "beautiful but dumb!" was not infallible. It is possible to have both looks and acting ability. We don't want a resurrection of the clothes-horse, vain, stupid type of beauty. Let that kind rest in peace and be thankful they are not being betrayed by the microphones.

But I do believe we should give the lovely girls and the handsome men who *have survived* the talkies their chance to act. With the rôles that have been given other less attractive stars, Anita Page could develop into a first-rate dramatic actress. June Collyer might be trained to be as effective as Ruth Chatterton, Sue Carol to register as well as many a less lovely actress.

Recall that Charles Rogers and Richard Arlen, for example, made their first big hit in strictly dramatic rôles in "Wings." What a routine of insipid parts have come their way since! And if Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer spent more time finding appropriate and worthy vehicles for Ramon Novarro and less trying to make an actor out of Lawrence Tibbett, the fans who want romance as of old would give a cheer.

"Beauty is its own excuse for being," a wise sage said. The talkies are disregarding this tried and true proverb. Will there be a revival of interest in the players who are easy on the eyes? Nobody knows, but a lot of us care.



Sunny Jimmy Dunn and his mother at home in their comfortable sun room. Here's something to look forward to—James will be teamed again with Sally Eilers in "Dance Team."

What—No Love Life?

Continued from page 87

camping on studio doorsteps trying to get a hearing. I finally registered as an extra in the Central Casting Office. My card is still there in the files, I guess. It never brought me a single call."

Karen's first work before the movie camera, contrary to general belief, was not with Greta Garbo in "Inspiration," the picture that won her instant recognition.

It was in "Through Different Eyes." Through a friend she obtained work as an extra. For two weeks she sat on the courtroom set and watched Edmund Lowe, Mary Duncan and Sylvia Sidney working in the featured rôles.

After that Karen persuaded local stage managers to give her a chance. She made her first public appearance as a model in "Little Orchid Annie" for \$20 a week. Next came a "screaming" bit in "Night

Hostess." She understudied Brenda Forbes in "Rope's End" but never got on the stage, supplying off-stage yells and playing the victrola while waiting for the leading lady to fall ill. In "And So To Bed" she was a maid. Then came the chance to play a regular part in "Fata Morgana," which earned for her some mention from local critics.

"My real break came when I gained admittance to the office of Ben Thau, casting director at the M-G-M studio. While I was trying to persuade him to make a test of me, Robert Montgomery came in for his lines with Greta Garbo in 'Inspiration.' He asked Thau if he might have some girl to read Miss Garbo's lines to him for a test. Clarence Brown was waiting to make. Thau suggested I try it. The rehearsing with Montgomery got me that part of *Diane* in the picture."

Karen's recent rôle in "Scarface" gives her a brand-new opportunity. It takes her away from more or less stereotyped heroine parts and offers stark characterization.

"My one big fear is that I will be 'typed' and cast only in one kind of part. I want to play all kinds. I don't care what they are as long as they are different and offer a wider field than straight ingenues. Most of all, I would like to play sophisticated comedy of the Frederick Lonsdale and Noel Coward kind. Of course, I hope someday to be a star, but that possibility is so distant I don't even think about it.

"Exotic rôles do not hold any particular fascination for me. I don't believe I am exactly the type for that kind of work. But I wouldn't balk at anything—not even custard-pie comedies!"

Revuettes

Continued from page 6

BALMY DAZE. *Simple Simon.* A grand comedy, original and well-acted. It's one continuous chuckle, punctuated with frequent guffaws.

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY. *Max Fleischer.* A corking song novelty cartoon with clever comedy.

MANHATTAN MARINERS. *RKO-Pathé.* A fast motor launch takes us on a cruise around Manhattan Island, with a running description of the sights of New York. Interesting and worthwhile.

SPEED. *Educational.* Funny business by Andy Clyde, Marjorie Beebe and Alberta Vaughn, involving a trans-continental race, airplanes, Indians.

THE CLYDE MYSTERY. *Vitaphone.* A murder story, but more impressive for its comedy, which is good, than for its thrills. With Donald Meek and John Hamilton.

THE GALLOPING GHOST. *Mascot.* Starring Red Grange. Plenty of action on the football field and a thrilling parachute jump.

THE LITTLE PEST. *Columbia.* "Scrappy," a new and funny cartoon character, makes his appearance. Some new comedy slants.

WRESTLING SWORDFISH. *Educational.* An exciting, rapid-fire picture showing the efforts of two men to land a big swordfish.

FAST AND FURIOUS. *Universal.* Daphne Pollard in an unimaginative mélange of old slapstick stunts.

FOOTBALL FOR THE FAN. *Educational.* Howard Jones, aided by a platoon of other famous coaches, explains the history of the forward pass with graphic demonstrations. Absorbing to the fan; interesting to everyone.

GYPSY CARAVAN. *Vitaphone.* Giovanni Martinelli, in excellent voice, renders several gypsy songs against an appealing background.

IN THE SOUTH SEAS. *Fox.* One of the "Magic Carpet Series." South Sea Isles stuff, but with nothing particularly new.

LA SCHNAPPS, INC. *Paramount.* You'll grin and gurgle at this one. Smith and Dale, equipped with swell laughs, bring humor into the clothing business.

THE STARBRITE DIAMOND. *Educational.* A good crook drama, featuring William J. Burns himself, who turns the tables on the dastardly diamond-grabbers.

In Spite of Their Faults

Continued from page 55

from my reach. "Those glasses cost me just seventy dollars a doz—"

"Neil!" His wife's exclamation caused Hamilton to color rosily.

"Another of my failings," he apologized, "is telling people what I pay for things. I've done it ever since I can remember. I know it is bad taste and I've asked Elsa (Mrs. Hamilton) to correct me whenever I start telling prices."

No one is immune from unimportant habits they would like to be rid of. Greta Garbo thoughtlessly hums vagrant tunes and sensitive microphones often pick up her songs while other scenes are being filmed. Cecil B. DeMille has a disturbing custom of rattling money in his pocket. So pronounced was the habit that C. B. had to cease carrying metal coins because he ruined many good scenes by jingling silver near the microphones. Janet Gaynor once began a cute eccentricity of slightly protruding her lower lip when in pensive moods. It became a fault against which she was forced to guard carefully when she was in front of the camera.

Joan Bennett wishes she could chew gum with less vigor; she finds herself in public, too often, massaging her gum as if she were trying to get all its sweetness before

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Your secrets of charm are priceless, and will indeed be a help to everyone who is interested in the subject, and who is not?

BETTY COMPTON

I wish that everyone in the world might have the benefit of the knowledge this book imparts. The chapter on conversation is alone worth many times the price of the volume.

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the end of the world. Big sister Constance Bennett admits to absentmindedness. She leaves important and valuable articles lying in the most inopportune places. William Powell has the distressful habit of forever doing two things simultaneously. Engaged in conversation, he will busy himself so ardently with another task that the person to whom he is talking often feels slighted and is offended.

Alice White bites her fingernails when

she is worried. Joan Crawford pats her foot in time to music, even in church. Ann Harding absentmindedly slips through stop boulevard signals. Irene Dunne bites her lips and they are often chapped as a result. Nancy Carroll takes up and uses to death current slang expressions.

I was busily calling off favorite idiosyncrasies when I happened to glance at Neil just when he was in the midst of a yawn. He grinned sheepishly.

"Would you call that eccentric—yawning?" he asked.

"I would call that—convenient," I answered. I arose and stretched. "Besides, I feel the same way and I was just about to go home and to bed."

"That reminds me," Neil cried after me as I dismounted the front steps, "one of my idiosyncrasies that annoys my wife most is sleeping with my feet out from beneath the covers."

The Truth About Cosmetics

Continued from page 100

trained corps of operators are traveling all around showing people just the right way to apply them. However, if you just follow the simple directions in the package you can soon put them on perfectly.

So far so good. There's no doubt they give a marvelous appearance. But—and right here I began to worry about the effect on your own lashes; began to wonder if such a procedure would be injurious. So, determined to give SCREENLAND readers only absolutely dependable advice in this department, I inquired further into the matter.

I have been assured that not only is Ey-Teb not injurious in any way, but it is absolutely beneficial. The added weight on each lash strengthens the hair root and thus stimulates the growth of your own lashes. The handling, brushing, and manipulation of hair always strengthens it. One of the nice things about Ey-Teb is that it gives you long lashes with that natural look that is so smart these days. Of course, you can cut them to any desired length, and after they are dry you can curl them up more with your fingers, if you wish. They're wonderful!

Right here before me are two new items

that are sure to be of interest to you in these winter months when it seems so hard to keep hands looking nice. Max Factor has given us a new, improved hand lotion—smooth, creamy-white. It softens the hands without leaving them sticky and greasy. You can put your gloves right on as soon as it is absorbed. Max Factor seems to be always alert to new ideas and improvements.

And here is just a love of a new manicure set put out by Glazo. The last word in sophistication, it contains a bottle of nicotine remover—(shades of our grandmothers!) But it will also remove less worldly spots, even those of the humble potato peelings. The cuticle remover is a crème which dissolves away the loose particles of skin. There is also a nail-white pencil. A tube containing cotton, file, emery boards and orange sticks completes this splendid set. The polish may be had in several shades, but the most popular is the natural. It is set in a clever bakelite tray which can be removed from the green and gold box that houses it very handsomely. A world of convenience for \$3.

Since Miss Wilson is writing about hair in this month's beauty article, I feel jus-

tified in reminding you of the nice sheen you can give your hair with Golden Glint Rinse. It is for brunettes as well as blondes. By the way, if any of your friends who are synthetic blondes are having trouble with the harshness of their bleached hair when it is wet, tell them to try shampooing it with Lux, occasionally. It will make a difference!

And now listen! How's this for news? The Pompeian people—yes, that's right, the "Beauty in every jar" company—are giving us a new scientific body powder that has as many virtues as a D. W. Griffith heroine. It's simply perfect! Daintily perfumed with a delicate scent that lasts, it clings with the tenacity of a best friend—but it also has serious work to do, for it is both deodorizing and antiseptic. It was produced under the supervision of Professor Richmond, head of the Chemistry Department at Elmira College for Women. Only the highest grade ingredients are used in this Pompeian Dusting Powder Plus. It doesn't seal the pores and it doesn't dry the skin. And you may buy this modern marvel for \$1. Wrapped in cellophane—and of course, there's a puff—in the package, I mean!

The Beauty of Your Hair

Continued from page 61

wish you had. At least twice a year have two weeks of concentrated scalp treatments. Go to a good professional, if possible; if not, do it at home. Warm olive oil for dry, brittle hair, shampooing with pure soap, thorough rinsing and careful drying will give wonderful results.

If your hair is thin, look to your health and vitality. Build up your nerve force if you would have beautiful hair—for as this weakens and middle-aged fat begins, the hair-growing urge seems to die down. Exercise to keep your circulation brisk. Lean over and let the blood rush to your head. Let the sun and air reach your hair. From within, the hair seems to feed on the ashes, so to speak, of exploded fat cells. This may explain why the hair continues to grow long after the body has ceased to function. It also supports the theory that people who burn up energy either in activity or emotions usually have good hair growth.

If you want a lovely head of hair you can help materially by supplying some of its elements in your diet. Eat vegetables, fruits and their peeling. Drink milk for the calcium in it. If you are afraid of taking on weight with the milk, skim the fat cream off, but—*Drink milk!* That same kind of a diet is good for your bones, your teeth, and your nerves.



Thomas Meighan in the living-room of his bungalow at the Fox studio. It's a typically Irish cottage, originally built for John McCormick. Doesn't Tom look at home? "Sure, it's a great place to be living in, and I Meighan what I say," says Tom.

Honestly now, have you a good hair brush? I don't mean that pretty thing that ornaments your dressing table. You must have a brush with long business-like bristles of good quality—not so stiff as to break and split your hair and not so soft that it won't penetrate deeply. Get a good one that will last a while. They are not inexpensive but it is money well invested.

Brush your hair every day thoroughly. You can't go wrong on the old-fashioned prescription of one hundred strokes a day. Brushing also lengthens the time between shampoos for it cleans the hair too. For this and every other reason keep your brush perfectly clean. It should be washed much more often than you wash your hair.

In massaging move the scalp itself in a rotary motion. Take small bunches of hair close to the head and pull it gently. (Don't tell the children about that one!)

Dandruff, except in extreme cases, is not nearly so harmful to the hair as is popularly supposed. But if your dandruff fails to respond to the ordinary treatments, go at once to a physician, not to a hair-dresser.

Just because brushing takes some of the wave out of your hair, you should not neglect it. Besides, loose, soft waves are much smarter than crimped, set-looking ones. I'd like to brush out most of the waves I see. Women, following each other like sheep, have formed the habit of agonizing over straight hair—when, actually, one third of us who rush to be waved, kill our individuality with a curling iron.

Many a face quite refined and distinguished with straight hair becomes worse than ordinary with waves. Understand, I'm not advocating straight hair for everybody. I'm only trying to remind you that you should not be a slave to habit-thinking, but you should calmly and critically decide your own hair-dressing.

Since there are no more ugly women, it is scarcely the height of any one's ambition to be merely pretty. The object of the game these days is to look distinguished. And if, for you, that means loose waves or none at all, then, for goodness' sake, have the courage of your convictions and go your own way.

But whatever you do, you will derive the most benefit from it if you act joyously, with pleasure in the doing. Don't brush your hair half-heartedly. Don't massage dutifully. Work up some interest and en-

thusiasm and let that fire of the spirit give an added electric energy to the good work. You've heard it said that flowers grow better for those who tend them lovingly. It's true! It may be simply because they do better work, or it may be that some force actually flows from interested hands and hearts that nourishes and stimulates the object of its devotion.

Tend your hair because you love beautiful hair. Watch the lights play on the sheen of its silky texture and enjoy it. Other people like to see it—why not you?

When you are all dressed, having done the best you can, and yet you feel that you are not effective, stand in front of a full length mirror and study the image there. What is it that keeps you from looking distinguished, sophisticated, smart? The very first thing to do in such a critical time is to remove, one at a time, your ornaments, jewelry, flowers, bows, and trimmings of whatever nature until you have only one note that decorates an otherwise elegant simplicity. If there is still something wrong—it's your HAIR! Do something different with it. If it's up, put it down. If it's down, put it up. When in doubt keep it close to your head.

If you are not an attractive woman, you can make your hair so lovely that other faults will be minimized. There is no excuse for ugly hair. I once heard a man say, "A woman may have nothing more than a soft voice and silky hair for me to be her slave!"

Down in their hearts men resent the feminine invasions of their provinces. We have gradually entered their businesses, their tobacco shops, their tailor and barber shops until now there is grave danger of their retaliating with beards again! I hear it has already started in England. Can't you anticipate the smug smile behind a new-grown beard as its owner sees a modern woman's astonishment? Its owner will probably be thinking, "Hah! I've got you this time. Go home and try to raise a beard!" Well, poor dears, they're entitled to something of their own, if it's only a beard!

With just the right method it seems possible to accomplish anything we wish in improving our appearance. If in these monthly talks I do not take up your particular problem, please write me personally. I will be so glad to help you with special advice.

China Doll

Continued from page 34

doesn't want that to happen. Her work is sufficient and she is happy. Travel, and meeting different people, are things which appeal strongly to her.

"Love," she said, "is rather selfish and concentrated, because a person in love has little or no feeling for any other than the one loved. Always, since childhood, I've loved people in general, not individuals. No doubt I was often taken for a mild lunatic because I used to skip along the street and all but hug the crowds of pedestrians, and simply because I was happy to be alive and wanted to love the whole world. Now, when I step out on the stage I feel that same diffusion of love and happiness toward the audience. People are never just a crowd to me; they are somehow personal and near. I don't want to lose that feeling, but falling in love might change me."

After her stage triumphs in London and Berlin, and in New York, during which she devoted much time to study and the

acquisition of a soft, modulated Oxford accent that is even more British than that of Ruth Chatterton, Anna May Wong returned home a polished, poised, and thoroughly charming woman. To those who are so fortunate as to know her, it matters not the least that she is of another race. In fact, her personality is so wholly and unaffectedly Western that it is difficult to remember that she is Chinese. Certain it is that none of the Hollywood Beau Brummels give the matter of race any thought when they vie with each other for the privilege of escorting her to a picture premiere. Most men see in her the composite of all women—feminine, mysterious and alluring—and to her they exhibit all the respect and chivalry that is often denied her Western sisters in this era of ultra-independent womanhood.

Too many actors, she believes, don't ever really learn the meaning of love. They never seem able to leave off acting even when they are far from the footlights

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or cameras. Perhaps the many romantic scenes they are called upon to enact become, in time, like a drug that they cannot do without. Or perhaps it is that they do love a single ideal, but become infatuated with many successive faces, each of which they imagine is the embodiment of that ideal. However, Anna May softens her criticism by adding that actors are not the only ones who are addicted to apparent fickleness. Whatever else may befall her, Anna May is not likely ever to be taken in by an infatuation masquerading as love.

Until recently, the very thought of a Chinese woman contemplating a career on the stage filled China with horror. It just wasn't done. In all of their native plays the female parts were invariably enacted by men. With this taboo in mind, it was a bit puzzling to account for Anna May's early desire to become an actress. Certainly it couldn't have been due to any hereditary urges.

"I've always had a vivid imagination," she explained it, "too vivid, I'm afraid, and it caused me to want to be someone different than myself. I suppose that was the driving force that has carried me onward and upward."

It was the most truthful explanation of success that anyone could give. Imagination! Vision! Without them nothing worthwhile was ever accomplished.

Incidentally, that imagination of hers often used to people the darkness with goblins and witches when, as a child, she was sent off to bed. Now she cannot force herself to go to bed with all the lights out, but must leave at least one of them dimly lighted throughout the night.

Although born and brought up in Los Angeles, Anna May confesses a great affection for New York. The hurry and nervous tension that pervades the Manhattan atmosphere appeals to her, and she

has absorbed a little of it, herself.

"There never seems to be sufficient time in which to accomplish all the things one wishes to do," she complained. "There's so much that must be done! Of course, that's an American attitude. China believes in the enjoyment of a proper amount of leisure. Few Americans know what to do with their spare time when they have it; they are depressed and unhappy unless there is more work to be done."

"American women," she smiled, "think they have found happiness in their independence, and pretend to enjoy being treated like a man, in business. But when men take them at their word and fail to be chivalrous and gallant, then the women resent it. But what can they expect? Man was created to lead, not follow, woman."

Perhaps nowhere in the past has a theatrical first night been more brilliant than the Western premiere of "On The Spot," the stage play in which Anna May was featured in New York last season. As the curtain ascended, Anna May received one of the greatest ovations ever accorded a picture star in Los Angeles, where the appearance of a celebrity is no novelty. It was a city's welcome to a returned daughter who had "made good."

"I'm not sure which I prefer," she said. "Of course the talkies are so closely related to the stage that there isn't very much difference. But I would like to return occasionally and be stimulated and renewed by direct contact with an audience. At the studio an actor may work much more slowly and relax between scenes. But on the stage a rapid pace must be held to; there can be no let-down until after the final curtain."

There are rumors that, later on, she may return to the Continent and do a series of Shakespearean dramas. But it is doubtful if Paramount will be in any hurry to let her go. I wouldn't!

Write to the Stars as Follows:

Continued from page 101

Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Marguerite Churchill	Warren Hymer	Kenneth MacKenna	Sally O'Neil
Joyce Compton	Richard Keene	Mona Maris	Maureen O'Sullivan
Donald Dillaway	J. M. Kerrigan	Victor McLaglen	Will Rogers
Fifi Dorsay	Elissa Landi	Thomas Meighan	David Rollins
Ann Dvorak	Cecelia Loftus	Una Merkel	Rosalie Roy
Sally Eilers	Edmund Lowe	Conchita Montenegro	Spencer Tracy
Charles Farrell	Myrna Loy	Lois Moran	Elda Vokel
John Garrick	Sharon Lynn	Greta Nissen	Linda Watkins
Janet Gaynor	Helen Mack	George O'Brien	John Wayne
	Marjorie White		

Casts of Current Films

Continued from page 103

Dunn; *Jane Ray*, Linda Watkins; *Vonnie*, Minna Gombell; *Ned*, Howard Phillips; *Johnnie The Sheik*, George E. Stone; *Daisy*, Molly O'Day; *City Editor Baker*, Charles Middleton; *Dave*, Ernest Wood; *Pat*, Eddie Dillon; *Dutch*, George Byron; *Freddie*, Neal Burns; *Johnny*, Harold Waldridge; *Slim*, Lex Lindsay; *Pa Stevens*, Harry Beresford; *Ma Stevens*, Sarah Pad-den; *Uncle Henry*, Clifford Dempsey; *Billy Stotesley*, Wallie Albright; *Gimp Peters*, Maurice Black.*

"**STREET SCENE.**" *United Artists.* From the play by Elmer Rice. Directed by King Vidor. The cast: *Rose*, Sylvia Sydney; *Sam*, William Collier, Jr.; *Abe Kaplan*, Max Montor; *Mr. Maurant*, David Landau; *Mrs. Maurant*, Estelle Taylor; *Sankey*, Russell Hopton; *Easter*, Louis Natheaux; *Mae Jones*,

Greta Granstedt; *Emma Jones*, Beulah Bondi; *George Jones*, T. H. Manning; *Vincent Jones*, Matthew McHugh; *Olga Olsen*, Adele Watson; *Karl Olsen*, John M. Qualen; *Shirley Kaplan*, Anna Kostan; *Alice Simpson*, Nora Cecil; *Willie Maurant*, Lambert Rogers; *Dick McGann*, Allan Fox.

"**SUSAN LENOX (HER FALL AND RISE).**" *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* From the novel by David Graham Phillips. Adapted by Wanda Tuchock. Dialogue by Zelda Sears and Leon Gordon. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The cast: *Susan Lenox*, Greta Garbo; *Rodney*, Clark Gable; *Ohlin*, Jean Hersholt; *Burlingham*, John Miljan; *Mondstrum*, Alan Hale; *Mike Kelly*, Hale Hamilton; *Astrid*, Hilda Vaughn; *Doctor*, Russell Simpson; *Madame*

Panorama, Cecil Cunningham; *Robert Lane*, Ian Keith.*

"THE BELOVED BACHELOR." *Paramount*. Based on a play by Edward Peple. Adapted by Raymond Griffith and Agnes Brand Leahy. Dialogue by Sidney Buchman. Directed by Lloyd Corrigan. The cast: *Michael Morda*, Paul Lukas; *Mitzi Stressman*, Dorothy Jordan and Betty Van Allen; *Jerry Wells*, Charlie Ruggles; *Elinor Hunter*, Vivienne Osborne; *Julie Stressman*, Leni Stengel; *Jimmy Martin*, John Breeden; *Winthrop Cole*, Harold Minjer; *Hortense Cole*, Marjorie Gateson.*

"THE GAY DIPLOMAT." *RKO-Pathé*. From the story by Ivan Lebedeff. Adapted by Doris Anderson. Directed by Richard Boleslavsky. The cast: *Captain Orloff*, Ivan Lebedeff; *Diana Dorcy*, Genevieve Tobin; *Baroness Corri*, Betty Compson; *Blinis*, Ilka Chase; *Colonel Gorin*, Purnell Pratt; *Natalie*, Rita La Roy; *Gamble*, Colin Campbell; *Ambassador*, Edward Martindel; *The Suave Man*, Arthur Edmund Carew.

"THE GUARDSMAN." *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*. Adapted by Ernst Vajda from Ferenc Molnar's stage play. Continuity by Claudine West. Directed by Sidney Franklin. The cast: *The Actor*, Alfred Lunt; *The Actress*, Lynn Fontanne; *The Critic*, Roland Young; *Liesl*, ZaSu Pitts; *'Mama'*, Maude Eburne; *A Creditor*, Herman Bing.

"THE LOVE STORM." *British International*. Adapted from the story "Cape Forlorn." Directed by E. A. Dupont. The cast: *Eileen Kell*, Fay Compton; *Captain Kell*, Frank Harvey; *Kingsley*, Ian Hunter; *Cass*, Edmund Willard; *Parsons*, Donald Calthrop.

"THE ROAD TO RENO." *Paramount*. Based on a story by Virginia Kellogg. Screen play by Josephine Lovett. Directed by Richard Wallace. The cast: *Jackie Millet*, Lilyan Tashman; *Tom Wood*, Charles "Buddy" Rogers; *Lee Millet*, Peggy Shannon; *Jerry Kenton*, William Boyd; *Robert Millet*, Irving Pichel; *Mrs. It-Fitch*, Wynne Gibson; *Hoppie*, Skeets Gallagher; *Jeff Millet*, Tom Douglas; *Elsie*, Judith Wood.*

"THE ROAD TO SINGAPORE." *Warner Brothers*. Based on a play by Roland Pertwee from a story by Denise Robins. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Hugh Dawltry*, William Powell; *Philippa*, Doris Kenyon; *Rene*, Marian Marsh; *Mrs. Wey-Smith*, Alison Skipworth; *Wey-Smith*, Lumsden Hare; *Dr. George March*, Louis Calhern; *Mrs. Everard*, Ethel Griffies; *Mr. Everard*, Arthur Clayton; *Dr. Muir*, A. E. Anson; *Simpson*, Douglas Gerrard; *Duckworth*, H. Reynolds; *Reginald*, Colin Campbell; *Khan*, Amar N. Sharma; *Ali*, Huspin Ansari; *Nikki*, Tyrrell Davis; *Ayah*, Margaret Martin.*

"THE SIN OF MADELON CLAUDET." *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*. From the play "The Lullaby" by Edward Knoblock. Directed by Edgar Selwyn. The cast: *Madelon*, Helen Hayes; *Carlo Boretti*, Lewis Stone; *Larry*, Neil Hamilton; *Dr. Claudet*, Robert Young; *Victor*, Cliff Edwards; *Dr. Dulac*, Jean Hersholt; *Rosalie*, Marie Prevost; *Alice*, Karen Morley; *Photographer*, Charles Winninger; *Hubert*, Alan Hale; *Rogel*, Halliwell Hobbes; *St. Jacques*, Lennox Pawle; *Claudet*, Russ Powell.*

"THE SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME." *Universal*. Dedicated to the memory of Knute Rockne. From a story by E. Richard Schayer and Dale Van Every. Directed by Russell Mack. The cast: *Bucky O'Brien*, Lew Ayres; *Jim Stewart*, William Bakewell; *Truck McCall*, Andy Devine; *Wasp*, Harry Barris; *Coach*, J. Farrell McDonald; *Frank Carideo*, Frank Carideo; *"The Four Horsemen"*, Don Miller, Elmer Layden, Jim Crowley, Harry Stuhldreher; *Assistant Coach*, Nat Pendleton; *Peggy*, Sally Blane; *Adam Walsh*, Adam Walsh; *Bucky O'Connor*, Bucky O'Connor; *Moon Mullins*, Moon Mullins; *Art McManmon*, Art McManmon; *Al Howard*, Al Howard; *John O'Brien*, John O'Brien.*

"THE UNHOLY GARDEN." *United Artists*. An original play by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: *Barrington Hunt*, Ronald Colman; *Camille*, Fay Wray; *Hon. Mrs. Elise Mowbray*, Estelle Taylor; *Baron de Jonghe*, Tully Marshall; *Smiley Corbin*, Warren Hymer; *Colonel Von Axt*, Ullric Haupt; *Prince Nicolai Poliakov*, Mischa Auer; *Captain Kruger*, Morgan Wallace; *Dr. Shayne*, Lawrence Grant; *Nick-the-Goose*, Henry Armetta; *Kid Twist*, Kit Guard; *Mme. Lucie Villars*, Lucille LaVerne; *Lautrac*, Arnold Korff; *Alfred, the Baron's Brother*, Charles Mailles; *Native Dancer*, Nadja.

"24 HOURS." *Paramount*. From the story by Louis Bromfield. Directed by Marion Gering and Dudley Murphy. The cast: *Jim Towner*, Clive Brook; *Fanny Towner*, Kay Francis; *Rosie Dugan*, Miriam Hopkins; *Sicily Tony*, Regis Toomey; *Hector Champion*, George Barbier; *Ruby Wintringham*, Adrienne Ames; *Savina Jerrold*, Charlotte Granville; *David Melbourne*, Minor Watson; *Mrs. Dackelhorst*, Lucille LaVerne; *Pat Healy*, Wade Boteler.*

"WOMEN GO ON FOREVER." *Tiffany*. A screen play by Daniel N. Rubin. Directed by Walter Lang. The cast: *Daisy Bowman*, Clara Kimball Young; *Betty*, Marian Nixon; *Eddie*, Paul Page; *Detective*, Thomas Jackson; *Pearl*, Yola D'Avril; *Elmer Givner*, Eddie Lambert; *Mrs. Givner*, Nellie V. Nicholas; *Jake*, Morgan Wallace; *Pete*, Maurice Black; *Willie*, Lorin Baker; *Tommy*, Maurice Murphy.

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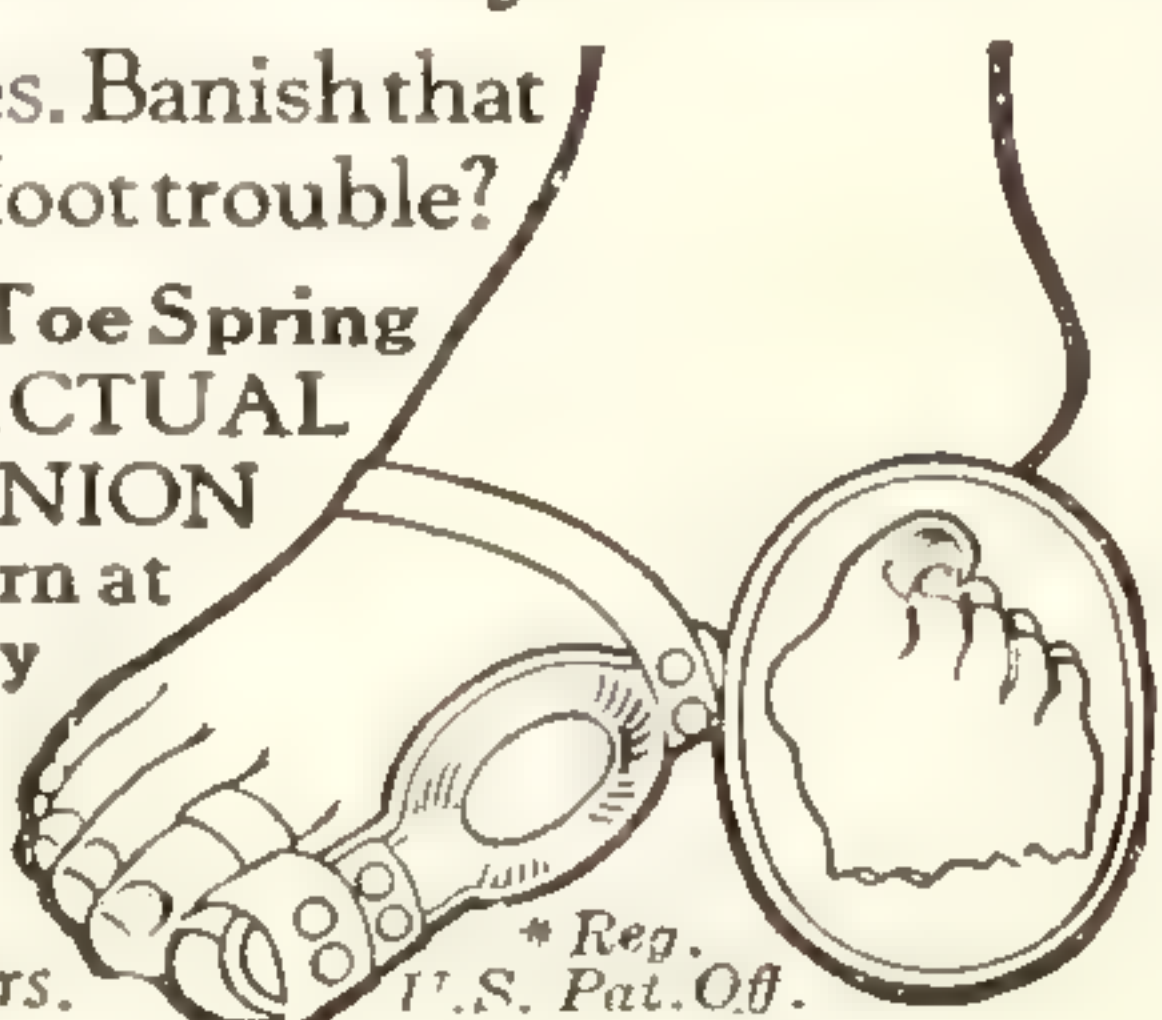
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Good Guy!

Continued from page 59

day Will Rogers and I were watching a couple of young relatives graduate from a school in Beverly Hills. I remarked to Will how lucky we both were that we managed to get into a racket where we didn't have to be educated. Not that education isn't a great thing. I'm for it. But I'd rather get mine hunting, fishing, flying."

Wally next gravitated to the circus.

"The first time I got on an elephant he knew I was a greenhorn—and threw me off," relates Wally. "So I looked around and saw what the other bull men did. Then I soaked that elephant with a bull-hook, and cussed him with all the profane words I knew. As soon as he heard that, he figured I was an experienced man, after all. From then on he was my pal. Once a black leopard got loose in the animal tent. I just ducked under that elephant, and he swung his trunk and put that leopard through the tent like a golf ball. I've never played golf—because I could never develop a drive like that elephant."

Later, after playing on the stage in musical comedy and stock, he got a job at the Essanay studios in Chicago as a comedian. Then he became a director. When they

opened their California studio they sent him out as studio manager. But being a movie executive wasn't in Wally's line.

"I didn't like that," he confesses. "I hate to have to say 'No' to people. And a studio manager has to be as hard-boiled as I look. As a matter of fact, looks is the only thing I'm hard-boiled about. So I started for Japan with a troupe to make pictures there. The war blew that up, so I came back and went to work for Paramount as a comedian."

It was then that he developed his "genial heavy" characterization.

"It's just life," he explains it. "Nobody's all bad or all good—so I try to mix both elements in a rôle. It works."

He thinks his best rôle was that of *Richard the Lion Hearted*, in silent pictures; and probably *Butch* in the "Big House" in talkies. Recently they made him a full-fledged star. He was rather dubious about it.

"I'd rather just play parts and do a good job and be a good guy," he declared.

But no matter what happens to Wally he's never going to lose that. He'll always be a "good guy."

Ask Me

Continued from page 13

York City after he decided upon a musical career. He graduated from the University of Texas as a physician but the world war changed his plans. He has a captivating personality and a charming singing voice. One of his outstanding successes was "Seed" with Lois Wilson and Genevieve Tobin.

Skinner. No trouble at all to give you the information you want. In fact, the more information trouble I have the better I like it. "The Dawn Patrol" with Richard Barthelmess, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Neil Hamilton was reviewed by Delight Evans in the October 1930 issue of SCREENLAND. Write to the Circulation Department and make your request for that issue. Richard Barthelmess' first wife was Mary Hay—the present Missus was Mrs. Jessica Sargent. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.'s first wife was Beth Sully and the mother of Doug, Jr. Beth is now the wife of Jack Whiting of musical comedy fame and for the past two years of the screen. One of Doug, Jr.'s latest films has been "I Like Your Nerve" with Loretta Young. "Flying Eagles" will be along soon—with another title, perhaps.

A Vermonter. For your convenience and all other admirers of Bette Davis—she is on contract to Universal Studios and has appeared in "Bad Sister" with Sidney Fox and Conrad Nagel, her first film; and in "Waterloo Bridge" with Kent Douglas and Mae Clark. Bette was born in Lowell, Mass., in 1908 and was on the stage two years before signing up for the talking films.

Iowa Lass. How am I to figure out just what bunch of saxophone players appeared in what picture? You have me all a-jitter and for what reason? Clara Bow and Richard Arlen played in "Ladies of the Mob." James Cagney and Joan Blondell are a great team in "Blonde Crazy," formerly titled "Larceny Lane." Jimmie is

another big-city boy who has made good in the by-ways. Marjorie Millsap, or as we know her, Dorothy Lee, has been in pictures since 1929. She is 5 feet tall and weighs 97 pounds, was born in Los Angeles, Cal., is a trick bicycle rider when she feels like it, and was married to James Fidler in 1930—divorced. One of her comedies is with Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey in "Caught Plastered," and she also appears with Joe Brown in "Local Boy Makes Good."

Lillia R. So you want to see Phil Holmes do a tough part again as he did in "Her Man" and will I see that he does it? Phil's next picture is with Nancy Carroll in "The Man I Killed." I don't know how "tough" he is. Read "An Open Letter to Phil Holmes" on Pages 16-17, this issue.

Phil T. You are not alone in your wish to see more of Charles Morton on the screen—letters keep coming in, asking for a glimpse of your favorite. He is on the stage again but insistent demands from the picture fans may bring him back. His last pictures were "Caught Short" with Marie Dressler, Polly Moran and Anita Page, and "The Dawn Trail." Another favorite of yours, Donald Keith, is in "First Aid" with Marjorie Beebe and Grant Withers. Larry Kent appears with George O'Brien, in "Seas Beneath."

G. E. H. Mad and thrilled through and through about Leslie Howard, are you? The gorgeous accent you speak about is not assumed, nor his charming manner, for he is an English gentleman and I don't mean perhaps. He has a lovely wife and two children, and his home life is an ideal one. Mr. Leslie played with Marion Davies in "Five and Ten," in "A Free Soul" with Norma Shearer, in "Never the Twain Shall Meet," and in "Devotion" with Ann Harding.

J. K. V. Tell you how to strike up a correspondence with your two favorite stars? Would that I could! Go ahead and write. Phillips Holmes and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., are two of the busiest young men in pictures, but if your letter claims their attention, who knows what might happen. Phil is 23 years old, was educated in the New York City public schools, Trinity College, England, in Paris and at Princeton University. His first film was with Buddy Rogers and Mary Brian in "Varsity," in 1928. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was born Dec. 7, 1907. His first screen appearance was in "Stephen Steps Out," in 1923. His current release is "I Like Your Nerve" with Loretta Young.

Mildred. It would take pages to tell you the names of my favorite stars—and more diplomacy than George Arliss in "Disraeli." Helen Twelvetrees was born in Brooklyn, N. Y. She has light brown hair,

Miss E. R. Gloria Swanson's new picture will be "Tonight or Never." Her last release was "Indiscreet." Playing with her were Ben Lyon, Monroe Owsley, Arthur Lake and Barbara Kent. You can reach her at United Artists Studios.

I. M. L. Sylvia Sidney is a grand leading lady or a fine co-starring partner and was a box-office bell-ringer in "An American Tragedy" and "Street Scene." It's not possible for me to say if she will be cast with Phillips Holmes in another picture but if she is, many fans will shout their approval. Phil's next picture will be with Nancy Carroll in "The Man I Killed." As far as I know, he is not engaged to any one and that goes for Mary Brian too.

Eff Kay Ess. I wouldn't say that you are unduly gullible in believing Richard Barthelmess personally wrote you a letter of appreciation for the word of favorable



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Adolphe Menjou at the fire-place of his Hollywood home. Isn't this a perfect background for the suave Adolphe? Note all the books—and he reads them, too.

blue eyes, is 5 feet 4½ inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Her real name is Helen Jurgens but she recently became Mrs. Frank Woody. She was divorced from Clark Twelvetrees in 1930. Her outstanding releases are "Millie," "A Woman of Experience" and "Bad Company" with Ricardo Cortez.

Viola J. Sorry I can't send you a picture of John Darrow or his home address. Harry Simpson, or John Darrow to us, was born July 17, 1907, in New York City. He is 5 feet 11½ inches tall, weighs 165 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. He entered pictures in 1926 but fortune was rather backward in her smiles until the talkies claimed him. His late releases are "The Bargain" with Lewis Stone and Doris Kenyon, "Everything's Rosie" with Robert Woolsey and Anita Louise, and "Fanny Foly Herself" with Edna May Oliver and Helen Chandler. John is not a brother or cousin of Frankie Darrow.

comment you sent him in regard to his fine work in "The Dawn Patrol." Dick is a fine guy, as we say on Broadway, and it's possible he really read your letter; then again, the world is full of unusually tactful secretaries—but let's stick to our first decision.

John M. S. Sorry I can't rush answers but I won't let you down—everything in this department is on the up and up. Jeanette MacDonald's first stage work was Ned Wayburn's Revue at the Capitol Theatre in New York City. Her next engagement was with "Night Boat," followed by "Irene," "Tangerine," "Fantastic Fricassee," "The Magic Ring," "Yes, Yes, Yvette" and many others. Her pictures, "The Love Parade," "The Vagabond King," and "Monte Carlo" are all outstanding successes in screen history, showing Jeanette's lovely voice and stunning smile. Now she is to play with Chevalier again in "One Hour With You."



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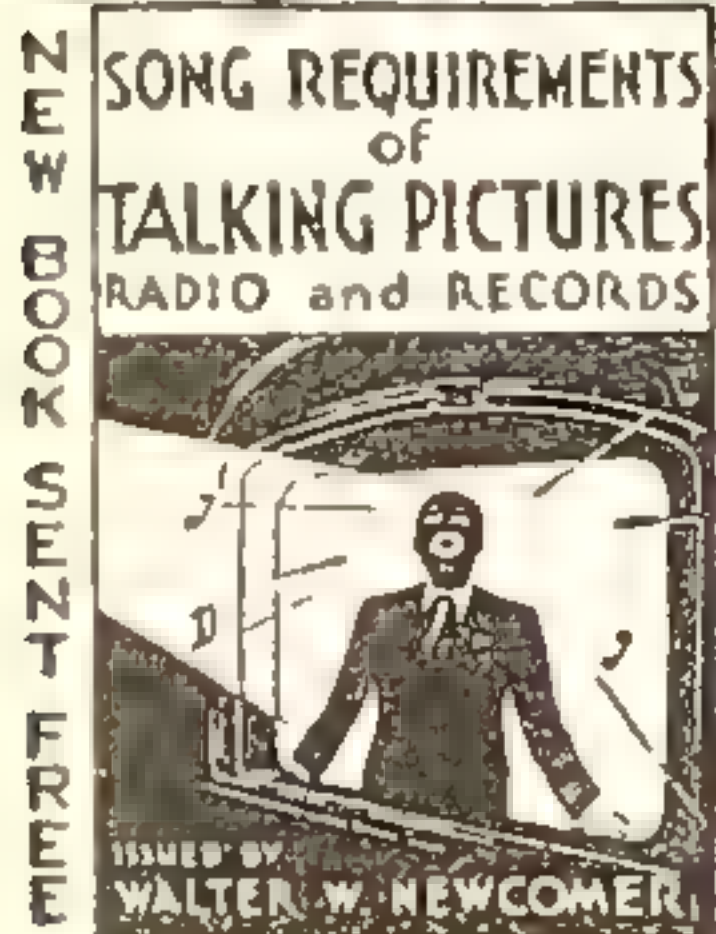
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Lillian M. If I knew the home address of Lew Ayres, I'd be haunting his door step, hoping to get a peep at the boy himself, to say nothing of ringing his telephone, hopping his Rolls Royce, if any, and begging a crust. Provided that is what one does when one wants to do Hollywood in the proper manner. Sorry I do not know his diggings, but he can be reached at Universal Studios.

Karen S. N. So I'm to give you the low-down on Nils Asther if I have to choke everyone in sight to get the information! What a lively time I'm going to have. Nils hasn't appeared in a picture since "The Sea Bat." He has been making personal appearances in various picture houses, feeling the pulse of the fans, as it were, and trying to lose his foreign accent. SCREENLAND will keep you informed as to his screen activities. He is still married to Vivian Duncan and adores his baby girl as well as his wife.

Margaret Ann F. Hollywood releases are not necessarily divorces, believe it or as you will. Robert Montgomery was married to Elizabeth Allen on April 14, 1928. They have a baby daughter, Martha Bryan, born Oct. 13, 1930. Norma Shearer is 27 years old; was married to Irving Thalberg on Oct. 6, 1927. Their son, Irving, Jr., was born Aug. 24, 1930. Constance Bennett is 25 years old—or so. Her next picture will be "Lady With a Past."

Eleanor S. It's hard to keep pace with the growing youngsters of the screen. Jackie Coogan—John Leslie Coogan to his friends—is growing too fast to keep track of his feet and inches but he's 17 years old. Lew Ayres' latest picture is "The Spirit of Notre Dame" with William Blake-well, Sally Blane, and the "Four Horsemen." I do not know that Joan Crawford has a brother and sister who are in pictures.

J. M. I'd gladly tell you why your favorites are not cast with my favorites if I knew but it's up to the powers that be, if you get my meaning, and I hope you do. Edward Woods was born in Los Angeles, Cal. He attended the University of California and was on the stage before going into pictures. His first screen appearance was in "Mother's Cry." He played with James Cagney, Donald Cook, Leslie Fenton, Joan Blondell, Jean Harlow and other famous players in "The Public Enemy," which proved to be such a box-office hit. Laura La Plante's new picture is "The Sea Ghost" with Alan Hale and Claud Allister. Miriam Hopkins appears in "24 Hours" with Clive Brook and Kay Francis. Miriam was born in Brainbridge, Ga. She is 5 feet tall, weighs 100 pounds and has golden hair and blue eyes. She is still the wife of Austin Parker, well-known author, but a divorce is impending, I believe.

Jeanne E. You want me to say a cheery word or two about Clara Bow; join the army of fans who want to give her a big welcome when she makes her next picture. Why, Jeanne, she's practically over the first entrance now! But the friends of this broadcasting system must say it not with pretty speeches but *join* the throng at the right for the box office. Crowd but don't push—and for pity's sake, keep off my feet.

A Powell Fan. Your letter was like a voice from the past—David Powell has been dead for several years. He was born in Scotland and had a notable stage ca-

reer before he entered pictures. He was not related to our Pittsburgh, Pa., William Powell. William was born in the smoky city. His father and mother are still living and are mighty proud of their son Bill. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 178 pounds, has black hair and blue eyes. He was married in mid-summer to Carole Lombard, the former Indiana girl who has made good in a Jollywood way. She was born Oct. 6, 1909, in Fort Wayne, Ind., was christened Jane Peters, left with her mother and brothers to make their home in Los Angeles, at the age of seven years. First appearance in films was in Mack Sennett comedies. After graduating from the custard pie school, she made her debut in dramatic rôles. Now she is a Paramount featured player.

A Tobin Fan. Speaking of marriage and you did, didn't you—some marry for love, some for money, and a lot of them for only a short time. Why don't you write to Genevieve Tobin and make a request for a photograph? The new screen ex-stage stars get quite a thrill out of their fan mail so why not add one more to Genevieve's long list? She was born Nov. 20, 1904; is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 109 pounds and has blonde hair and grey eyes. She was on the stage for a number of years, beginning as a child, and has now signed a long-term contract with Universal. Latest releases are "Seed," "Fires of Youth," and "The Gay Diplomat" with Ivan Lebedeff.

Fern. I love to help readers in distress, so come on, let's fill up your movie book. In "The Return of Peter Grimm," Janet Gaynor played with Alec B. Francis, John Roche, Richard Walling and Mickey McBan. In "The Johnstown Flood," George O'Brien and Janet Gaynor were featured. In "Two Girls Wanted," Glenn Tryon and Janet. Charles Morton played with Janet in "Christiana." In "Sunrise," George O'Brien and Janet co-starred. In "Red Hair," Clara Bow's leading man was Lane Chandler; and in "Ladies of the Mob," Richard Arlen.

E. J. F. Joan Crawford has for her leading man in her next picture, Clark Gable! It's called "Possessed"—originally "The Mirage." Joan was 23 years old on March 23, 1931. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 110 pounds and has dark brown hair of reddish tinge. She was married June 3, 1929 to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Don't miss the thrilling fiction version of "Possessed" in this issue of SCREENLAND, featuring Joan and Gable.

Curious Kase. Karen Morley's voice records beautifully, and her enunciation is so good that she was given a rôle in Greta Garbo's "Inspiration." This part led to a long term contract with M-G-M. She played with Ramon Novarro in "Day-break," with Marie Dressler and Polly Moran in "Politics," with Leslie Howard in "Never the Twain Shall Meet," and with Lowell Sherman and Mae Murray in "High Stakes." Karen was born in Ottumwa, Iowa, and lived there for thirteen years before going to Los Angeles, where she attended the Hollywood High School. Later was a student in the University of California, leaving in her sophomore year to join the Civic Repertory Theatre and the Pasadena Community Playhouse. While hunting for work in films to fill in between theatre engagements, she was sent to Clarence Brown, the director, to read lines for the Garbo picture, "Inspiration." She plays with Greta in her new picture, "Mata Hari," and with Helen Hayes in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet."

Hoots and Hoorays

Continued from page 102



Introducing Samuel Barrymore Colt. Yes, he belongs to the Royal Barrymore clan. This young Colt makes his screen debut in "Working Girl."

SHE LOVES ALL THE WRITERS!

Reams and reams have been written about the motion pictures and stars. But who ever writes about the writers? And yet, what would the movies be without them? And where would the stars be? If there were no writers, there would be no motion pictures, no stars, no theatres. Don't forget that!

I love all writers. What a dauntless lot they are! Patiently they dig things out for us—and make us glad. Subtly they challenge us to dig—and make us mad!

Screen News

Continued from page 97

his first wife became final. Rita's real name is Ina Stuart. They were married in the synagogue. Sue Carol, Claudia Dell, Sally Blane, Lola Lane, Lita Chevret, Roberta Gale and June Clyde were the bridesmaids. Rita looked too utterly demure to ever be able to play those menace hussies she does so well.

Claudia Dell, a beautiful blonde of Hollywood who has been doing exceedingly well here, has deserted us for a New York musical written by Irving Berlin and Moss Hart. We wish her luck—but we do miss our blondes.

Fans of Tom Mix will be glad to hear that he is through with his circus engagement and has returned to Hollywood to make two new pictures. The first is to be entitled "Destiny Rides Again" and the other "Let's Have Action." Stars may come, and stars may go, but Mix rides on forever.

Can you imagine Hollywood on a coffee jag? No, not yet, but it is probable. What with Nancy Carroll and Phillips Holmes and Lionel Barrymore sleuthing for rare coffee recipes anything along that line is possible. Nancy has gone in for French drip while Phillips and Lionel lean toward

Gallantry was never so elevated a figure as it is with them. They skilfully blend plain facts with sweet nonsense about our favorite heroes and heroines, for our pleasure, entertainment and illusion. They make us feel that life is wonderful—in short, they make us happy!

Marjorie LeBrecht,
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A GRAND YOUNGSTER

Producers for the most part think the public demand nothing more elevating than sex appeal, gangsters and mistresses, judging from the current run of releases. One producing company, however, deserves the laurels for turning out such clean, wholesome stories as "Father's Son" and "Penrod and Sam," featuring Leon E. Janney, a true exponent of American boyhood.

Congratulations to you, Warner Bros.! These two stories are to me the cleanest and finest so far produced, and are unquestionably made so by the natural acting of that clever and intelligent little actor. This little artist has such wholesome charm, keen intelligence and sincerity of expression that one viewing the photoplay fairly lives it with the young star.

It has been my pleasure to know young Janney personally, and to know this little star offstage; and to see him with his charming mother, a woman who is understanding and who certainly knows how to raise a boy, convinces me that Leon's screen rôles are merely a page of his every day life. I don't think there is the slightest doubt but that Leon E. Janney is the screen find of the day.

Arch Deacon,
Morgantown, W. Va.

the Turkish making. And heretofore coffee has just been something that kept us awake. Oh, well——

Little Jackie Searl, who played *Sid* in "Tom Sawyer," is due for financial independence at the end of his five-year contract with Paramount. His father is an oil driller and is keeping right on the job. Jackie and his mother walk to the studio every day while father drives the family car. All Jackie makes is spent on him or goes into government bonds for him. He gets five dollars spending money at the beginning of every picture. Won't he be thankful in the days to come that his mother was novel enough to rate a headline in a Los Angeles paper "Movie Mother Keeps Head."

Nothing slow about Jimmie Dunn. Jimmy, who has skyrocketed to stardom, is an ardent attendant at the Ascot speedway in Los Angeles. Not only that, but he has bought a racing car of his very own. He says it's a great old life if you can stand the pace.

Instead of advertising, we would rather term this consolation to the poor downtrodden stenographer: Ruth Chatterton chews gum!

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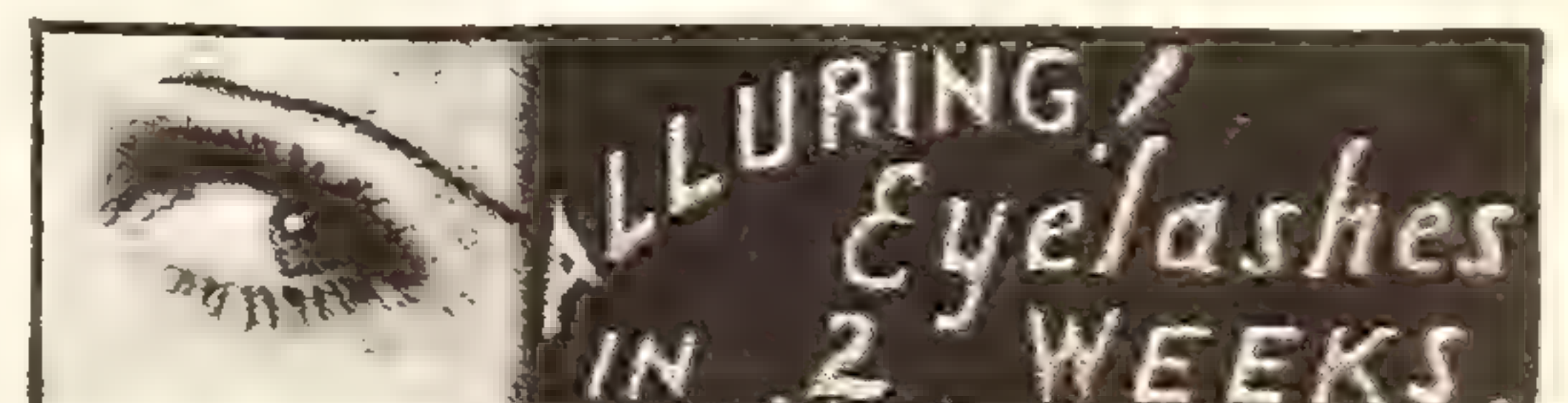
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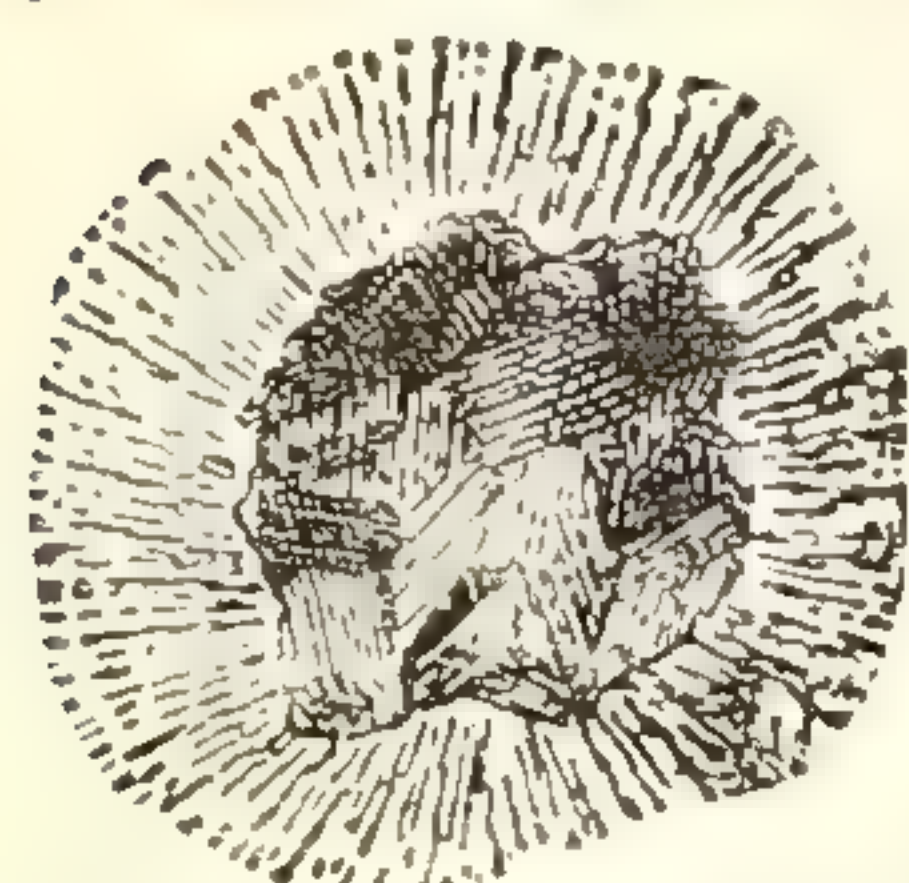
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Rod La Rocque, who is semi-retired from the films, is certainly not among the idle rich. Rod builds telescopes and cameras. Just at present he is building a telescope for Conrad Nagel's little girl. He himself gazes at the heavens and hobnobs with Millikan and other great scientists.

Ever since Warner Baxter played the lovable "Daddy Long Legs" he has been besieged with letters from orphans asking for help. It's impossible for him to help all—but they make him very sympathetic when he knows of their troubles.

Janet Gaynor is playing the sympathetic sister rôle to a young South American actor who is playing in "Delicious." When she found him having difficulty in a scene or two, she took him under her wing. He was quite timid and having trouble with the English language. So young Janet is aiding him with his English and bolstering up his morale. She may be little in body but her heart is larger than normal.

Lola Lane, lovely actress, has just recently voluntarily declared herself in bankruptcy. Lola says she did this in order to protect her husband, Lew Ayres. These debts were all contracted before she married Lew and she doesn't feel he should be responsible.

Marion Davies says Europe is on the rage for Robin Hood hats and not Empress Eugenie. So she brought home a good number of them from Paris.

Some people crave the great open, silent spaces. Then again—the R. K. O. sound department is very proud of the fact that it can produce on a moment's notice some 2,304 different noises. A crying baby, or a snoring father—it's all the same to them—just another noise.



Vivienne Osborne plays opposite Clive Brook in "Husband's Holiday." There's a little drop of Scotty in the picture, too!

On the New York set, where Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper filmed "His Woman," the following extras were found:

An old British sailor who spent his life on the seven seas.

A former wrestling champion.

An ex-leading man; a victim of temperament.

Motto: When in doubt become a movie extra.

On the same occasion Buddy Rogers smoked incessantly.

Mrs. Dick Barthelmess is proving a highly popular social asset in Hollywood. She usually wears black in the evening, which sets off her handsome diamond bracelets and brooch most exquisitely.

Eric von Stroheim, who still wears his head shaved in the German military manner, attends dances quite often, but rarely dances.

They've named a fancy salad after Anita Page, with lots of whipped cream in it—and Anita has to count her calories! Awful not to be able to eat a stylish salad of one's own name. Anita craved sympathy from Polly Moran over lunch. Polly said she wished they'd name some chop suey after her, since her professional emoting just thrives on chop suey.

On the other hand Greta Garbo adores American cheese. She has generous portions sent out to her dressing room with a cup of black coffee every afternoon, together with some black caviar. Maybe that's a magic diet that some other actresses we could name should try!

Joan Crawford often takes her own salad dressing to the studio, because her diet calls for mineral oil instead of vegetable. Joan adores French salad dressing, though, and gets a double order when she feels reckless.

Charles Bickford is particularly partial to cold corn beef.

Marion Davies never eats at the commissary, but has her meals cooked in her private bungalow. Ramon Novarro eats the 75c lunch.

One of the sights of Hollywood is Buster Keaton solemnly motoring down the boulevard in his sporty Austin roadster with his huge St. Bernard dog, Elmer, gravely perched upon the seat beside him. There's hardly room for Buster, once Elmer settles himself comfortably. Elmer probably goes along to make an uproar if some careless street sweeper starts brushing the Austin down a drain.

Elmer had a rude shock the other day. The studio wanted to get a gag picture of Elmer and little Buster, the canine hero of so many barksies. Elmer was willing to oblige, but not so the sophisticated Buster, who gave Elmer one patronizing look and turned away. No, sir, no highly paid actor could be expected to divide a close-up with a mere extra.

All the same, Buster (the dog) completely ruined a melting love scene in which he was engaged on the set recently. As his film beloved was about to fall into his waiting arms, he spied his own personal lady-love, Friday, trotting along on a distant part of the set. He left his leading lady flat and dashed over with a couple of barks to Friday, and it took twelve directors to coax him back. What's acting, anyway, when one is a serious family man? You see, Buster and Friday recently became the proud parents of five future barkie stars.

Gloria Swanson uses no electric lights in her dining room, only scores and scores of candles in silver candlesticks—just as they did before even oil-lamps were invented. The effect is very soft and becoming to pretty well any complexion. One almost can't use too much rouge in a light like that.

Marian Marsh, John Barrymore's petite leading lady, is almost always accompanied by brother Eddie Morgan, especially when they go on jaunts to Palm Springs. Marian is 17 and big sister Jean intends that she shall be properly chaperoned.

Meet the gentleman who introduced Mary to Doug. The name is De Witt Jennings, and it happened in Toronto in the long ago. De Witt was playing in the stock company show, called "The Little Red School House," and a most appealing little blonde girl named Gladys Smith was in the cast. It was her very first play and she was anxious about her lines. Doug Fairbanks, a featured juvenile, happened to town and went with De Witt to see the settings he was bragging on. Gladys was playing around on the stage, so De Witt introduced them. Doug patted her head kindly and told her he hoped she'd grow up to be a great actress. Later she not only fulfilled his hope as Mary Pickford, but also became Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks.

Ever tried to read and digest three books a day? That is what E. H. Griffith is doing just now, in the hunt for a story to equal "Rebound" and "Holiday." Well, he knows that any story which falls below the high quality of these two, will impair his now precious standing.

Once in a way the daughter of a studio executive gets a break. You'd be surprised how often these young ladies, while receiving handsome educations and all the advantages of wealth, nevertheless have to be satisfied with social background. But Sonya Schulberg, daughter of B. P. of Paramount, has just returned from a tour of Europe in which she was officially an Envoy of Friendship. In this guise she met the Prince of Wales, Lady Astor, President Hoover, President of France, General Pershing, *et al.* and had a glorious time. She says the Prince of Wales is a darling and "doesn't act or look like a prince"—meaning, doubtless, like a film prince.

Sessue Hayakawa tells us that "The Sheik" was originally bought for him but that he left the company to be an independent producer, so that Rudolph Valentino got the part—and became the super-star.

Will Rogers calls Fifi Dorsay "Frog-zum." She can only hope it's complimentary.

Joan Peers, a clever little newcomer to films, has a queer taste in pets. She carries a messy little horned-toad around with her in a perforated box. We hope the toad is properly appreciative.

A tempest in a bungalow was narrowly averted by the Metro executives when the question arose as to which star was to move into the splendiferous bungalow built for Cecil DeMille. When it was found that several of the company's stars regarded themselves as logical contenders for the honor, the problem was diplomatically solved by installing the reading department in the bungalow.

And now it's free dental services that players are getting thrown in along with their salaries on new contracts. At least that's what little Greta Bennette's contract with Fox calls for; and the dental work is supposed to be compulsory if Fox's big molar men think she needs it. Nothing like ensuring a pearly screen smile!

In the meantime Clark Gable declines to be lionized, says he isn't any "second Valentino," that he isn't tall, isn't handsome, and was merely lucky in finally getting the breaks.

Ann Harding declares she has never waved or curled her hair, never used any bleach on it, and mostly just shampoos it in plain soap and water herself.

Constance Bennett wears a chain bracelet which she never takes off, but she won't tell us what the sentiment is, attached to it.

Can you imagine the excitement when Greta Garbo appeared unheralded at the Mission Inn, Riverside, Cal., for dinner last week, in riding knickers and a blue beret! But Garbo looked scared of being recognized and hid out with her man and woman companion. No one, however, intruded on her privacy.

The story goes that Sylvia Sidney was on the Fox lot years ago and won no attention whatever, finally leaving almost in tears. Then the New York stage—and now, watch that little girl soar! First the Bow rôle in "City Streets"—now "Street Scene" and "American Tragedy" to command admiration. No more snubs for Sylvia now!

When a Los Angeles critic rang RKO studio the other day to ask what children they had under contract the P. A. said, "Children? hm—well, there is Bert Wheeler." And Bert is such a nice fellow, too!

Ona Munson, one time musical comedy star who sang and danced her way into pictures, goes on record as wishing to forsake her talents along those lines and do real acting—with no music. "The day of choruses on the screen is over," says Ona. Now there's a chorus girl with "them"—brains, we mean.

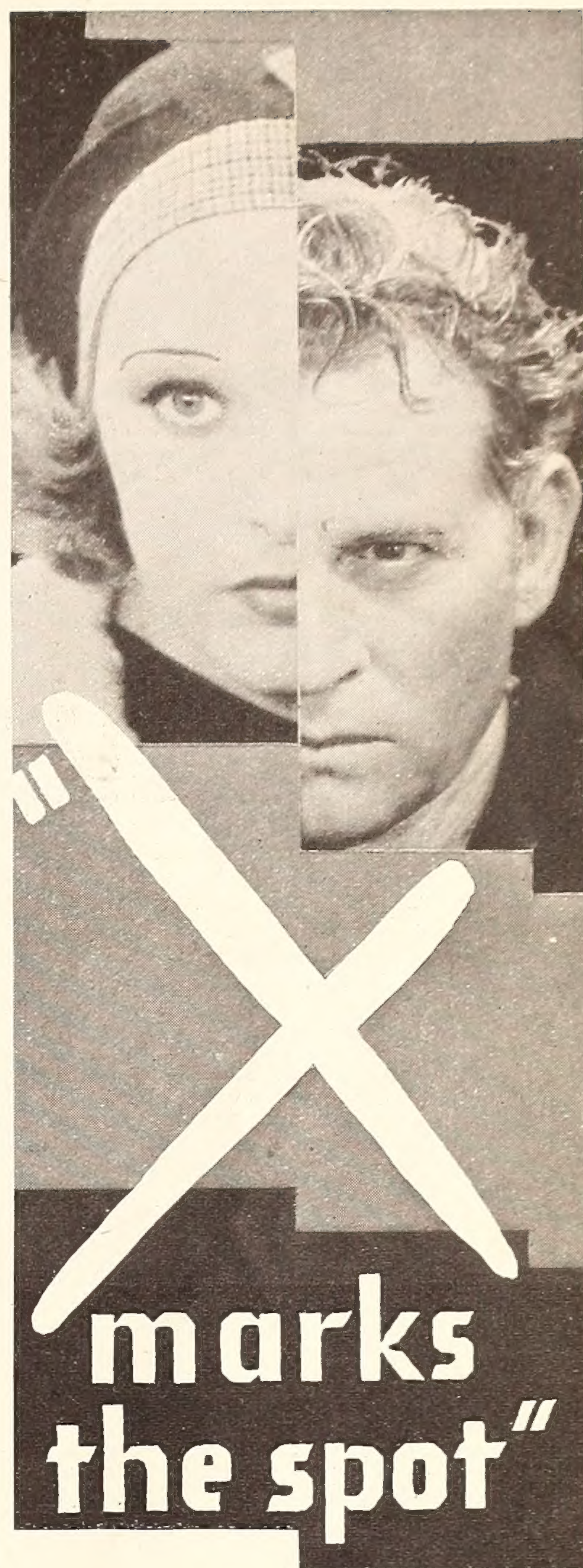
James Gleason, actor and scenario writer, says, "never write a play or a rôle without having a definite character in mind." For instance, he wrote his own part in "A Free Soul" and in "Beyond Victory." Sort of "God helps them who help themselves" doctrine. Not bad at all—when it works!

Nina Wilcox Putnam, famous writer, *thinks* motion pictures are on the trend to cleaner and more wholesome subjects. No more gangsters, no more sex.

They say Billie Dove enjoys tennis and golf, and is now an enthusiastic aviatrix. That she paints and plays the piano for hobbies. Oh—and she maintains a kennel of prize-winning Scotch terriers on the side. She acts, apparently, only in her spare moments—if any.

Marlene Dietrich, while on the "Shanghai Express" set, lunched with her charming young daughter every day. Little Maria Dietrich and her mother don't allow mere acting to come between them at all.

Josef Von Sternberg, who is directing the "Shanghai Express" has encountered a new difficulty. He has some thousand Chinese on the set who insist upon staring into the camera. Just plain curiosity seems to be the cause. In order to overcome this Von Sternberg has had to erect a dummy camera for the orientals to appease their curiosity upon—and incidentally keep them from embarrassing the little birdie in the real camera.



WHY didn't the star reporter write the big story that would have sealed the slayer's doom? "X Marks The Spot" is charged with the electric tempo of newspaper drama, crammed with new breath taking thrills.

Featuring

LEW CODY

**SALLY BLANE
FRED KOHLER**

**WALLACE FORD
MARY NOLAN**

"Keep Your Eyes On Tiffany Pictures". Watch for Clara Kimball Young's triumphant return to the screen in "Women Go On Forever"—"Murder At Midnight", the picture which broke the week-end record at the B. S. Moss Broadway, New York—"Leftover Ladies", based on an article by Ursula Parrott, famous author of "Ex-Wife" and "Strangers May Kiss".

TIFFANY
PRODUCTIONS, INC.



Bing has a thrilling baritone voice and he's a good comedian, too, as you know if you saw him in "I Surrender, Dear."

SINCE the trend of pictures seems to be in favor of musical films again, we decided to discover someone new and interesting for you to smother with fan letters. So—we herewith present Mr. Bing Crosby. Mr. Crosby—your public!

Of course, he's not exactly our discovery. Mr. Mack Sennett seems to have had the same idea, for he's already signed Crosby to a nice long contract. And the radio people also had an idea that Bing has the goods; and then there are thousands and thousands of radio fans, and—oh, well, what's the use? America was discovered by Columbus (or was it Leif Ericsson?), but it wasn't until the Pilgrims—anyway, you get the idea. Before it becomes too involved, let's unravel our way back to our original subject—he's history, too—radio and movie history.

The scene of our interview took place not in a movie studio, but a broadcasting studio. We whizzed up to the twenty-second floor of a huge New York skyscraper to hear our favorite baritone deliver his "torch songs" over the air. And when Crosby sings a song he puts it over with a Bing—we mean a Bang!

The atmosphere in a broadcasting studio is very tense—this radio business is very serious. The artists are in earnest—there's high tension all about, even in the hook-up cables. Everything is done in a terribly business-like way. When you hear your pet crooner warble a song it's all so romantic—for you. Of course, you're all nice and comfy in your living-room, and the lights are low. But Mr. Crooner has a big clock staring him in the face telling him he has just fifteen minutes, or maybe sixty seconds, to throw his personality into a cold,

BING!

It's Mr. Crosby

Here he is, a good reason for bringing back theme songs!

By
Evelyn Ballarine

black microphone. But why go into that? Why spoil your fun, and ours and his? Why, indeed!

Anyway, Crosby exudes romance. For one thing, his romantic signature song, *The Blue of the Night*, which he sings when he starts his broadcast and when he ends it, is dedicated to Dixie Lee. Dixie, to whom he sings it over the ether every night, is Mrs. Bing Crosby, if you please—and even if you don't. They've been married a little over a year. You remember Dixie in "Fox Movietone Follies" and "Cheer Up and Smile," don't you?

Bing manages to look very nonchalant while he's broadcasting. He keeps his hands in his pockets and sings with an almost casual air; and if it weren't for the earnest, dreamy look in his blue eyes you'd suspect that he had become hardened to the microphone. But he rehearses one hour every night before broadcasting, and lines up his songs well in advance. His favorites are *I Surrender, Dear* and *Just One More Chance*. Remember seeing him in the pictures which he made for Educational under these titles?

Mr. Crosby is very much interested in a movie career. He hopes to make long feature pictures, but doesn't think he has a chance. Yes, he's that modest. Bing made his movie debut in "The King of Jazz," with Paul Whiteman. He played in Whiteman's band for three years, being featured with two other lads as "Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys." Later he decided to venture forth on his own, and when Whiteman returned to New York Bing remained in Hollywood to sing at the Cocoanut Grove. The result was a personal triumph for Bing; and it was during his Cocoanut Grove engagement that Maestro Sennett "discovered" him and signed him for pictures.

As a radio personality Bing, of course, is decidedly there. And as a movie lead we just know he'll be there, too. Thanks, Mr. Sennett, for being so far-sighted.

Bing has never studied voice culture—it's a gift. His speaking voice is amazingly husky. He has light brown hair and very nice blue eyes with very long lashes and he's five feet seven inches tall. He was christened Harry—Bing is a nickname which he acquired when he was a youngster.

His time is up, and Bing is now signing off, singing *Where the blue of the night meets the gold of the day someone waits for me*. Quite right, Bing! Mustn't keep Dixie waiting, Mr. Crosby. So long!

EXTRA!**M-G-M****NEWS****EXTRA!**

THE KNOCKOUT PICTURE OF THE YEAR!

Don't fail to get a ringside seat at your favorite movie theatre to see Wallace Beery as "the Champ" fight for his boy, Dink (Jackie Cooper). You will be thrilled beyond words by this story of a battered, broken down pugilist trying to stage a comeback because his boy believes him to be the greatest fighter in the world. You will not be ashamed to brush away a tear as the Champ makes his last great sacrifice for his boy. And you will say, with millions of other movie fans, "Beery is great — Jackie Cooper is marvelous — The Champ is truly the knockout picture of the year!"

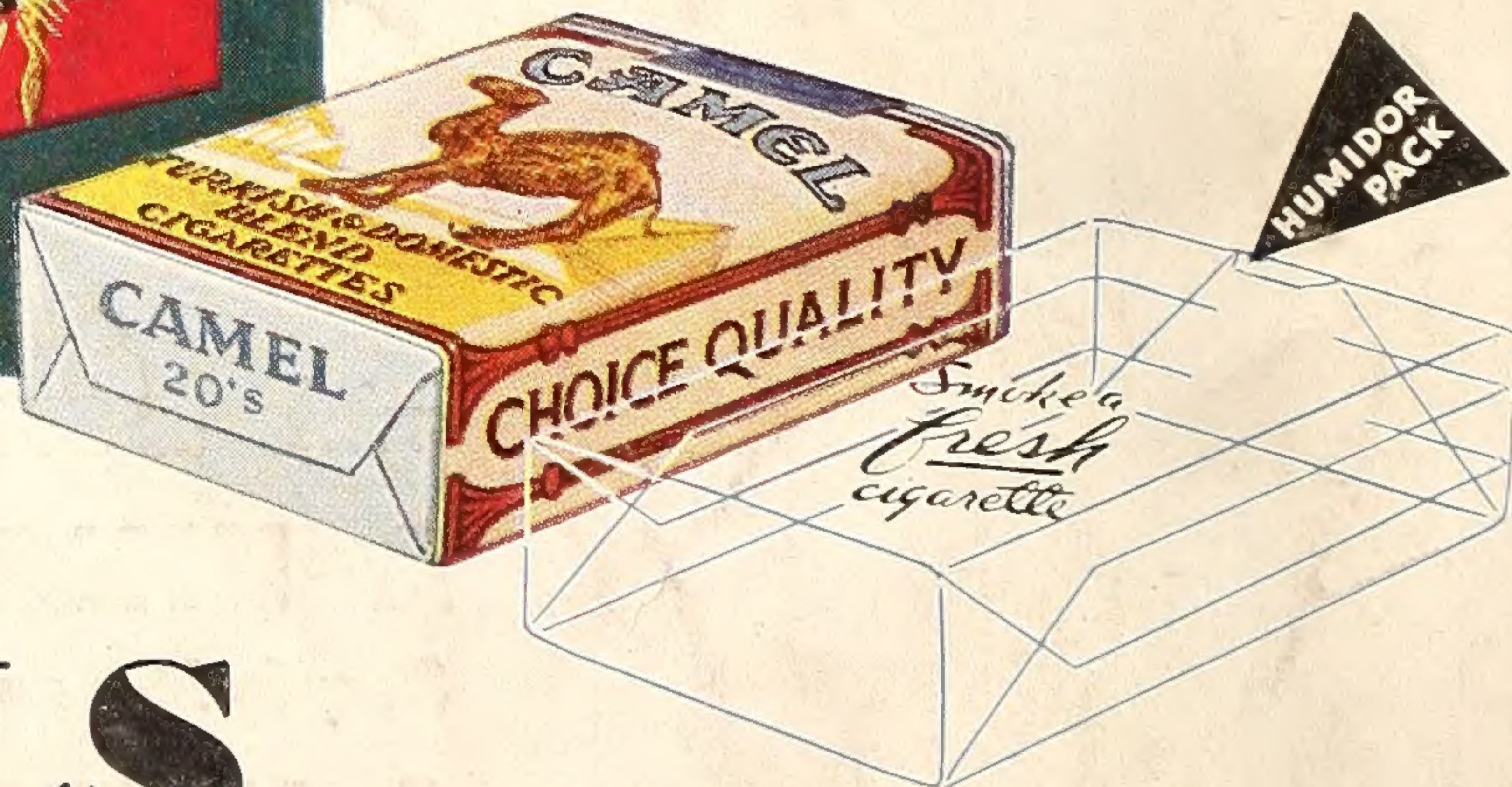


He loved this boy of his more than anything else in the world—but knew that the best thing he could do for him was to go out of his life forever . . . a world of pathos and cheer in a picture you will never forget!

**WALLACE****JACKIE****BEERY · COOPER***The* **CHAMP***with* **Irene RICH — Roscoe ATES****A KING VIDOR PRODUCTION***Story by Frances Marion Dialogue Continuity by Leonard Praskins***A METRO - GOLDWYN - MAYER Picture**



Smoke a **FRESH** cigarette



CAMELS

Mild . . NO CIGARETTY AFTER-TASTE

This year you can give **FRESH** *cigarettes*

NEVER before at Christmas could you give what you can send to friends this year—because this is the first Christmas of Camel Cigarettes in the Camel Humidor Pack.

That means you can give the unmatched flavor of fine, clean, dust-free, fragrant tobacco—in cigarettes which *stay fresh* till the last Camel in the last package has been enjoyed.

Contrast that with the bite-and-burn of dried-out or parched dry tobaccos, and you'll know why Camels make such a welcome gift.

No matter how many miles you send them, no matter if someone else happens to send Camels too—the fine Turkish and mild Domestic tobaccos in Camels will keep mild and cool and throat-easy, thanks to the *moisture-proof* wrapping which seals Camel flavor in the Camel Humidor Pack.

Be smart this Christmas. Make your shopping easy — and your gifts welcome by sending Camels straight through the list.

Tune in CAMEL QUARTER HOUR featuring Morton Downey and Tony Wons — Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard — Columbia System — every night except Sunday

● Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. Even in offices and homes, in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Camel Humidor Pack delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until the last one has been smoked